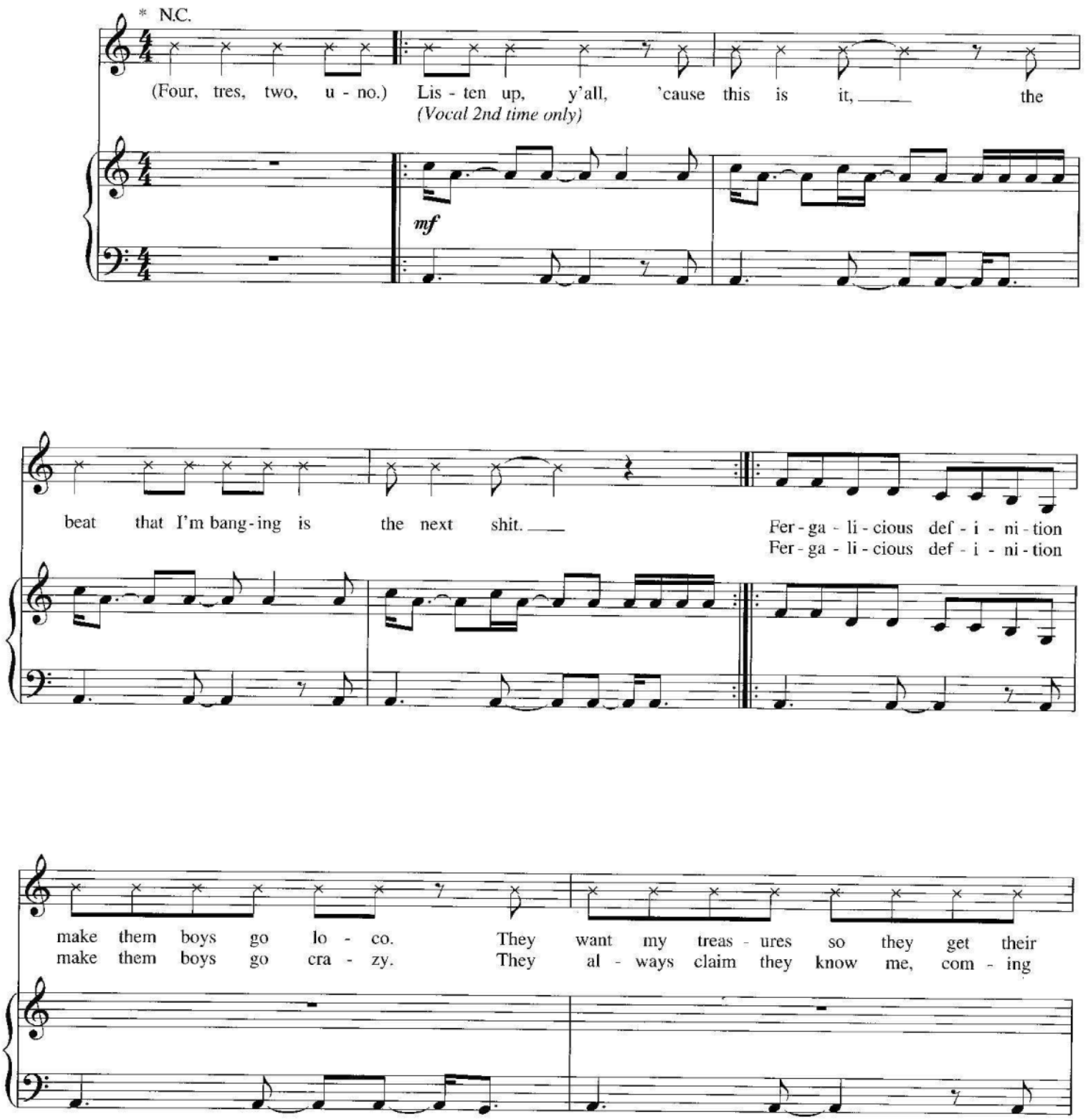
VISIT…

FERGALICIOUS

Words by WILL ADAMS, DANIA BIRKS, JUANA BURNS,
STACY FERGUSON, JUANITA LEE, KIM NAZEL,
DERRICK RAHMING, FATIMAH SHAHEED and KARL BARTOS
Music by WILL ADAMS, DANIA BIRKS, JUANA BURNS,
STACY FERGUSON, JUANITA LEE, KIM NAZEL,
DERRICK RAHMING, FATIMAH SHAHEED, RALF HUETTER
and FLORIAN SCHNEIDER-ESLEBEN

Moderate Hip-Hop



** Recorded a half step higher.*

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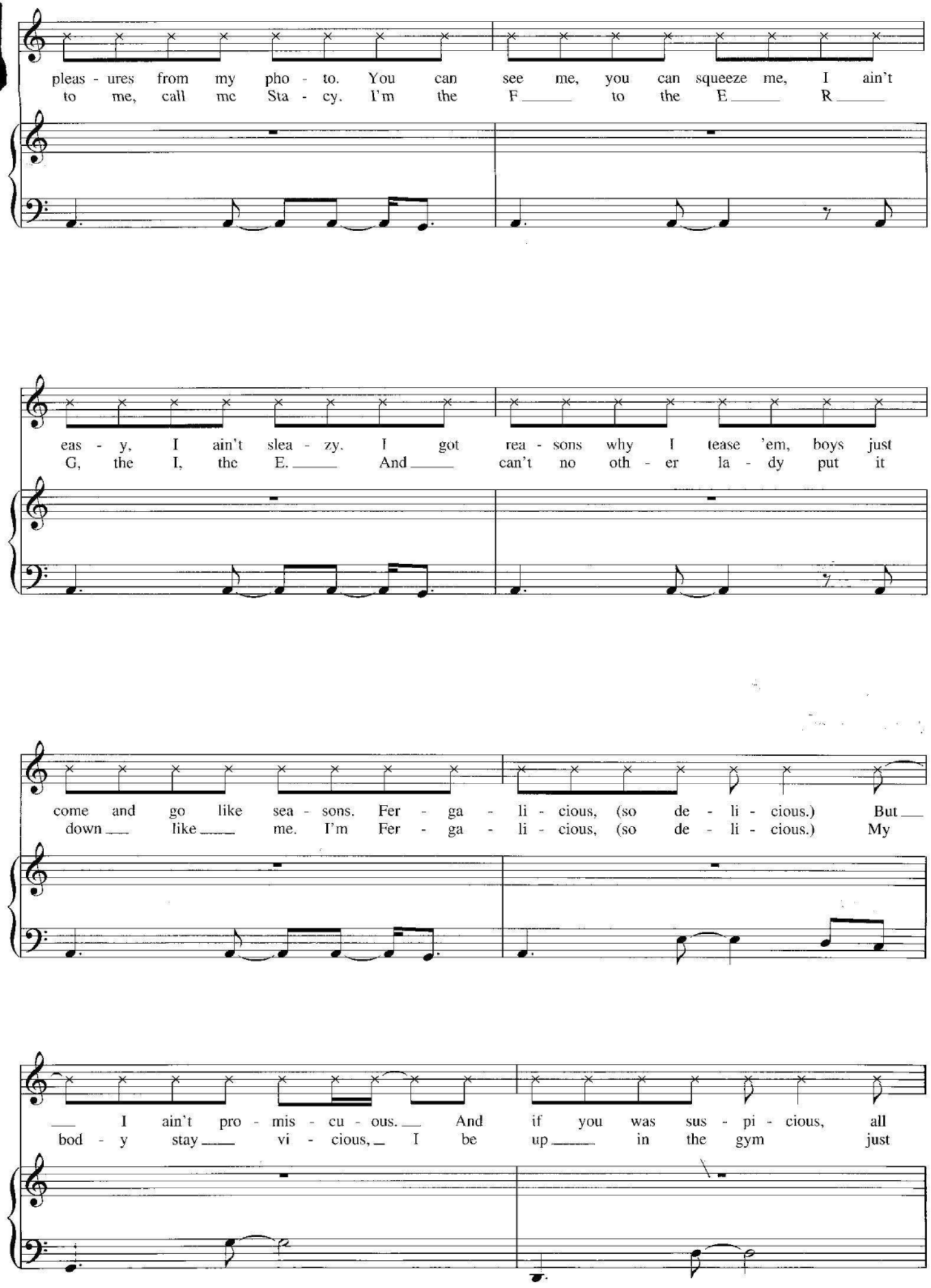
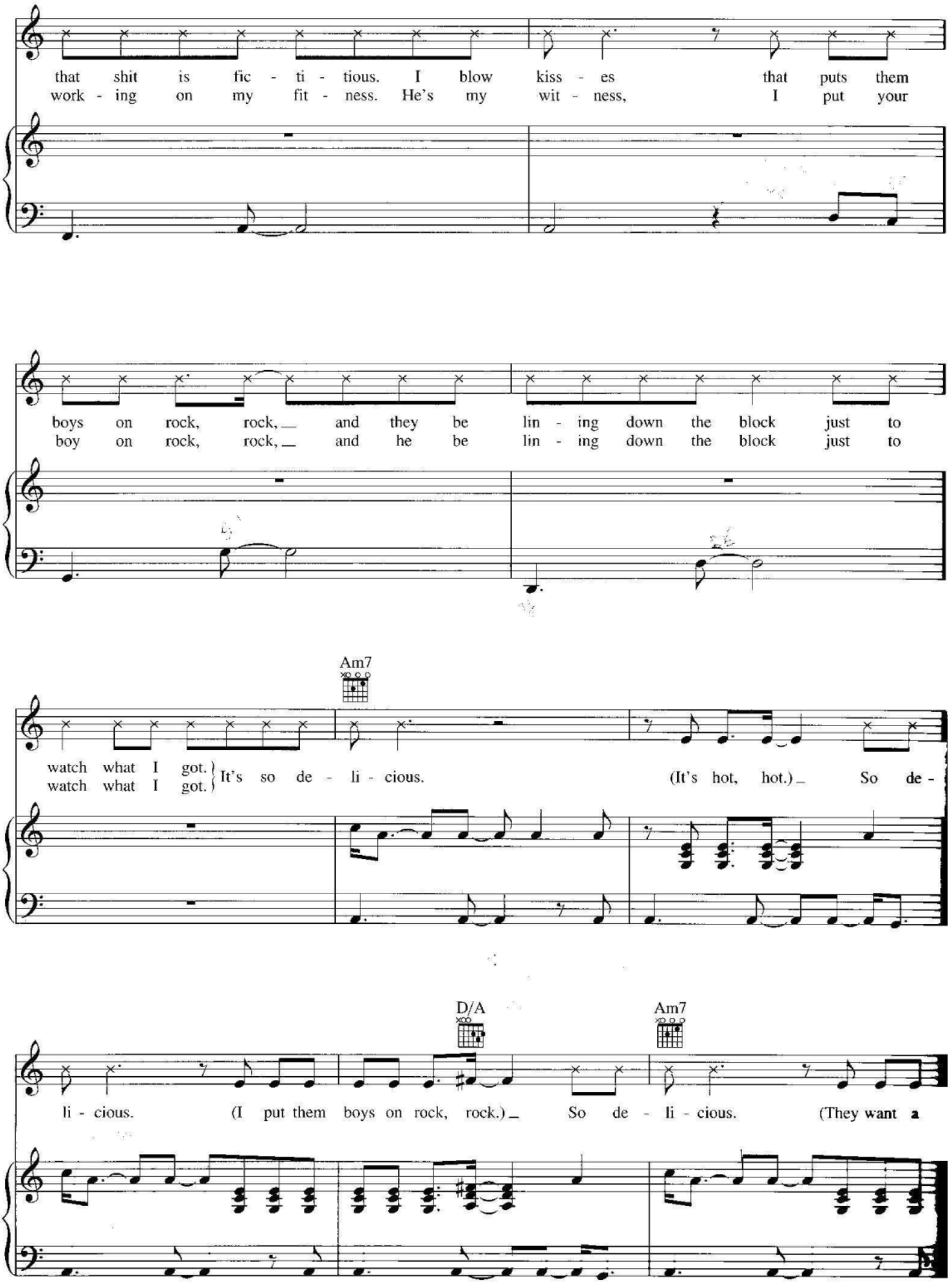
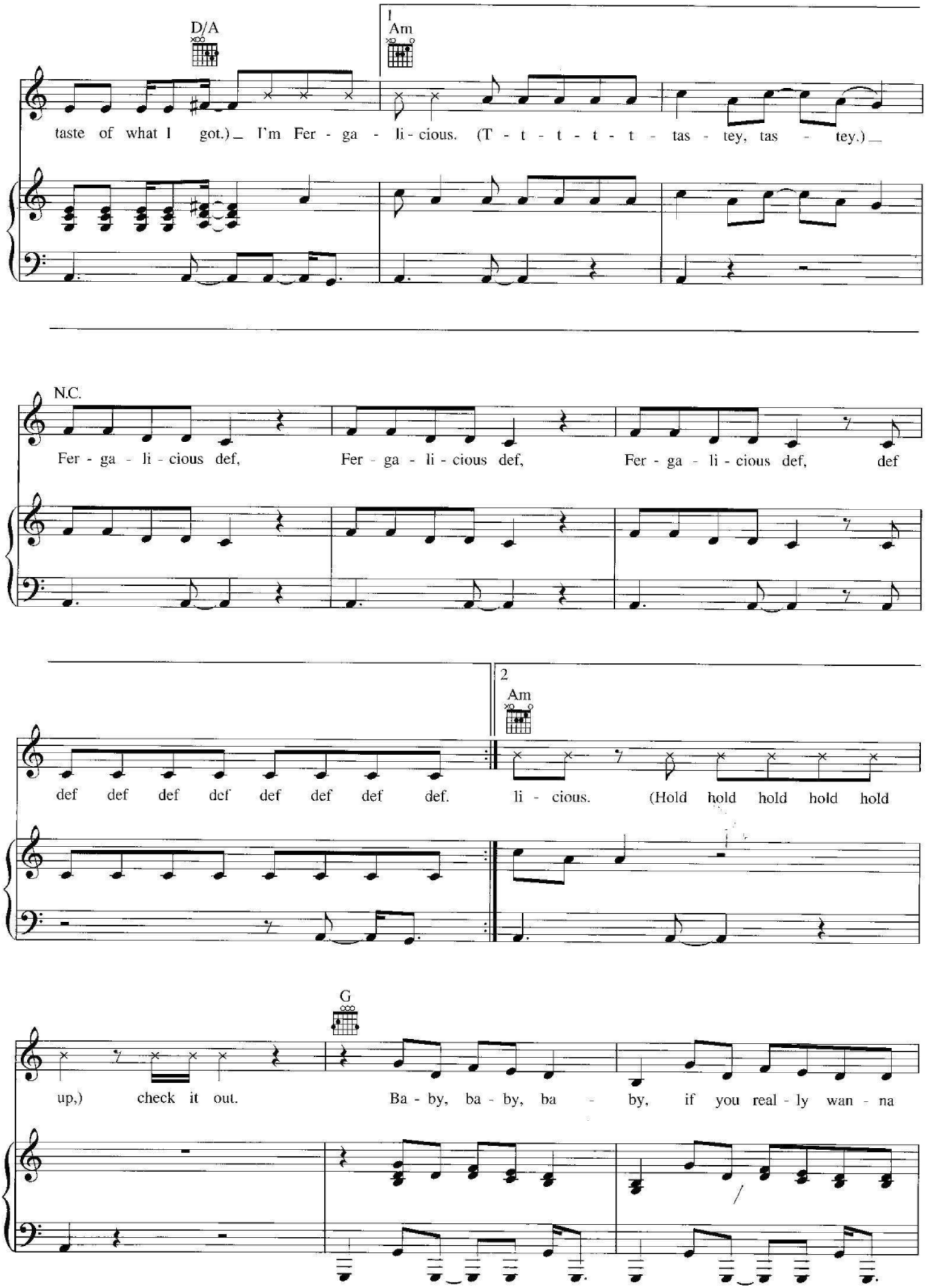
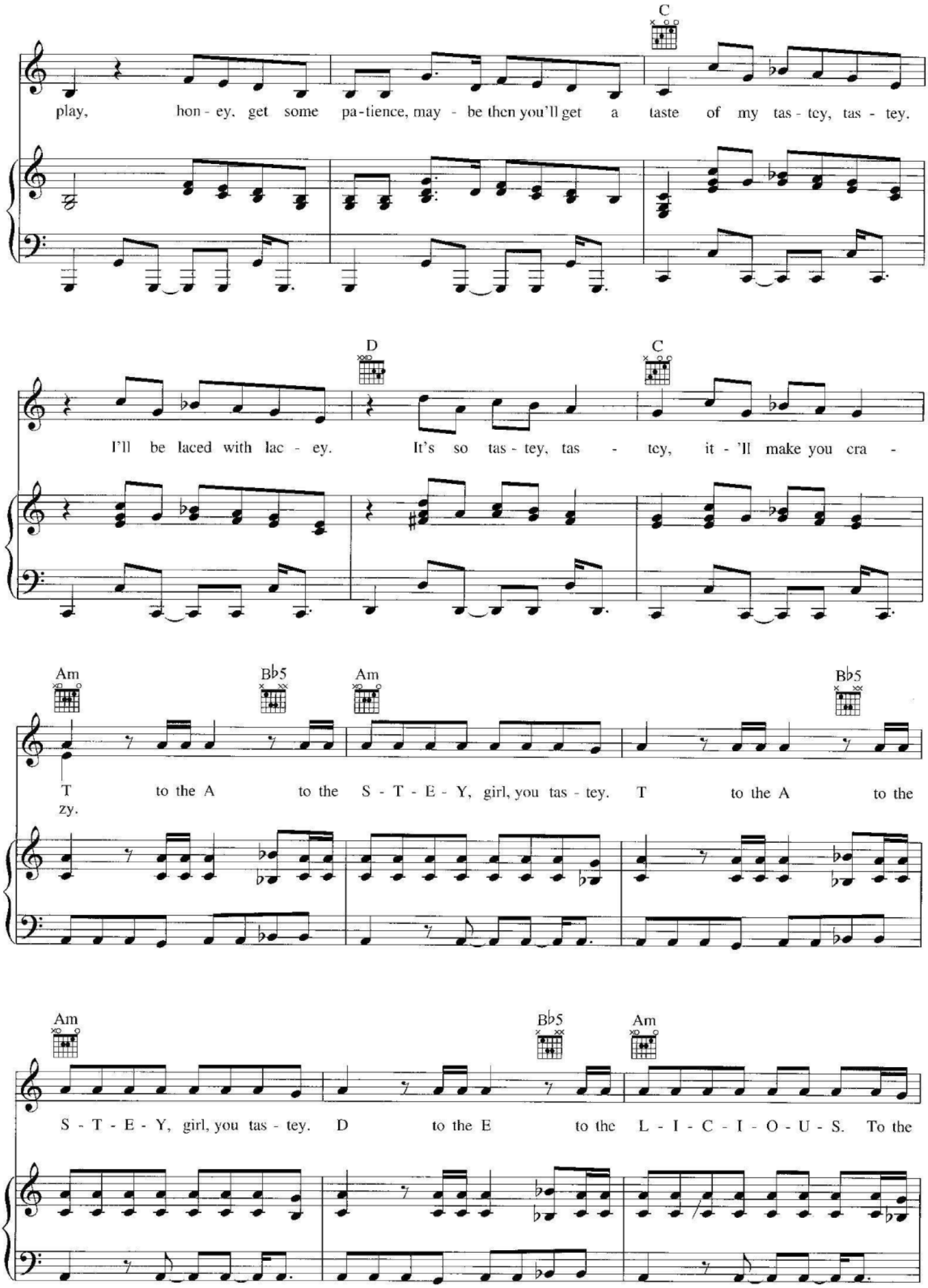
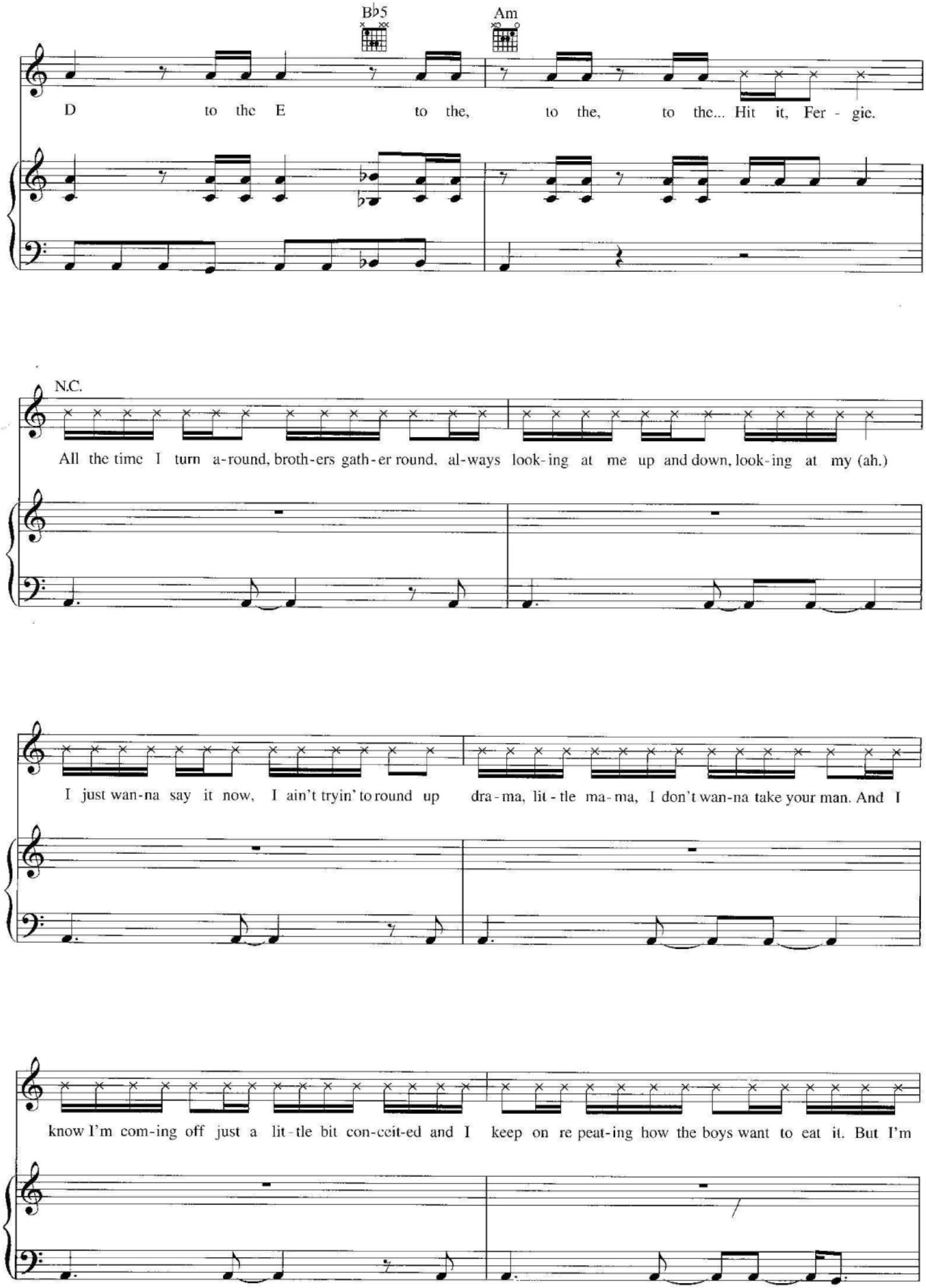
• contains elements of "Give It A You Got" (Rahming)

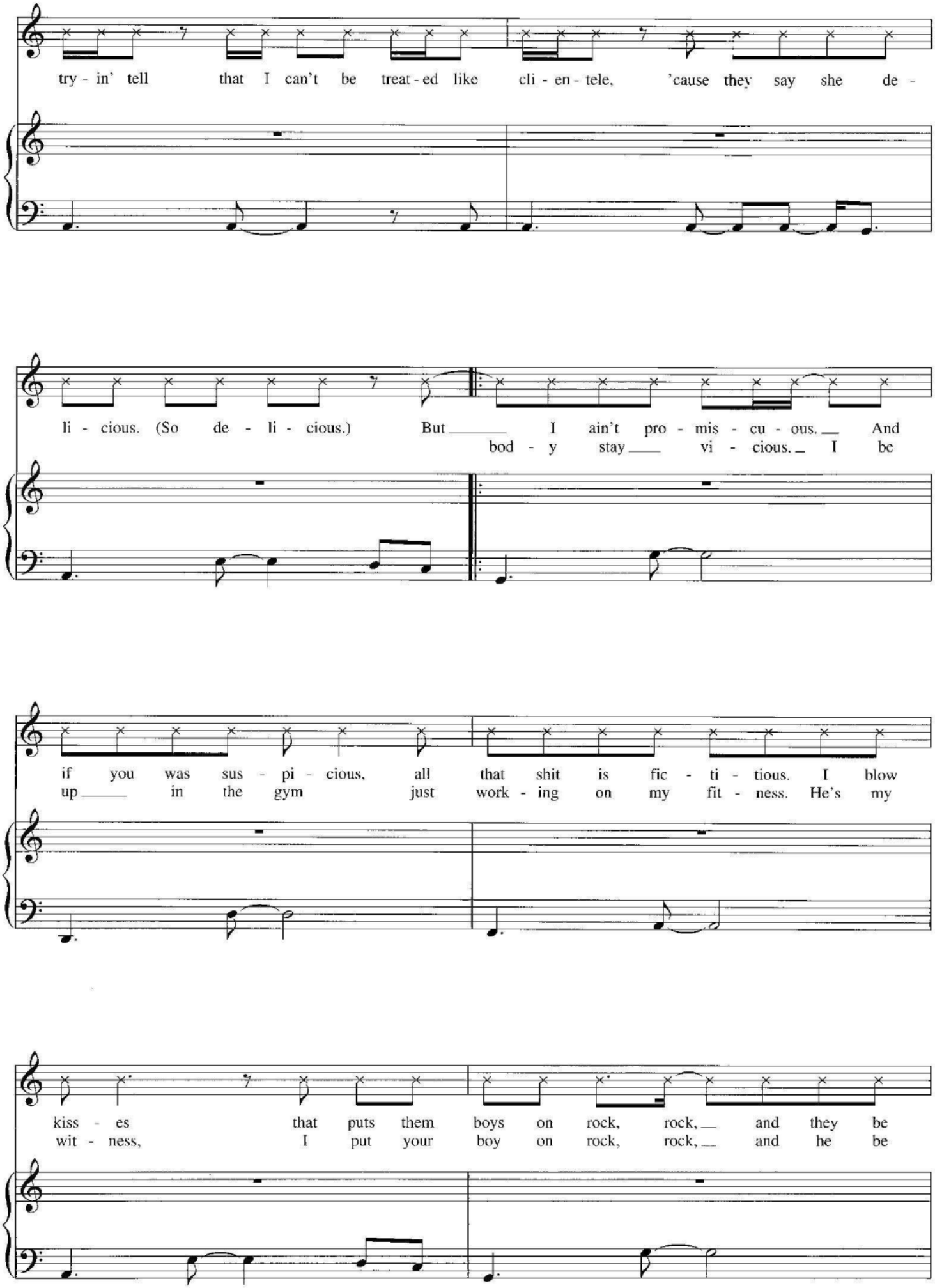

pleas - ures from my pho - to. You can see me, you can squeeze me, I ain't
to me, call me Sta - cy. I'm the F to the E R
eas - y, I ain't slea - zy. I got rea - sons why I tease 'em, boys just
G, the I, the E. And can't no oth - er la - dy put it
come and go like sea - sons. Fer - ga - li - cious, (so de - li - cious.) But
down like me. I'm Fer - ga - li - cious, (so de - li - cious.) My
I ain't pro - mis - cu - ous. And if you was sus - pi - cious, all
bod - y stay vi - cious, I be up in the gym just

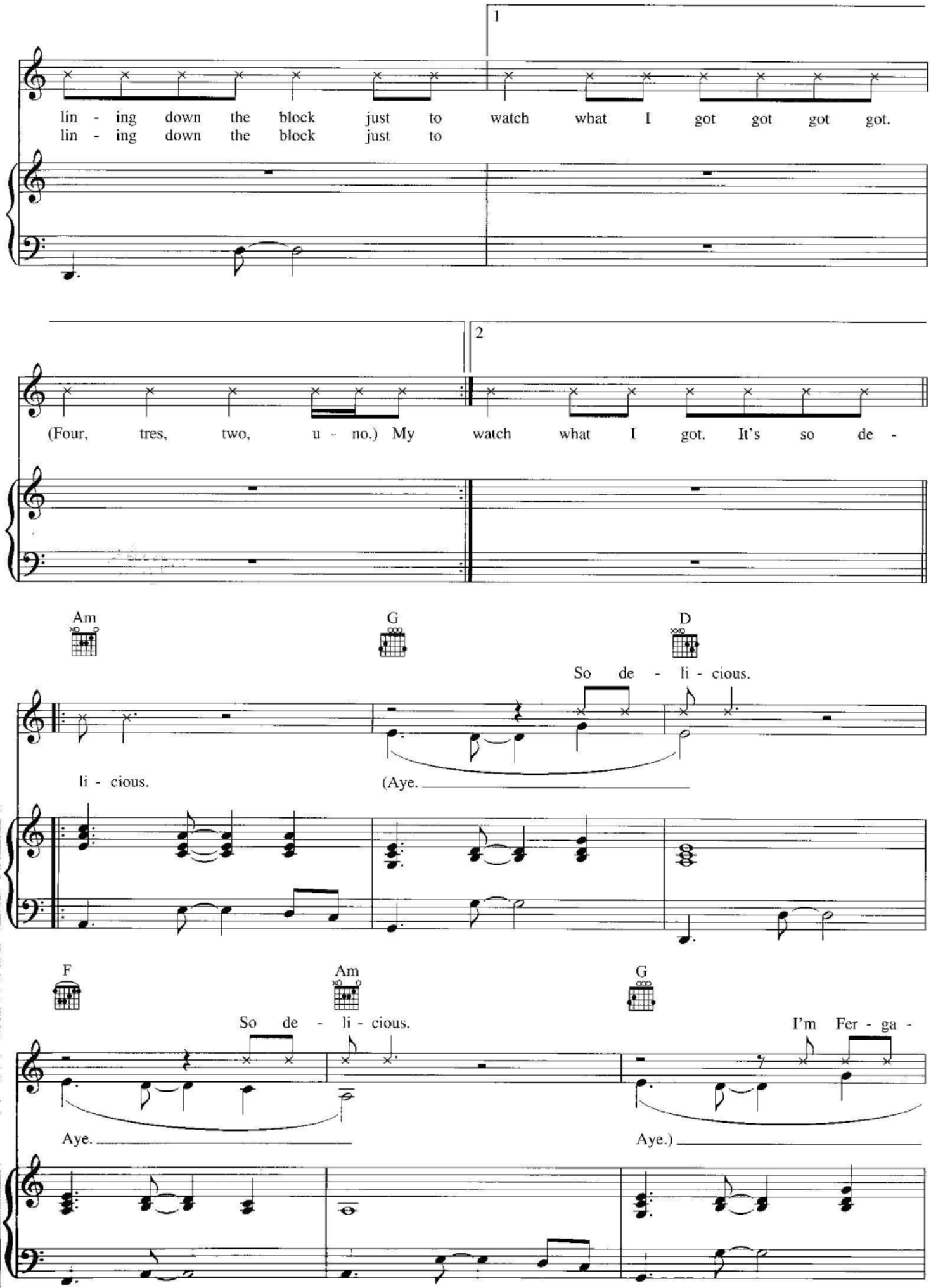

that shit is fic - ti - tious. I blow kiss - es that puts them
work - ing on my fit - ness. He's my wit - ness, I put your
boys on rock, rock, and they be lin - ing down the block just to
boy on rock, rock, and he be lin - ing down the block just to
Am7
watch what I got.
watch what I got.
It's so de - li - cious. (It's hot, hot.) So de -
D/A
Am7
li - cious. (I put them boys on rock, rock.) So de - li - cious. (They want a

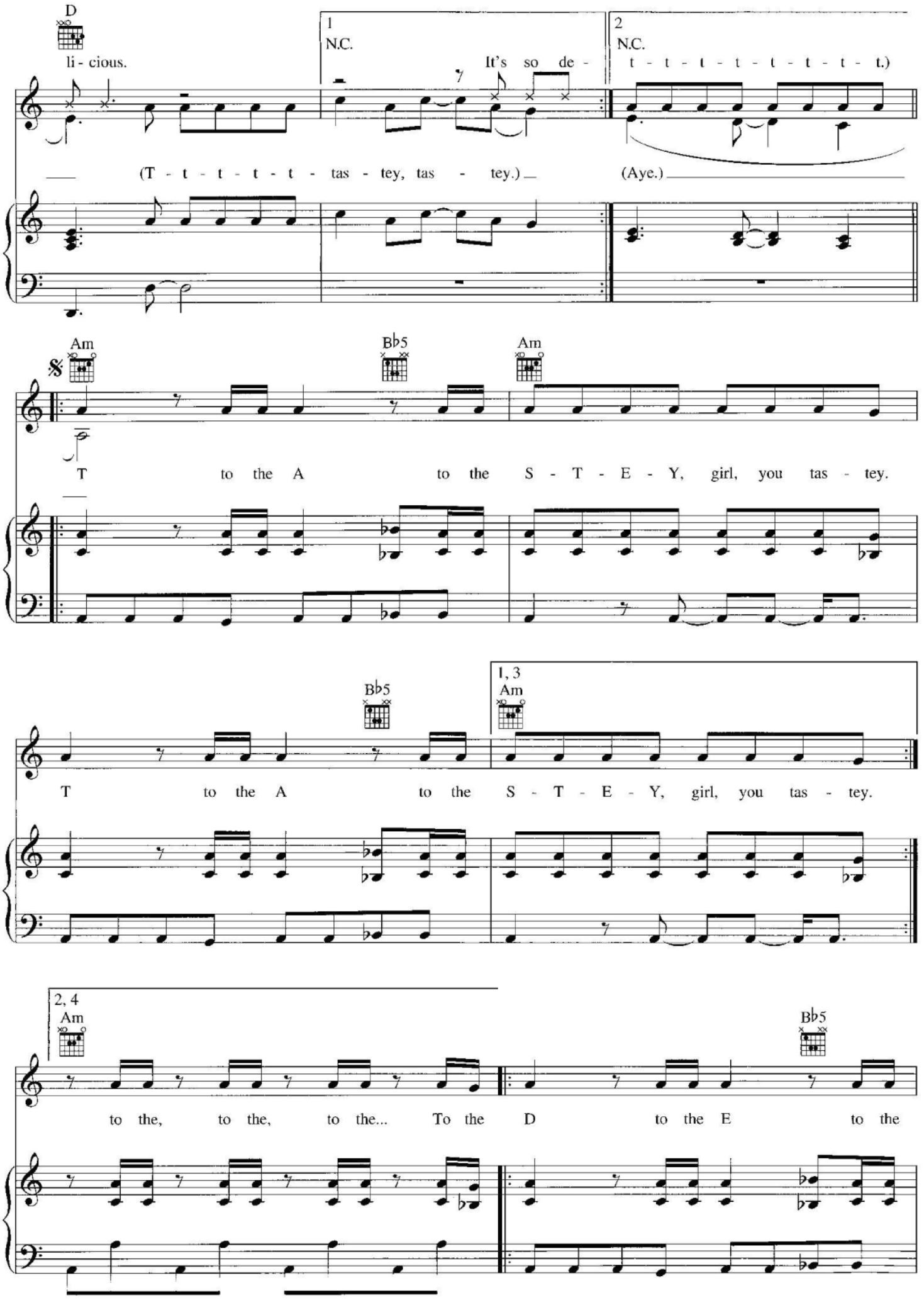

D/A
1
Am
taste of what I got.) I'm Fer - ga - li - cious. (T - t - t - t - t - tas - tey, tas - tey.)
N.C.
Fer - ga - li - cious def, Fer - ga - li - cious def, Fer - ga - li - cious def, def
2
Am
def def def def def def def def. li - cious. (Hold hold hold hold hold
G
up,) check it out. Ba - by, ba - by, ba - by, if you real - ly wan - na

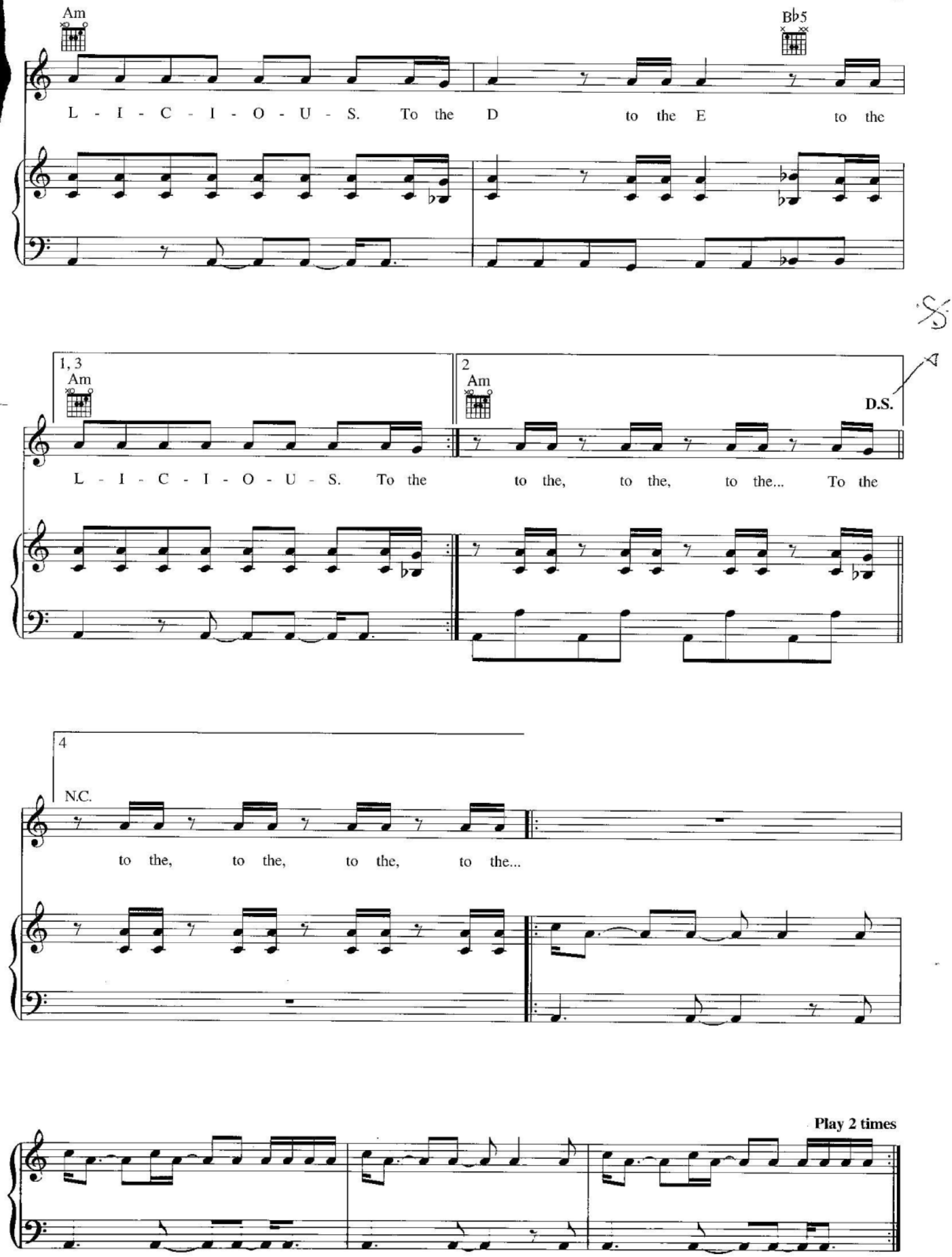

C
play, hon - ey, get some pa-tience, may - be then you'll get a taste of my tas - tey, tas - tey.
D
C
I'll be laced with lac - ey. It's so tas - tey, tas - tey, it - 'll make you cra -
Am
Bb5
Am
Bb5
T to the A to the S - T - E - Y, girl, you tas - tey. T to the A to the
zy.
Am
Bb5
Am
S - T - E - Y, girl, you tas - tey. D to the E to the L - I - C - I - O - U - S. To the


B♭5
Am
D to the E to the, to the, to the... Hit it, Fer - gie.
N.C.
All the time I turn a-round, broth-ers gath-er round, al-ways look-ing at me up and down, look-ing at my (ah.)
I just wan-na say it now, I ain't tryin' to round up dra-ma, lit-tle ma-ma, I don't wan-na take your man. And I
know I'm com-ing off just a lit-tle bit con-ceit-ed and I keep on re peat-ing how the boys want to eat it. But I'm


try - in' tell that I can't be treat - ed like cli - en - tele, 'cause they say she de -
li - cious. (So de - li - cious.) But I ain't pro - mis - cu - ous. And
bod - y stay vi - cious. I be
if you was sus - pi - cious, all that shit is fic - ti - tious. I blow
up in the gym just work - ing on my fit - ness. He's my
kiss - es that puts them boys on rock, rock, and they be
wit - ness, I put your boy on rock, rock, and he be


1
lin - ing down the block just to watch what I got got got got.
lin - ing down the block just to
2
(Four, tres, two, u - no.) My watch what I got. It's so de -
Am
G
D
So de - li - cious.
li - cious.
(Aye.
F
Am
G
So de - li - cious.
I'm Fer - ga -
Aye.
Aye.)

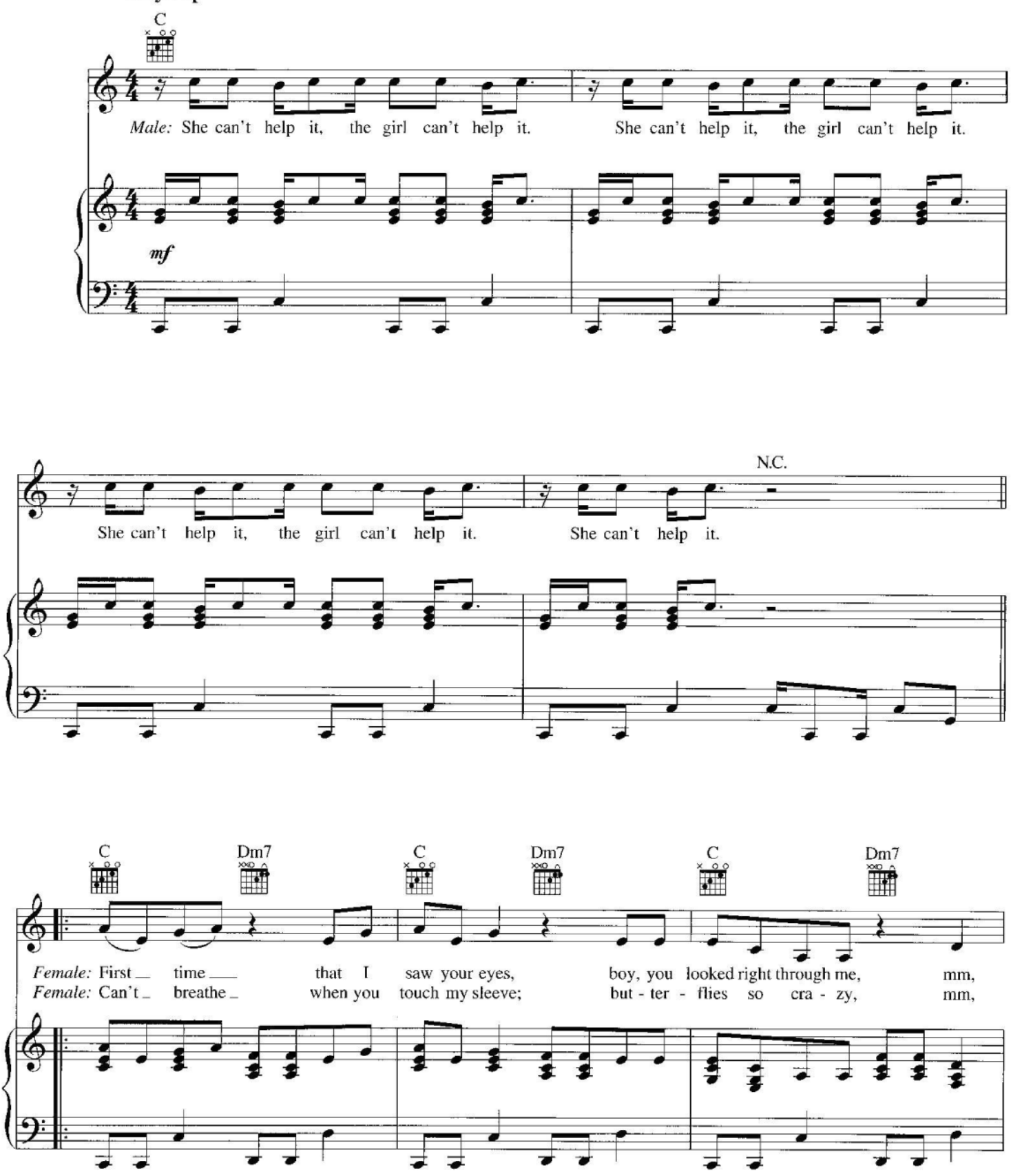

D
li - cious.
1
N.C.
It's so de -
2
N.C.
t - t - t - t - t - t - t - t.)
(T - t - t - t - t - tas - tey, tas - tey.)
(Aye.)
Am
Bb5
Am
T to the A to the S - T - E - Y, girl, you tas - tey.
Bb5
1, 3
Am
T to the A to the S - T - E - Y, girl, you tas - tey.
2, 4
Am
Bb5
to the, to the, to the... To the D to the E to the


Am
Bb5
L - I - C - I - O - U - S. To the D to the E to the
1, 3
Am
2
Am
D.S.
L - I - C - I - O - U - S. To the to the, to the, to the... To the
4
N.C.
to the, to the, to the, to the...
Play 2 times

CLUMSY

Words and Music by STACY FERGUSON,
BOBBY TROUP and WILL ADAMS

Easy Pop



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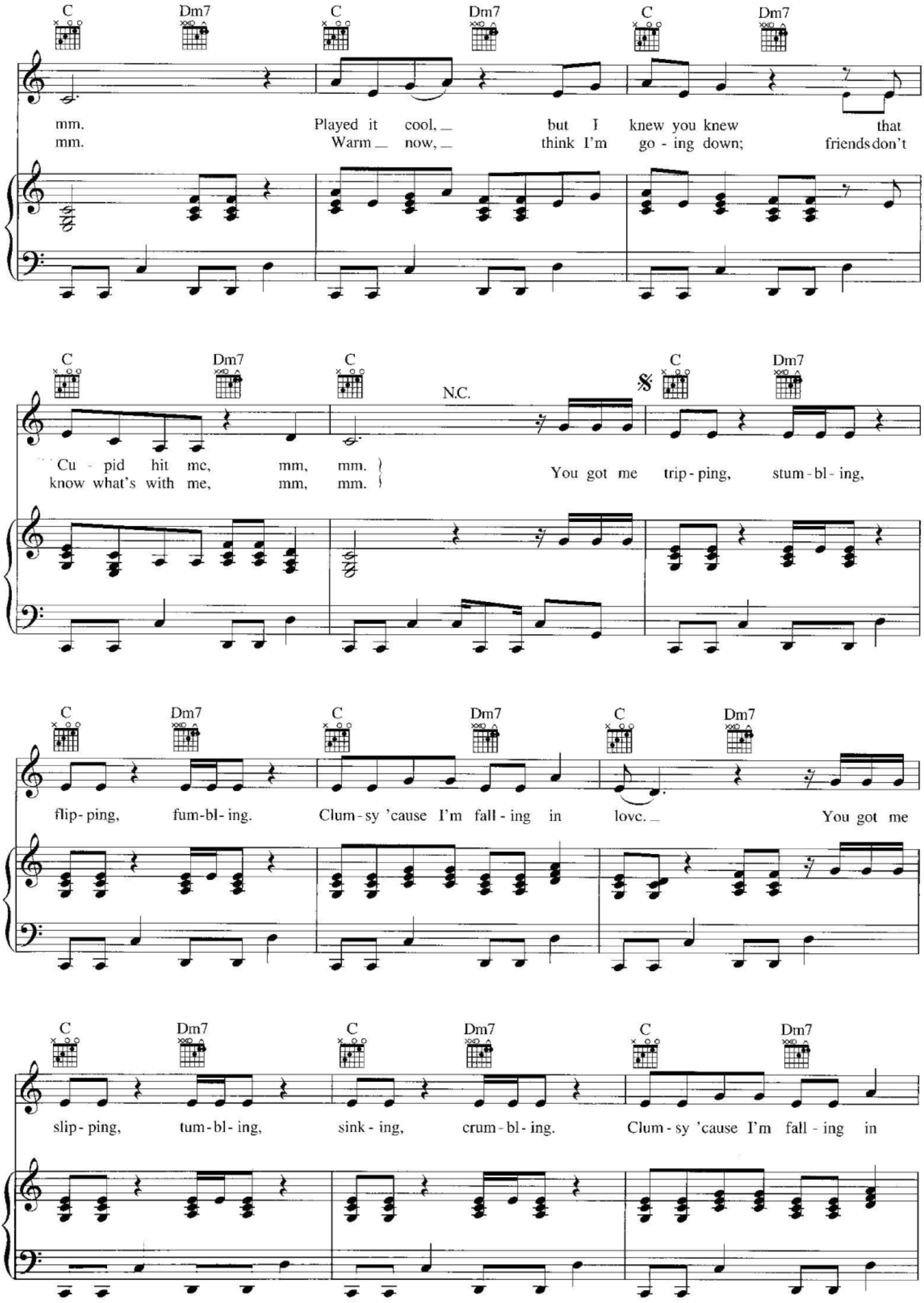
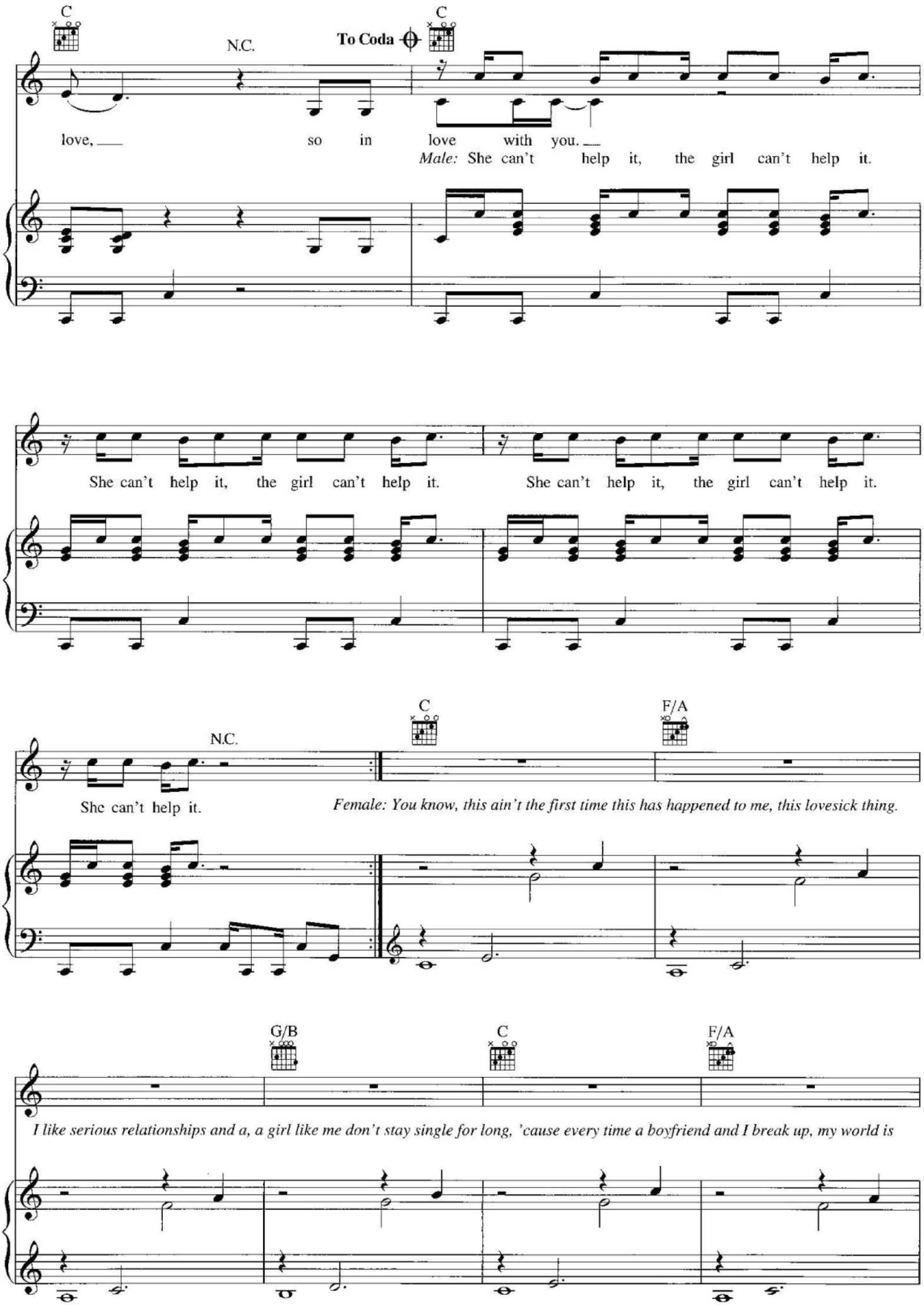
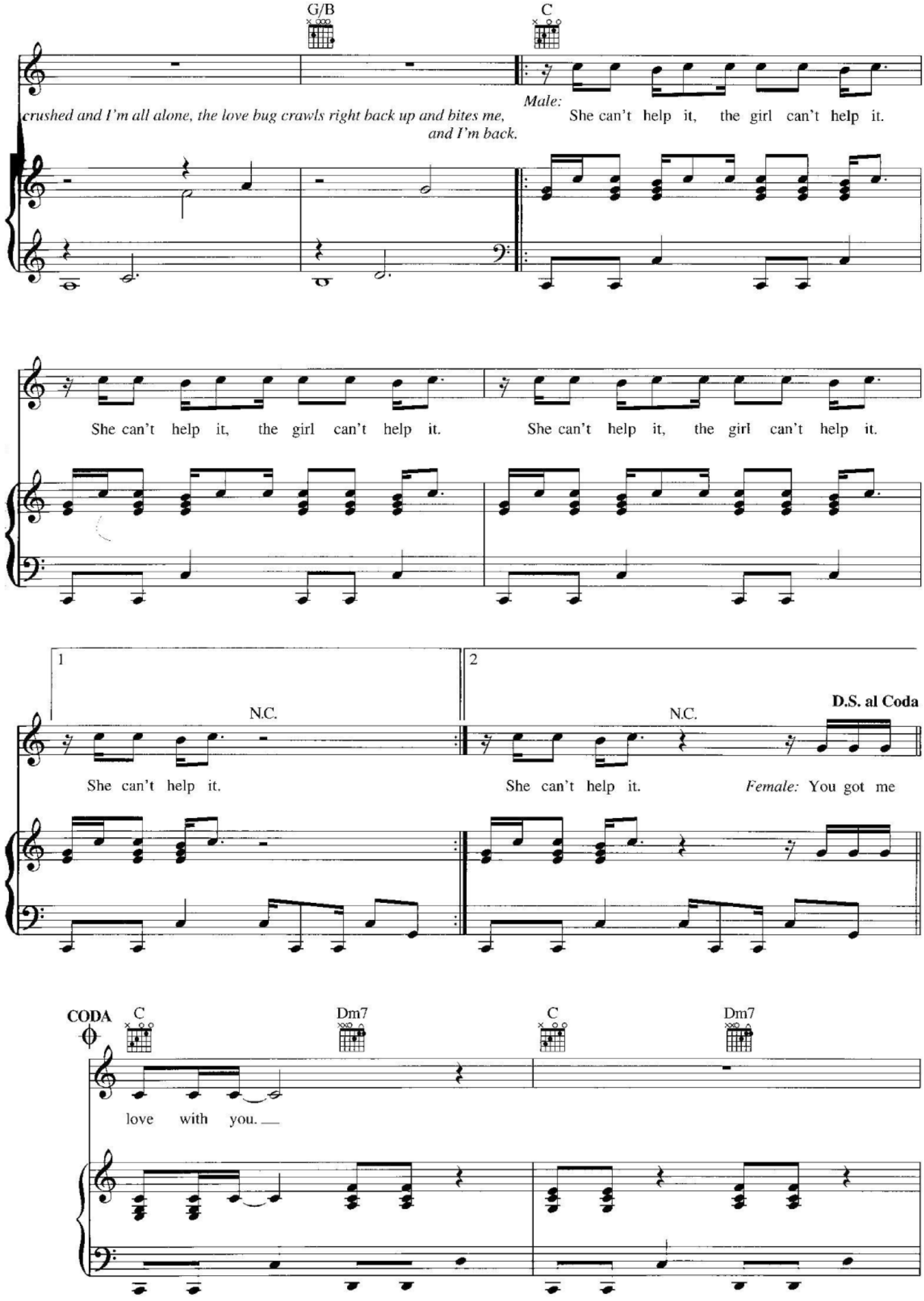
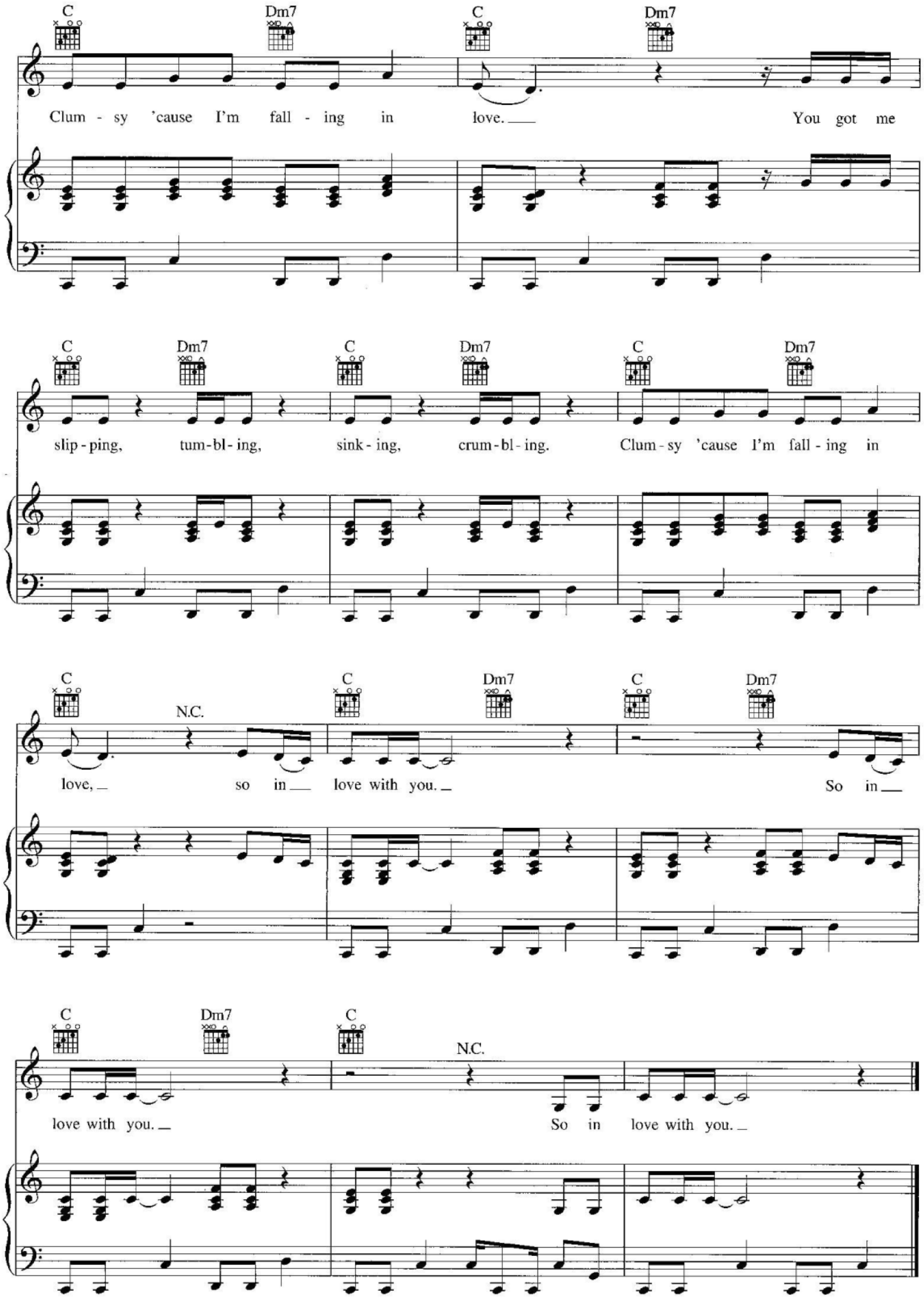

C Dm7 C Dm7 C Dm7
mm. Played it cool, but I knew you knew that
mm. Warm now, think I'm go - ing down; friends don't
C Dm7 C N.C. C Dm7
Cu - pid hit me, mm, mm.
know what's with me, mm, mm.
You got me trip - ping, stum - bl - ing,
C Dm7 C Dm7 C Dm7
flip - ping, fum - bl - ing. Clum - sy 'cause I'm fall - ing in love. You got me
C Dm7 C Dm7 C Dm7
slip - ping, tum - bl - ing, sink - ing, crum - bl - ing. Clum - sy 'cause I'm fall - ing in


C
N.C.
To Coda
C
love, so in love with you.
Male: She can't help it, the girl can't help it.
She can't help it, the girl can't help it.
She can't help it, the girl can't help it.
N.C.
C
F/A
She can't help it.
Female: You know, this ain't the first time this has happened to me, this lovesick thing.
G/B
C
F/A
I like serious relationships and a, a girl like me don't stay single for long, 'cause every time a boyfriend and I break up, my world is

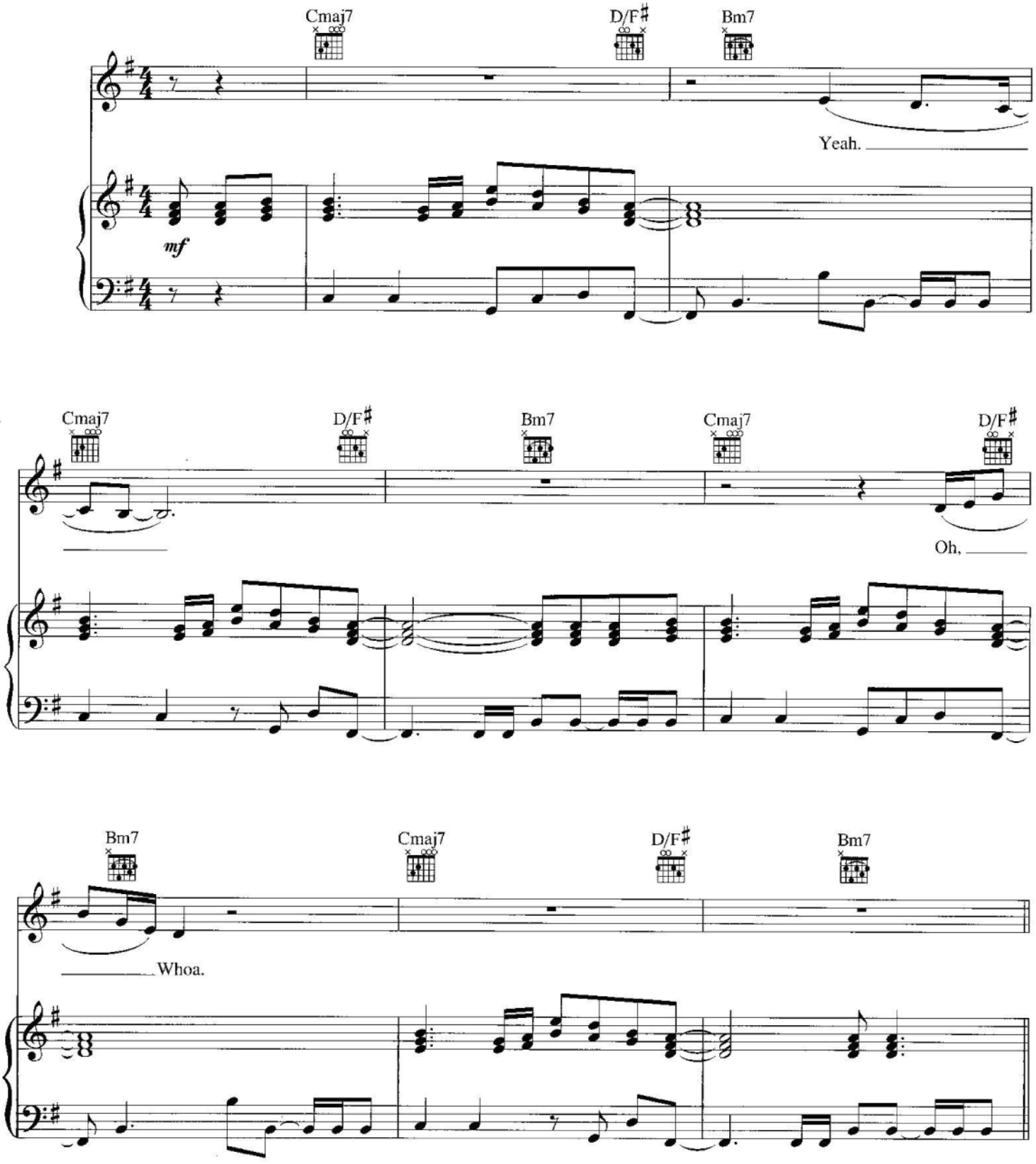

G/B
C
crushed and I'm all alone, the love bug crawls right back up and bites me, and I'm back.
Male: She can't help it, the girl can't help it.
She can't help it, the girl can't help it.
She can't help it, the girl can't help it.
1
2
N.C.
N.C.
D.S. al Coda
She can't help it.
She can't help it.
Female: You got me
CODA
C
Dm7
C
Dm7
love with you.


C Dm7 C Dm7
Clum - sy 'cause I'm fall - ing in love. You got me
C Dm7 C Dm7 C Dm7
slip - ping, tum - bl - ing, sink - ing, crum - bl - ing. Clum - sy 'cause I'm fall - ing in
C N.C. C Dm7 C Dm7
love, so in love with you. So in
C Dm7 C N.C.
love with you. So in love with you.

ALL THAT I GOT
(The Make-Up Song)

Words and Music by LIONEL RICHIE, RONALD LAPREAD,
STACY FERGUSON, WILL ADAMS and KEITH HARRIS

Moderate R&B



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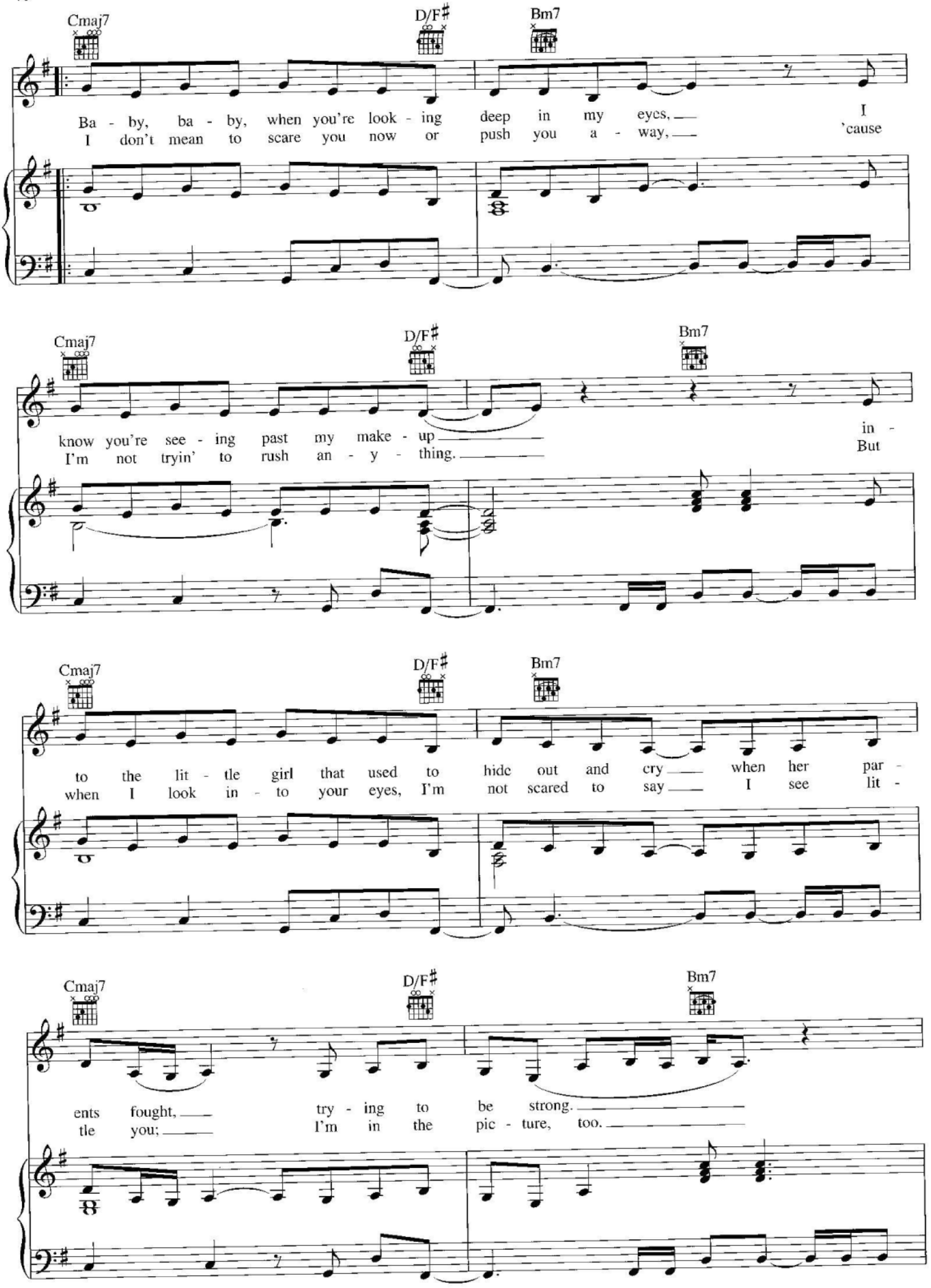
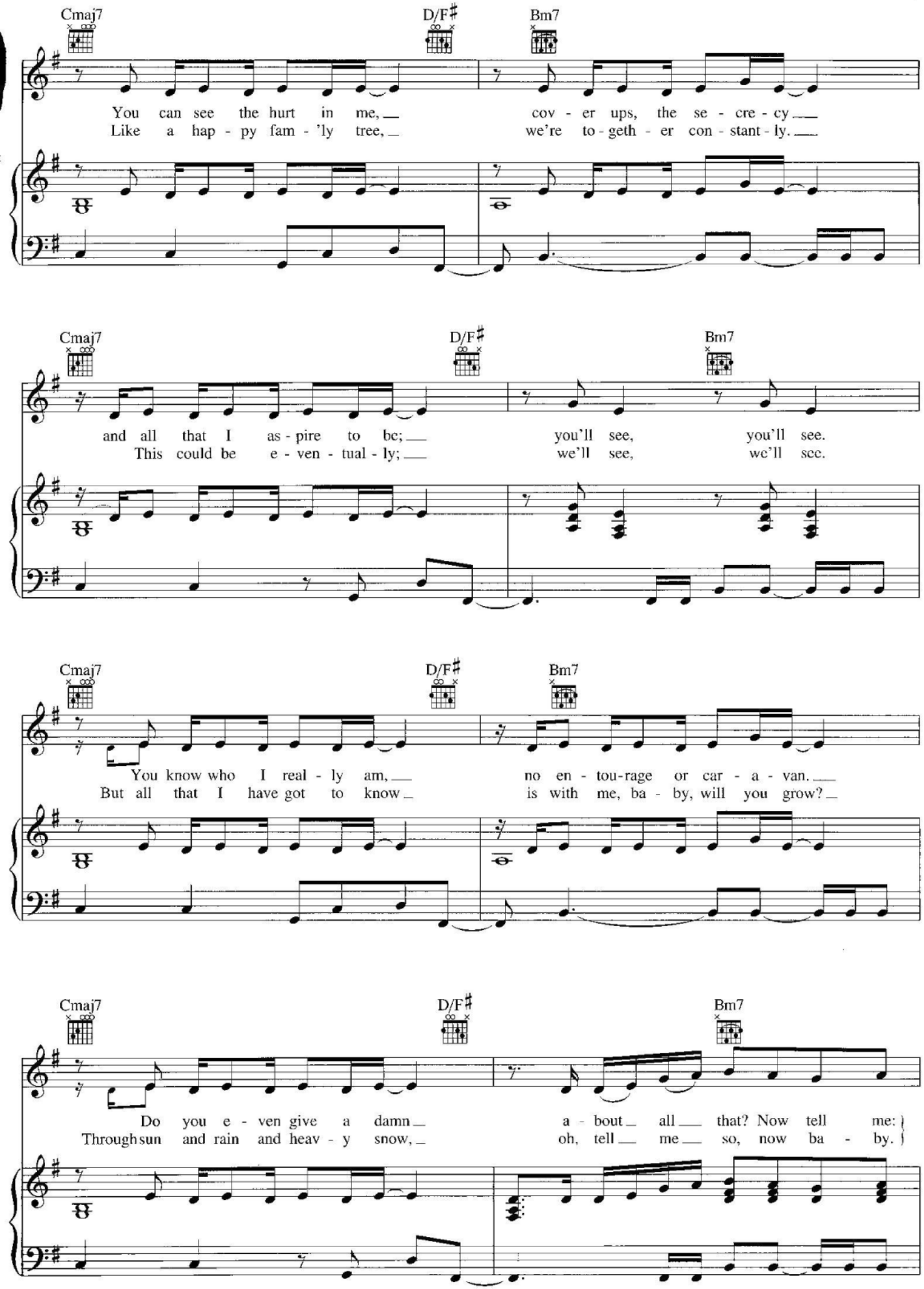
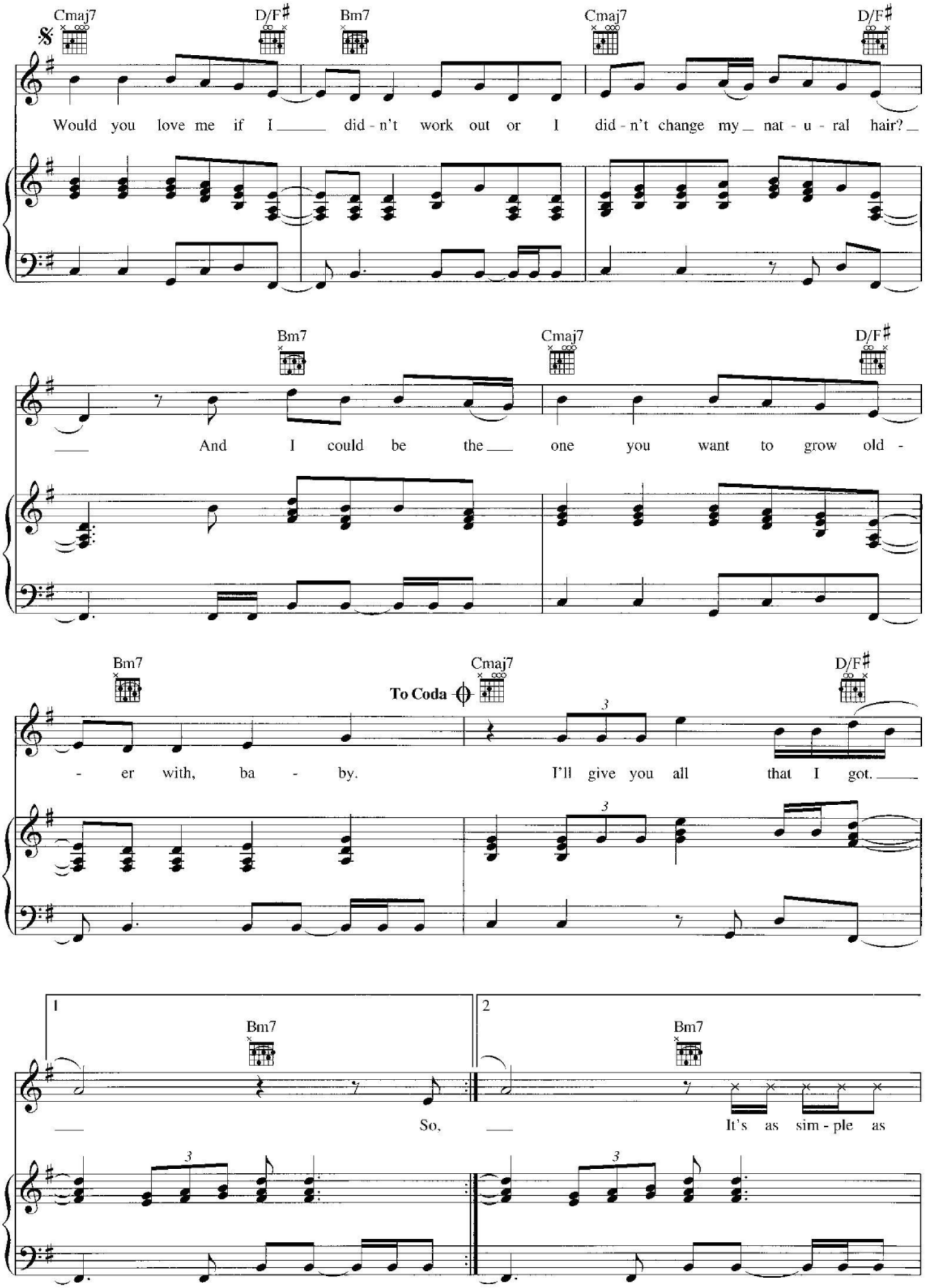
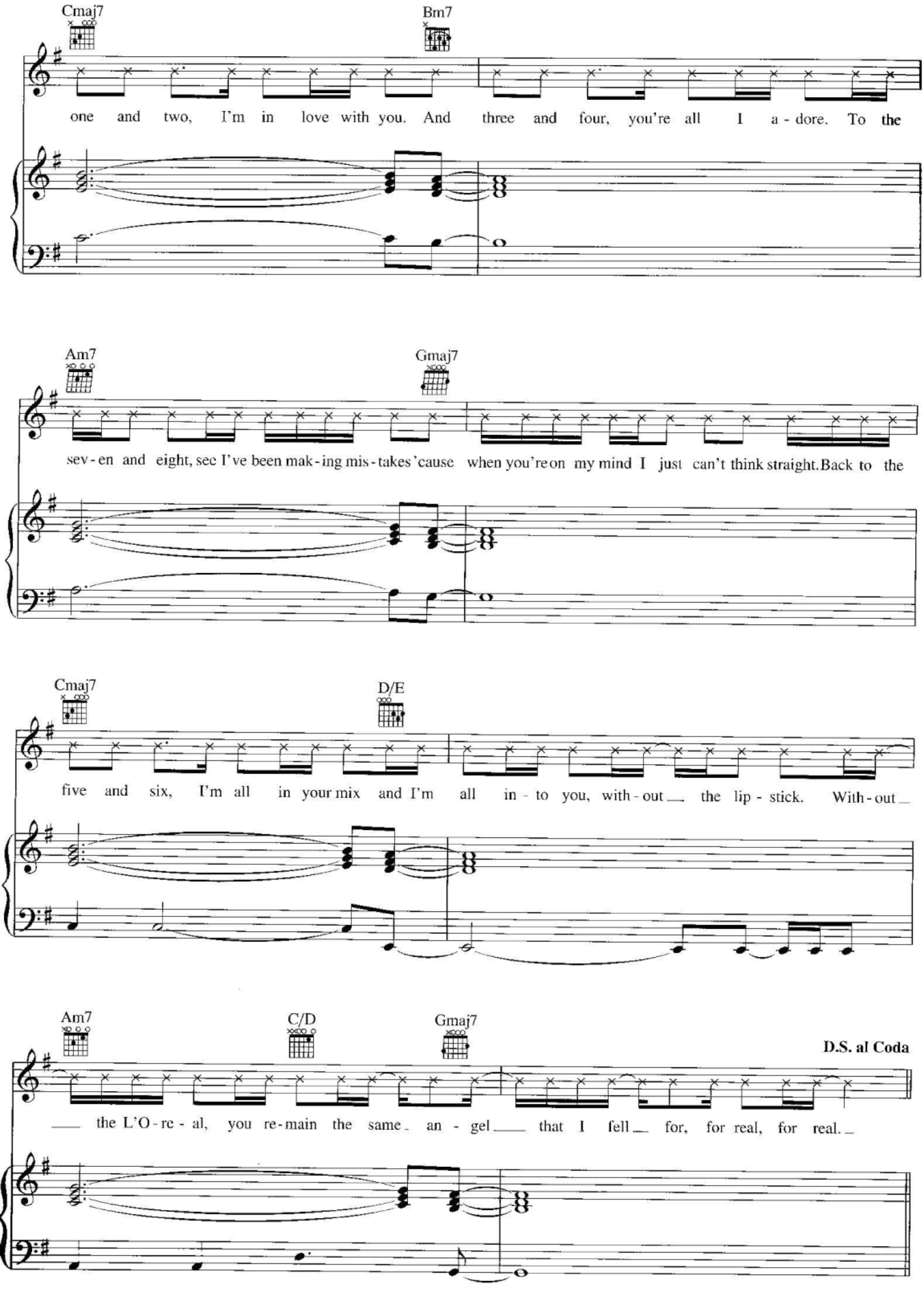
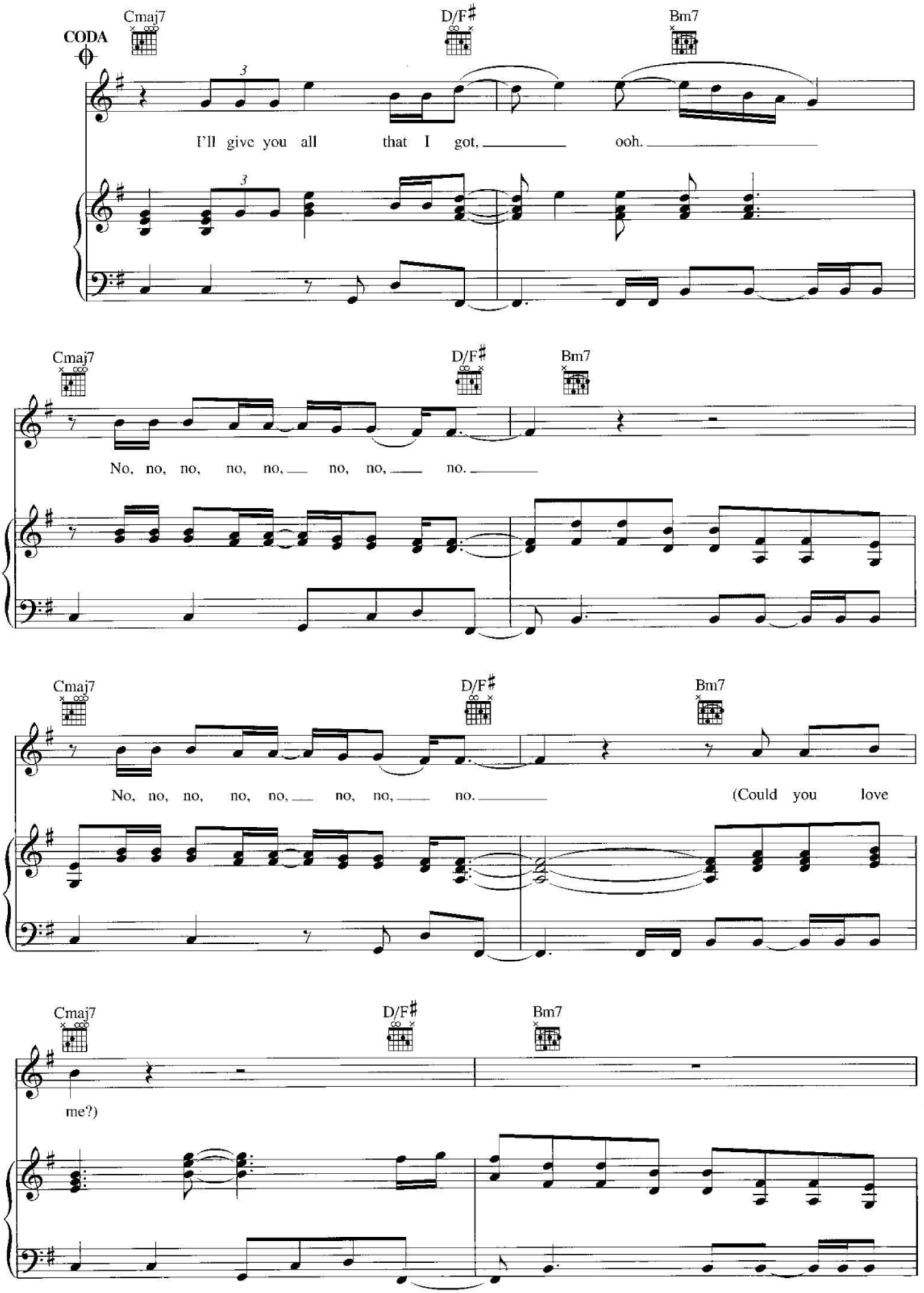
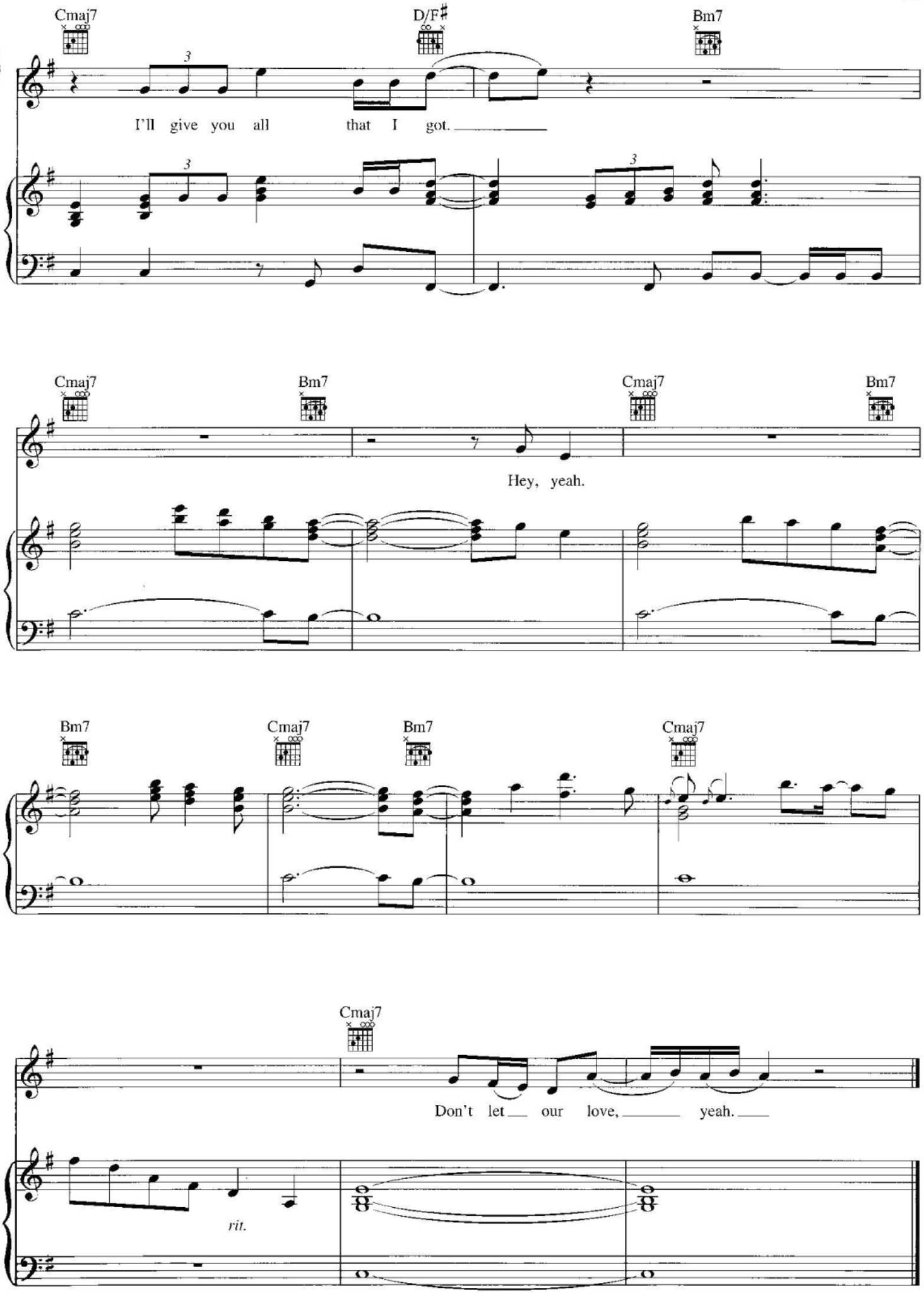

Cmaj7
D/F♯
Bm7
Ba - by, ba - by, when you're look - ing deep in my eyes, I
I don't mean to scare you now or push you a - way, 'cause
Cmaj7
D/F♯
Bm7
know you're see - ing past my make - up in -
I'm not tryin' to rush an - y - thing. But
Cmaj7
D/F♯
Bm7
to the lit - tle girl that used to hide out and cry when her par -
when I look in - to your eyes, I'm not scared to say I see lit -
Cmaj7
D/F♯
Bm7
ents fought, try - ing to be strong.
tle you; I'm in the pic - ture, too.


Cmaj7
D/F♯
Bm7
You can see the hurt in me, cov - er ups, the se - cre - cy
Like a hap - py fam - 'ly tree, we're to - geth - er con - stant - ly.
Cmaj7
D/F♯
Bm7
and all that I as - pire to be; you'll see, you'll see.
This could be e - ven - tual - ly; we'll see, we'll see.
Cmaj7
D/F♯
Bm7
You know who I real - ly am, no en - tou-rage or car - a - van.
But all that I have got to know is with me, ba - by, will you grow?
Cmaj7
D/F♯
Bm7
Do you e - ven give a damn a - bout all that? Now tell me:
Through sun and rain and heav - y snow, oh, tell me so, now ba - by.


Cmaj7
D/F♯
Bm7
Cmaj7
D/F♯
Would you love me if I did-n't work out or I did-n't change my nat-u-ral hair?
Bm7
Cmaj7
D/F♯
And I could be the one you want to grow old-
Bm7
To Coda
Cmaj7
D/F♯
-er with, ba-by. I'll give you all that I got.
1
Bm7
So,
2
Bm7
It's as sim-ple as


Cmaj7
Bm7
one and two, I'm in love with you. And three and four, you're all I a - dore. To the
Am7
Gmaj7
sev - en and eight, see I've been mak - ing mis - takes 'cause when you're on my mind I just can't think straight. Back to the
Cmaj7
D/E
five and six, I'm all in your mix and I'm all in - to you, with - out the lip - stick. With - out
Am7
C/D
Gmaj7
D.S. al Coda
the L'O - re - al, you re - main the same an - gel that I fell for, for real, for real.

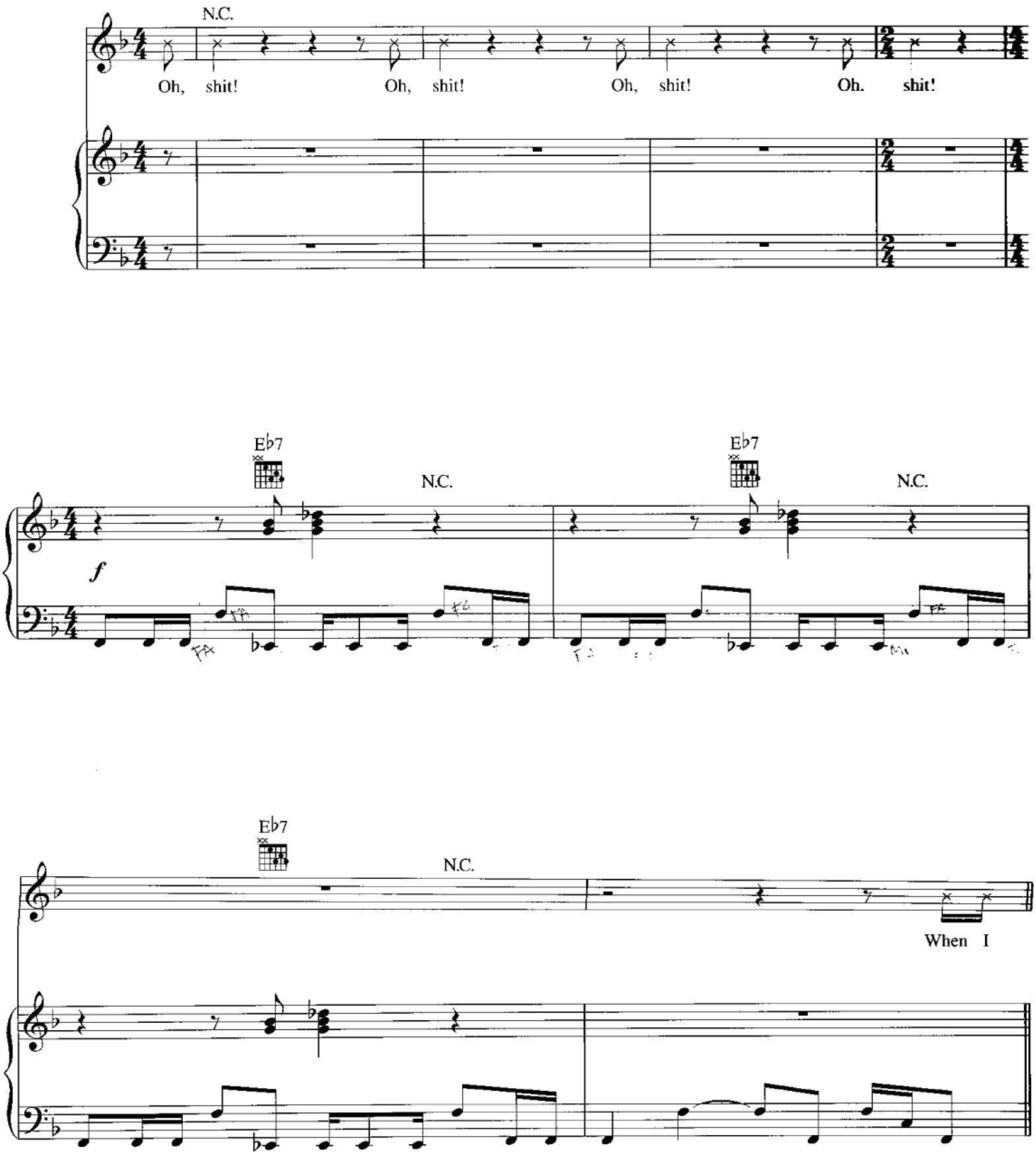

CODA
Cmaj7
D/F♯
Bm7
I'll give you all that I got, ooh.
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. (Could you love
me?)


Cmaj7
D/F♯
Bm7
I'll give you all that I got.
Cmaj7
Bm7
Cmaj7
Bm7
Hey, yeah.
Bm7
Cmaj7
Bm7
Cmaj7
Cmaj7
Don't let our love, yeah.
rit.

LONDON BRIDGE

Words and Music by STACY FERGUSON, JAMAL JOSEPH,
SEAN GARRETT and MIKE HARTNETT

Moderate Hip-Hop



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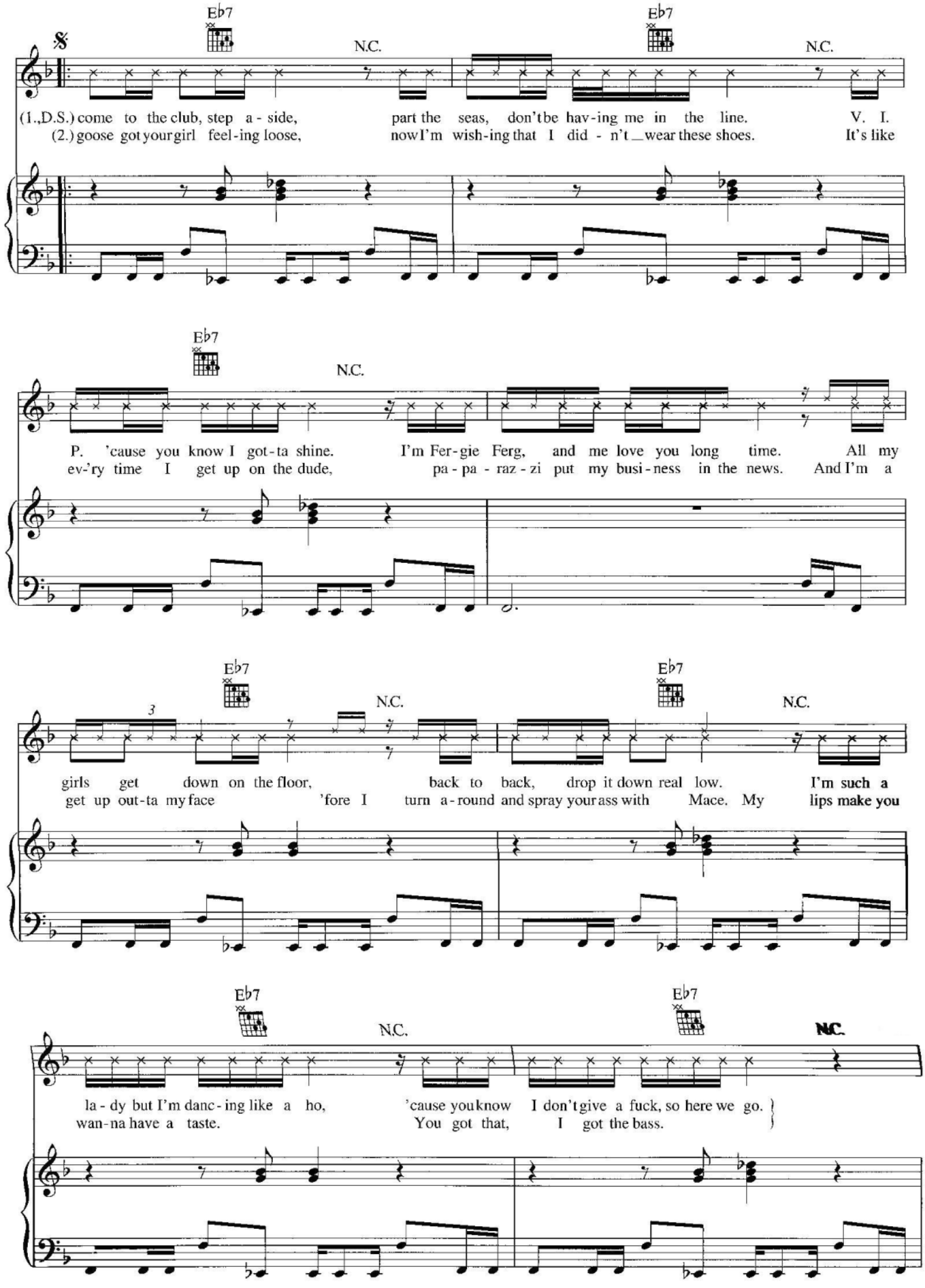
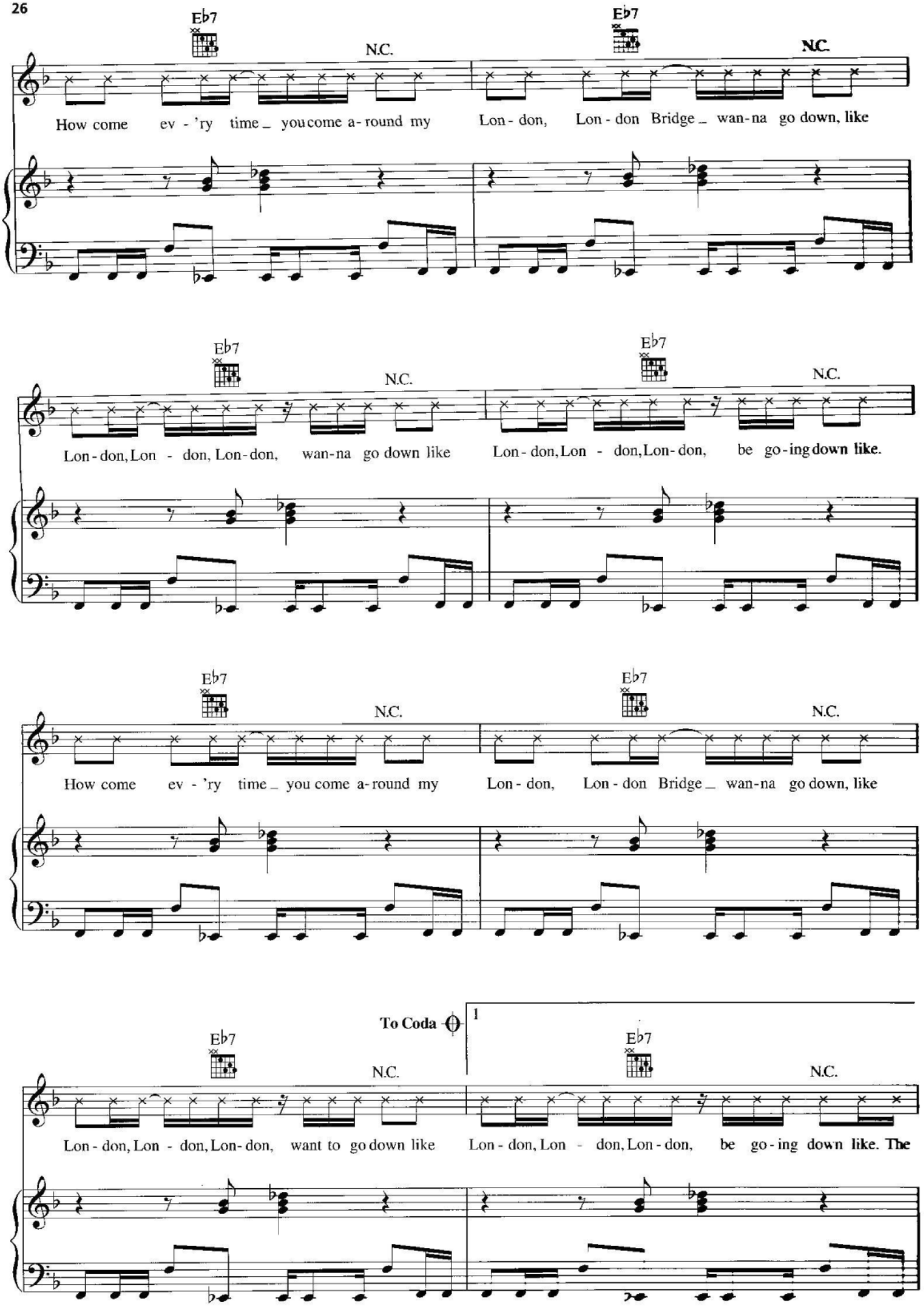
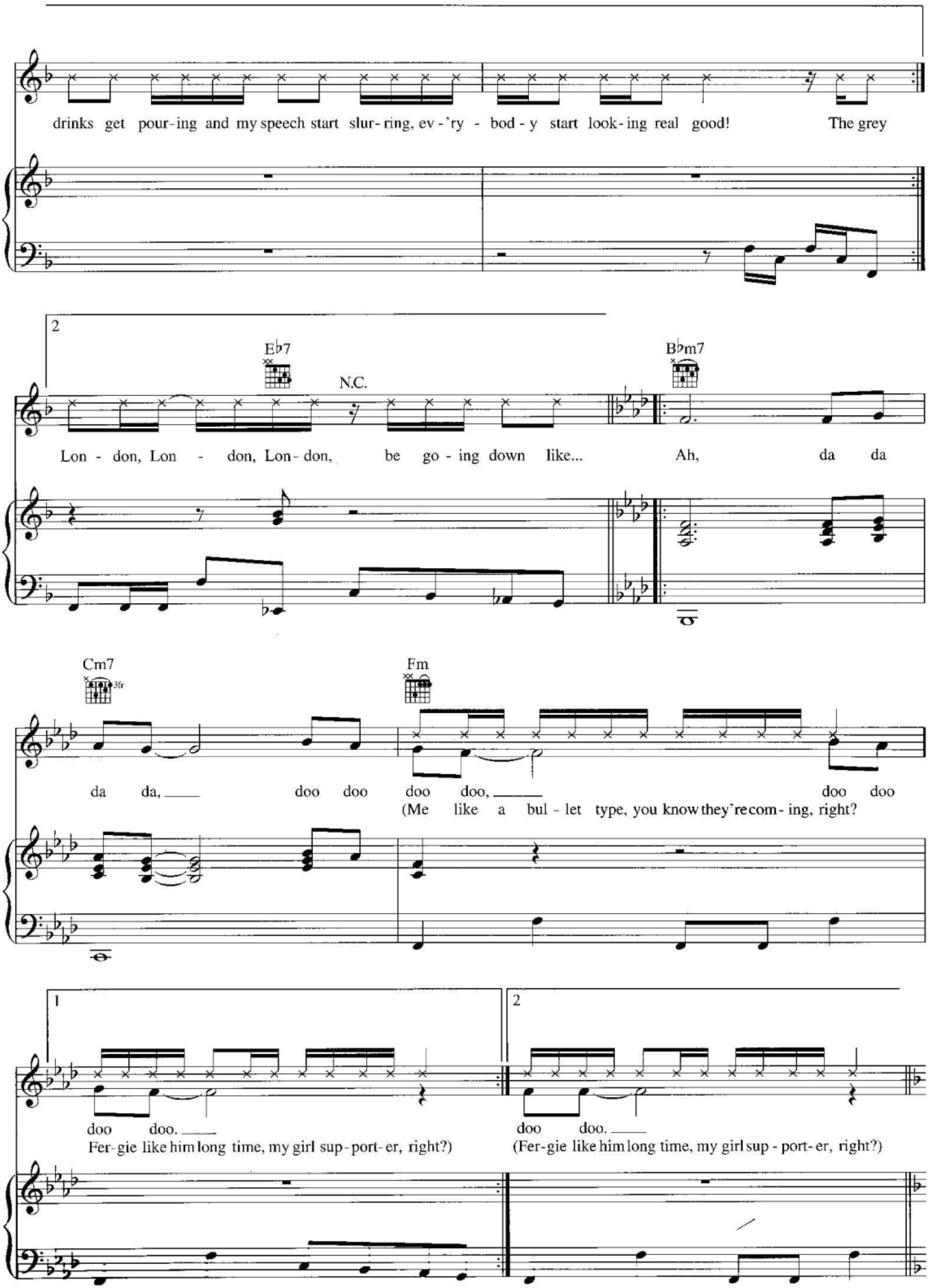
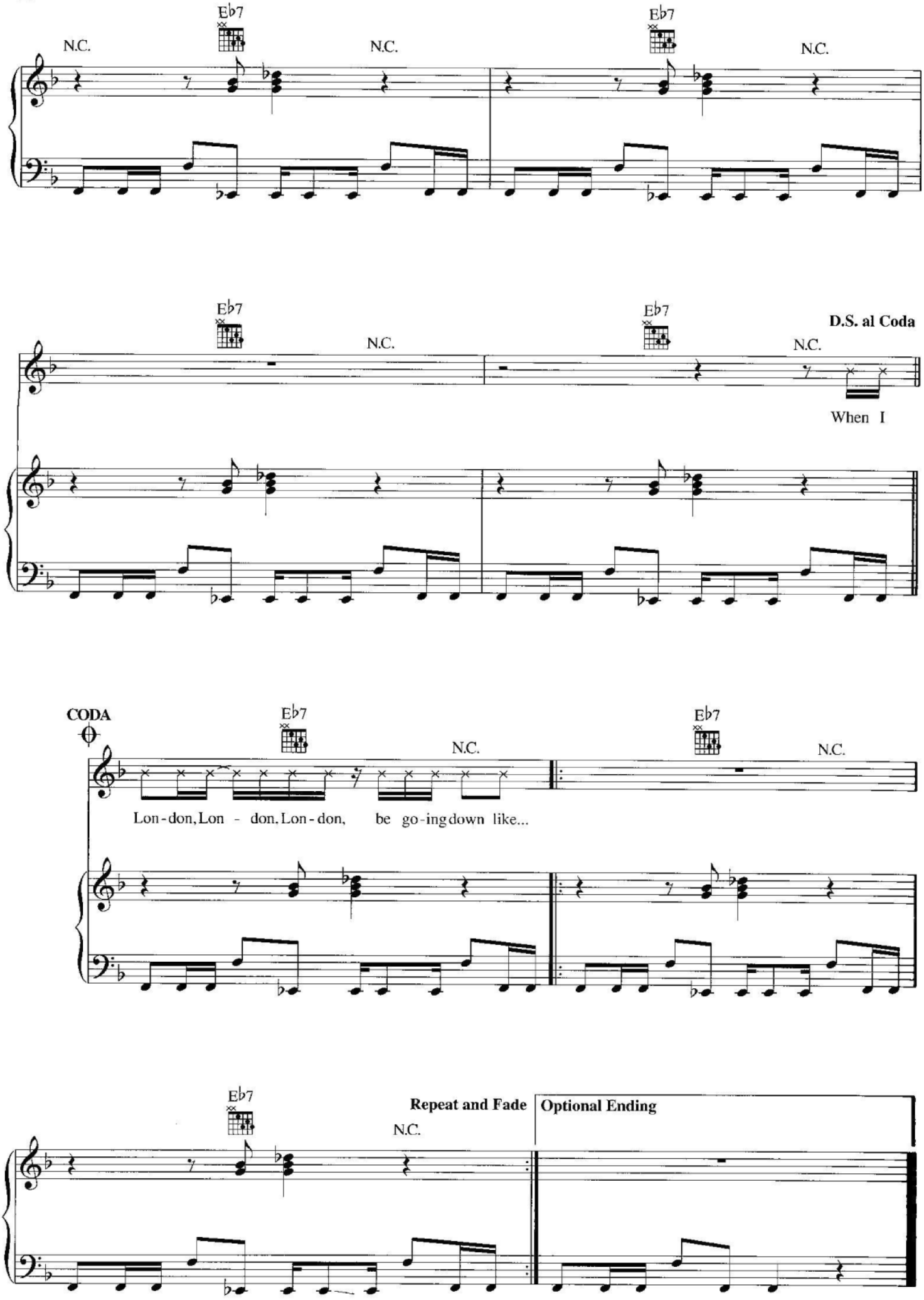

Eb7
N.C.
Eb7
N.C.
(1.,D.S.) come to the club, step a - side, part the seas, don't be hav - ing me in the line. V. I.
(2.) goose got your girl feel - ing loose, now I'm wish - ing that I did - n't _ wear these shoes. It's like
Eb7
N.C.
P. 'cause you know I got - ta shine. I'm Fer - gie Ferg, and me love you long time. All my
ev-'ry time I get up on the dude, pa - pa - raz - zi put my busi - ness in the news. And I'm a
Eb7
N.C.
Eb7
N.C.
girls get down on the floor, back to back, drop it down real low. I'm such a
get up out - ta my face 'fore I turn a - round and spray your ass with Mace. My lips make you
Eb7
N.C.
Eb7
N.C.
la - dy but I'm danc - ing like a ho, 'cause you know I don't give a fuck, so here we go.
wan - na have a taste. You got that, I got the bass.


Eb7
N.C.
How come ev - 'ry time you come a-round my Lon - don, Lon - don Bridge wan-na go down, like
Lon - don, Lon - don, Lon - don, wan-na go down like Lon - don, Lon - don, Lon - don, be go - ing down like.
How come ev - 'ry time you come a-round my Lon - don, Lon - don Bridge wan-na go down, like
To Coda
1
Lon - don, Lon - don, Lon - don, want to go down like Lon - don, Lon - don, Lon - don, be go - ing down like. The

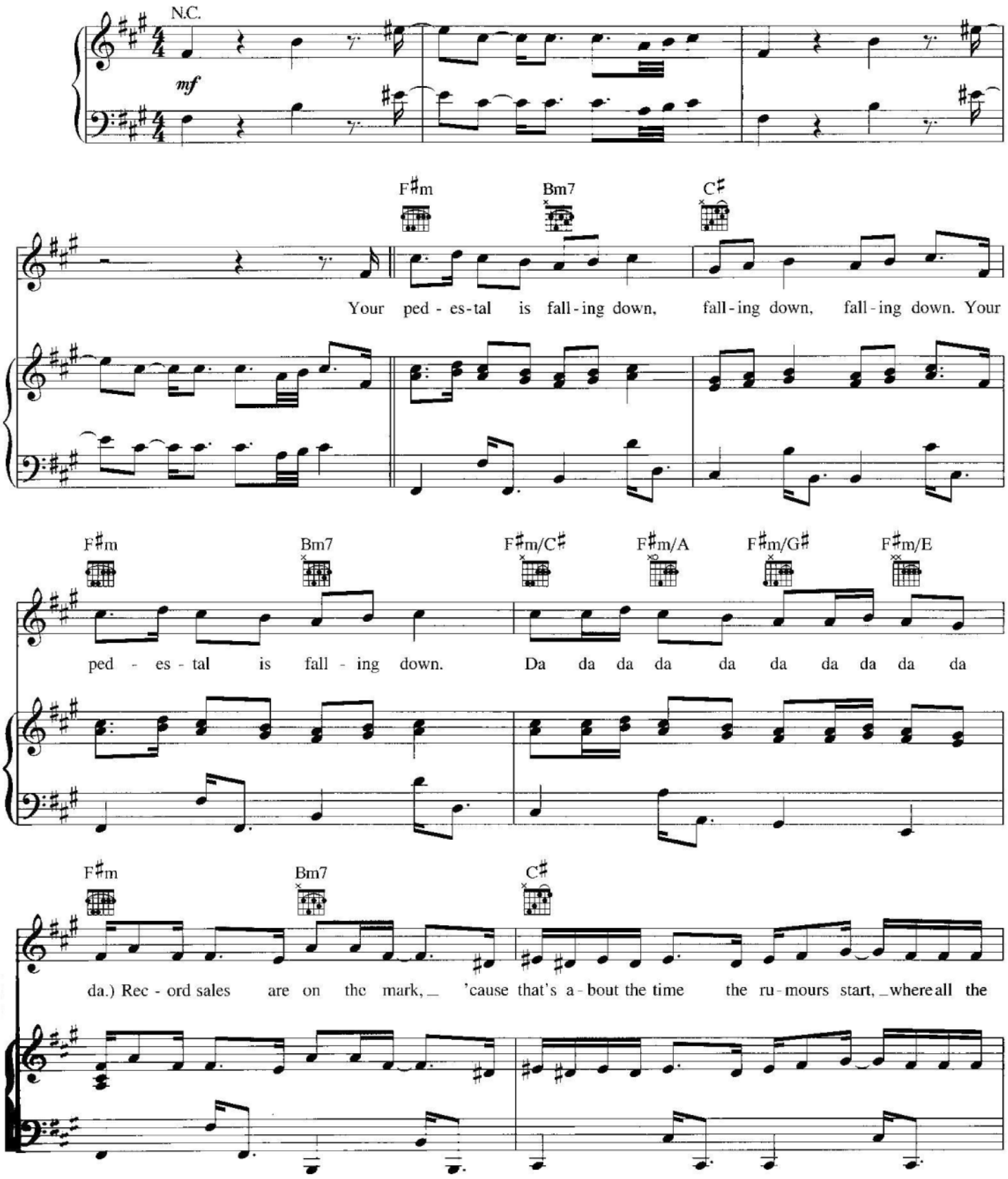

drinks get pour-ing and my speech start slur-ring, ev-'ry - bod-y start look-ing real good! The grey
2
Eb7
N.C.
Bbm7
Lon - don, Lon - don, Lon-don, be go - ing down like... Ah, da da
Cm7
3fr
Fm
da da, doo doo doo doo, doo doo
(Me like a bul - let type, you know they`recom - ing, right?
1
2
doo doo.
Fer-gie like him long time, my girl sup-port-er, right?)
doo doo.
(Fer-gie like him long time, my girl sup-port-er, right?)


Eb7
N.C.
Eb7
N.C.
Eb7
N.C.
Eb7
N.C.
D.S. al Coda
When I
CODA
Eb7
N.C.
Eb7
N.C.
Lon-don, Lon - don. Lon-don, be go-ing down like...
Eb7
N.C.
Repeat and Fade
Optional Ending

PEDESTAL

Words and Music by STACY FERGUSON
and PRINTZ BOARD

Moderate groove



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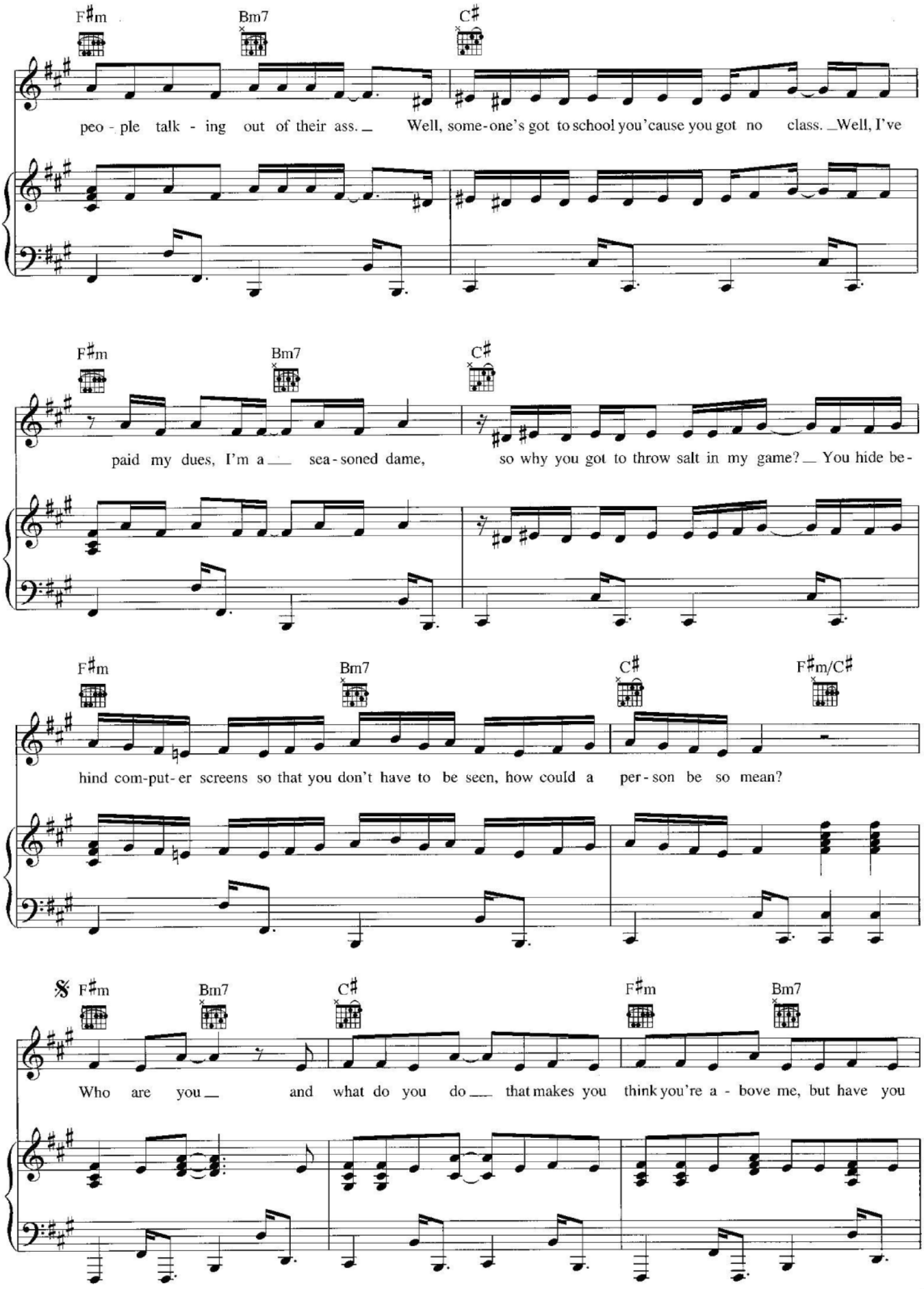
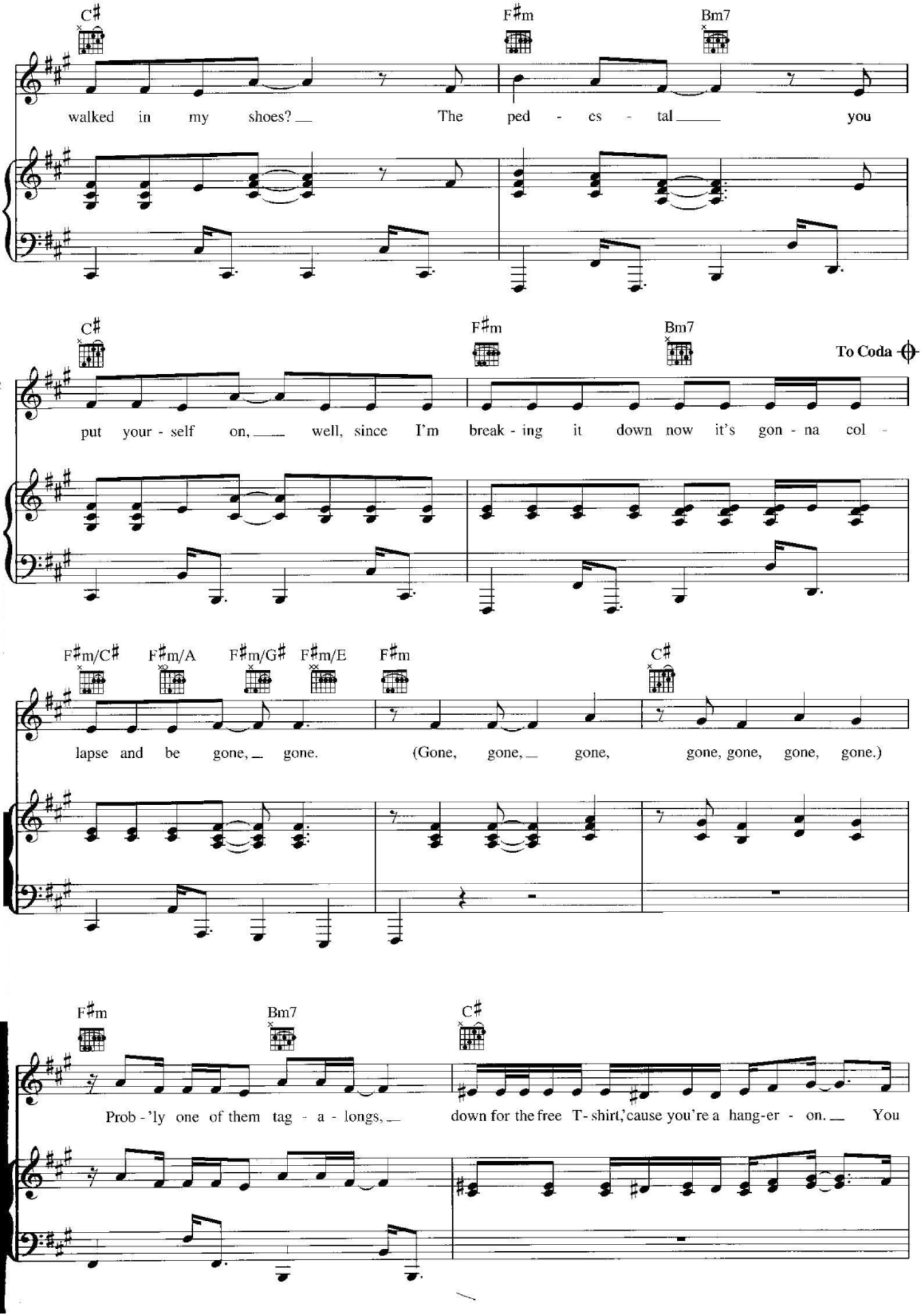
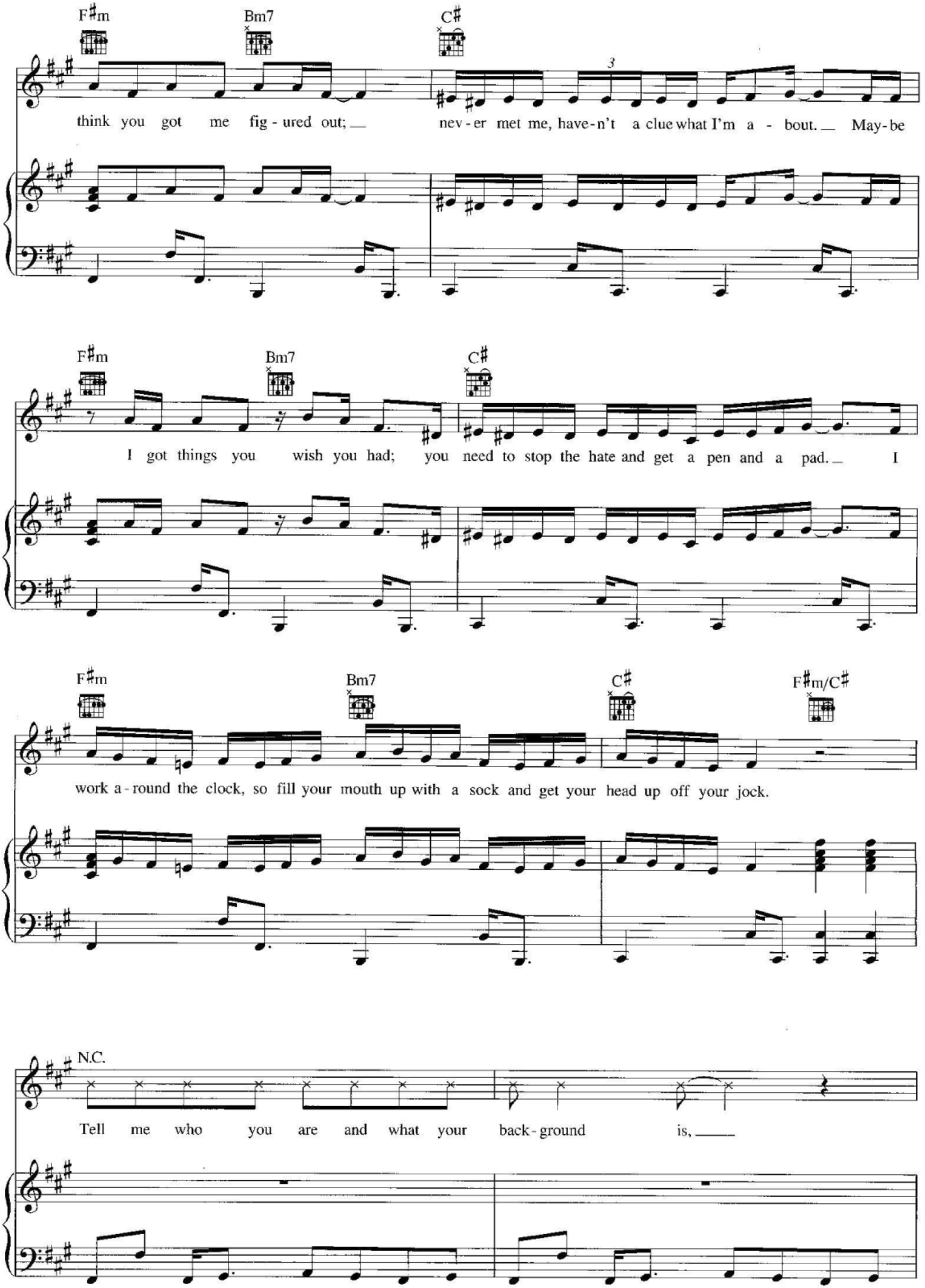
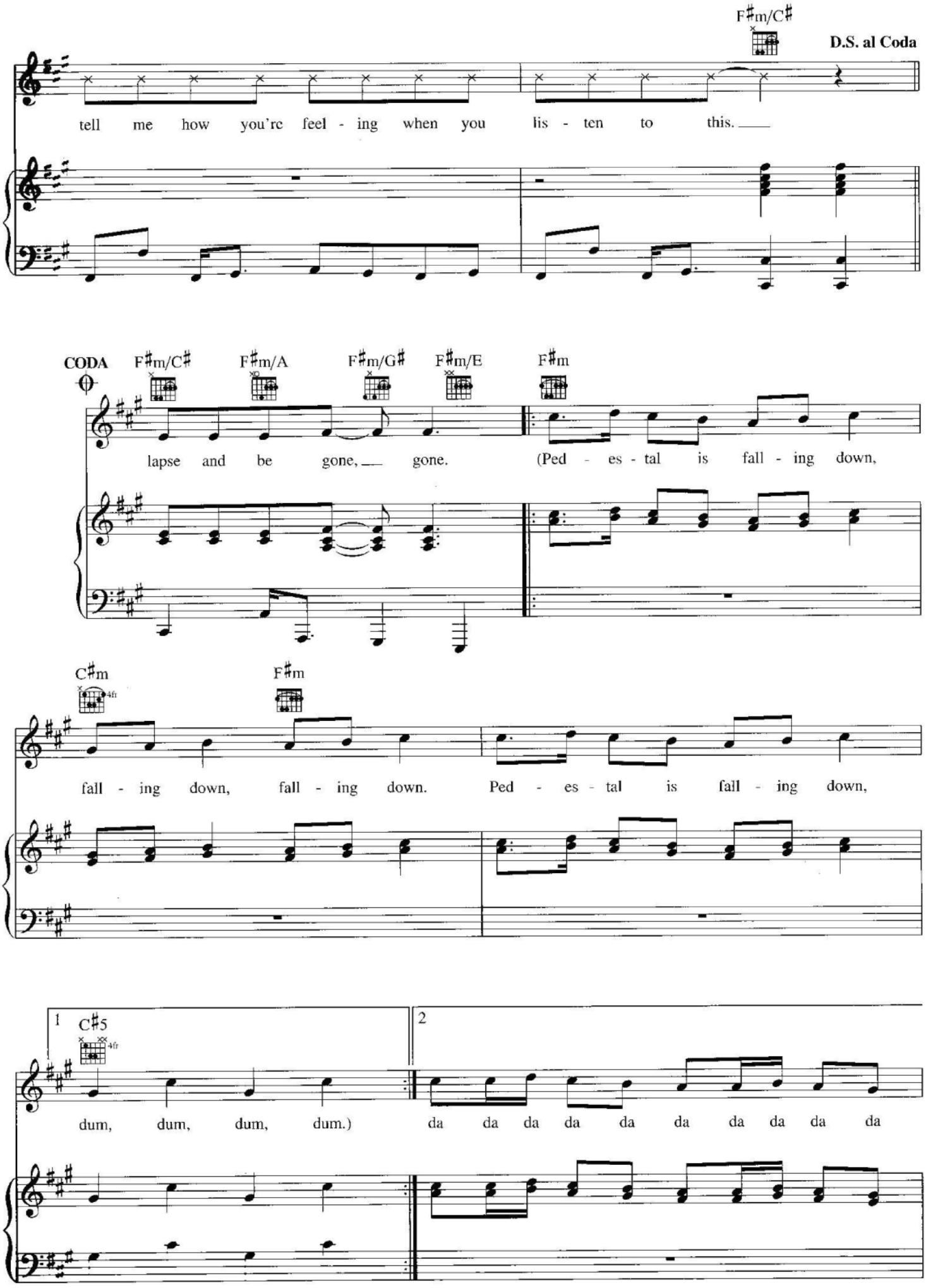
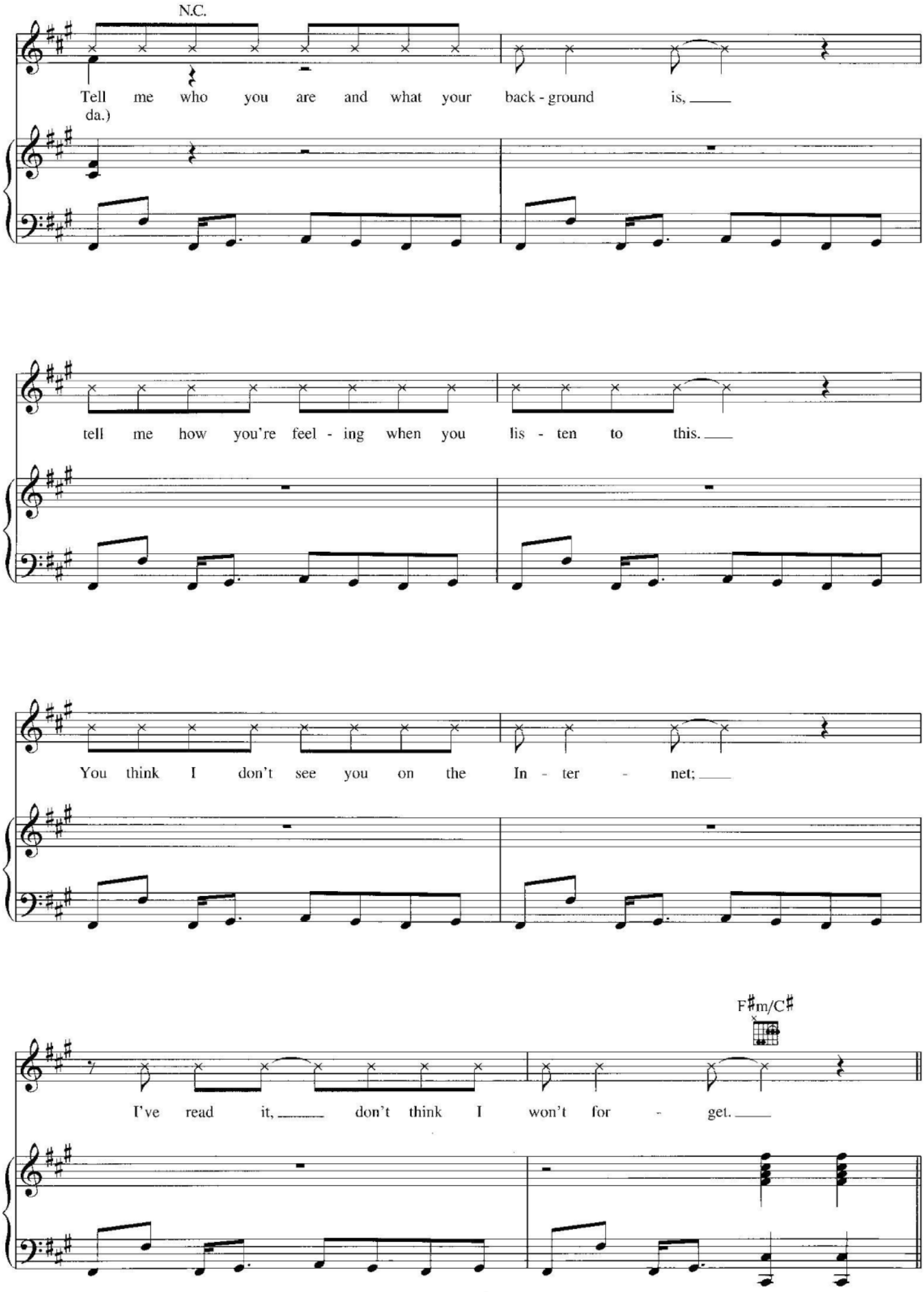
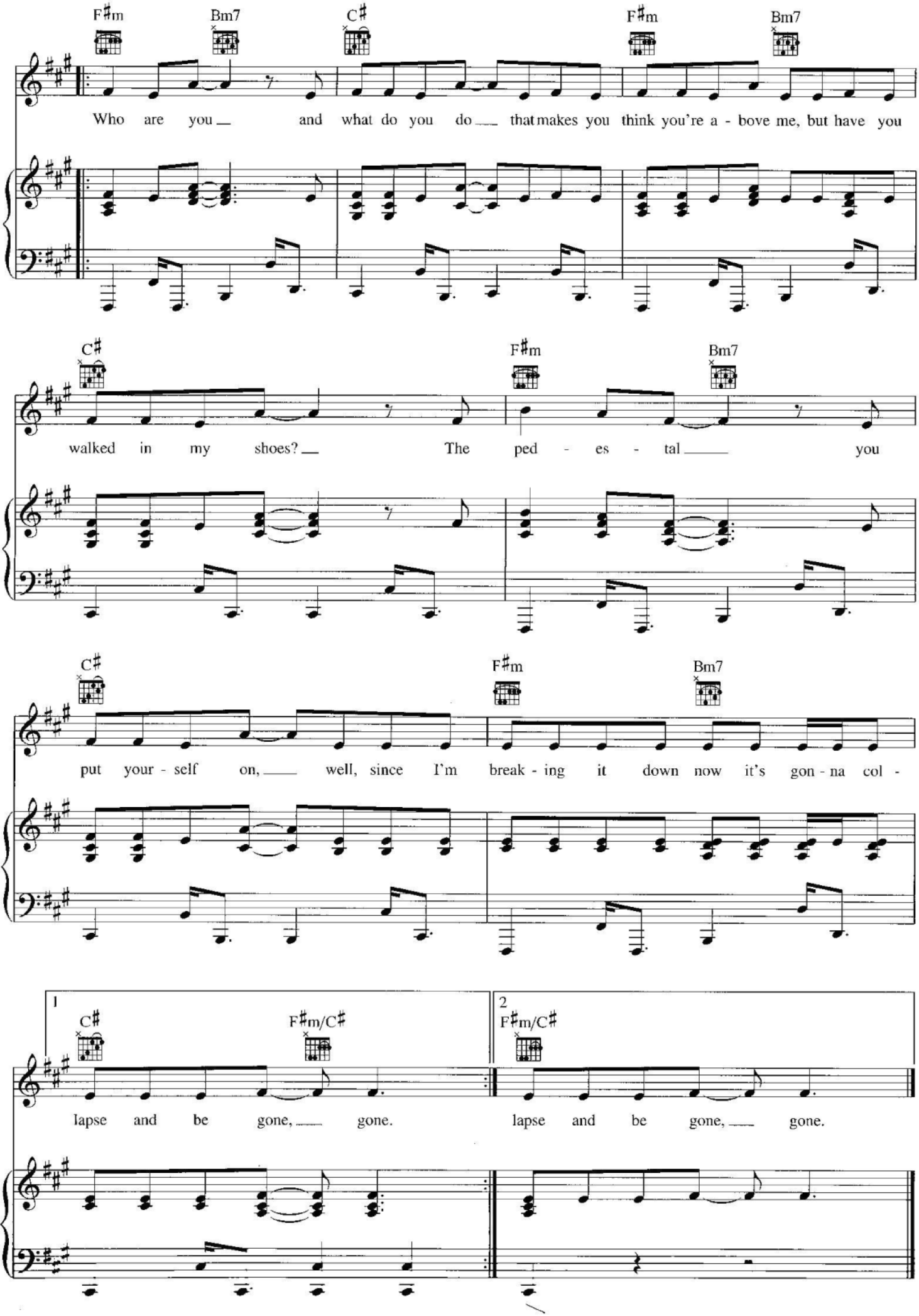

F♯m
Bm7
C♯
peo - ple talk - ing out of their ass. Well, some-one's got to school you 'cause you got no class. Well, I've
F♯m
Bm7
C♯
paid my dues, I'm a sea - soned dame, so why you got to throw salt in my game? You hide be -
F♯m
Bm7
C♯
F♯m/C♯
hind com-put - er screens so that you don't have to be seen, how could a per - son be so mean?
𝄋
F♯m
Bm7
C♯
F♯m
Bm7
Who are you and what do you do that makes you think you're a - bove me, but have you


C♯
F♯m
Bm7
walked in my shoes? The ped - es - tal you
C♯
F♯m
Bm7
To Coda
put your - self on, well, since I'm break - ing it down now it's gon - na col -
F♯m/C♯
F♯m/A
F♯m/G♯
F♯m/E
F♯m
C♯
lapse and be gone, gone. (Gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone.)
F♯m
Bm7
C♯
Prob - 'ly one of them tag - a - longs, down for the free T-shirt,'cause you're a hang-er - on. You


F♯m
Bm7
C♯
think you got me fig - ured out; nev - er met me, have - n't a clue what I'm a - bout. May - be
F♯m
Bm7
C♯
I got things you wish you had; you need to stop the hate and get a pen and a pad. I
F♯m
Bm7
C♯
F♯m/C♯
work a - round the clock, so fill your mouth up with a sock and get your head up off your jock.
N.C.
Tell me who you are and what your back - ground is,

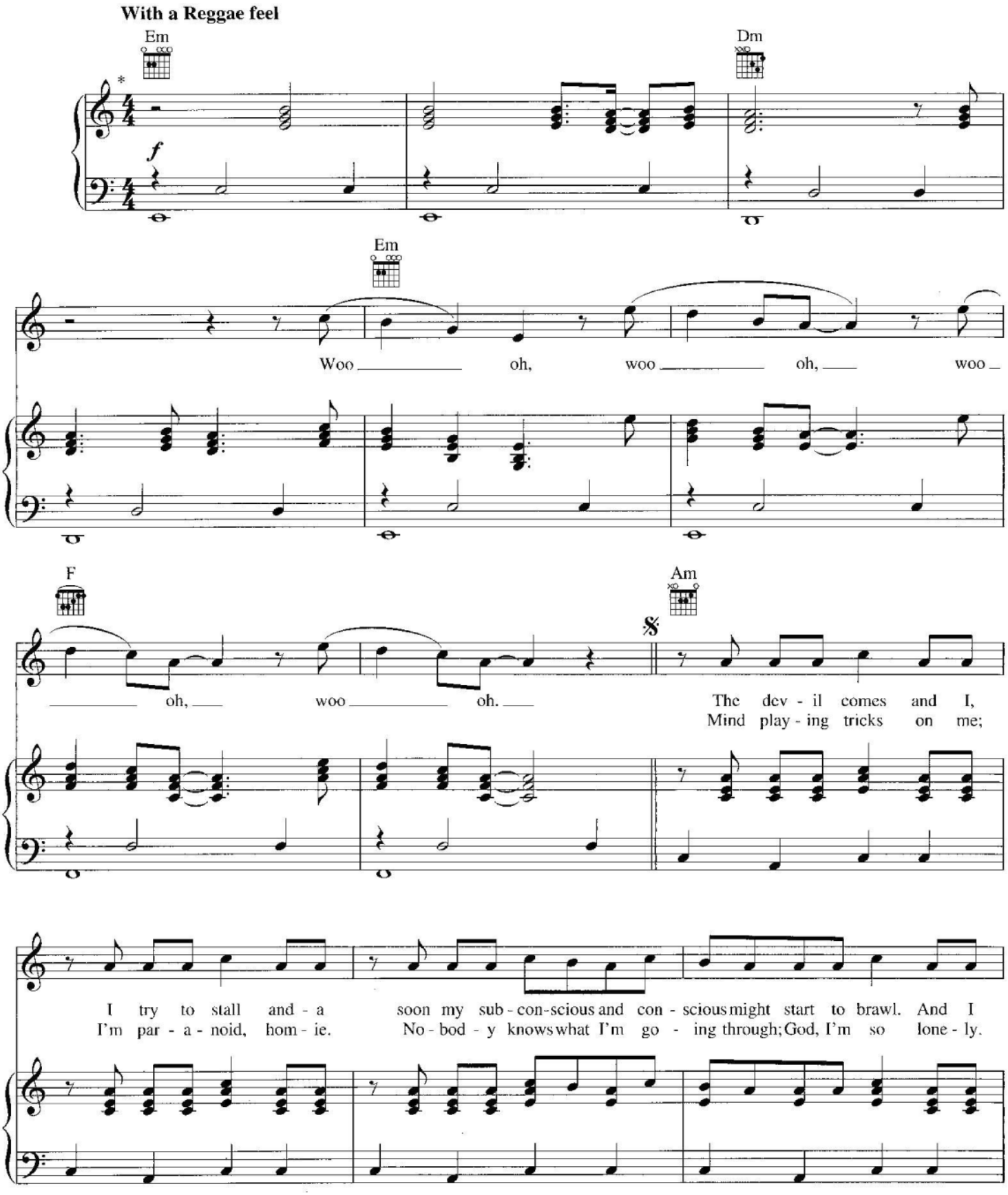

F♯m/C♯
D.S. al Coda
tell me how you're feel - ing when you lis - ten to this.
CODA
F♯m/C♯
F♯m/A
F♯m/G♯
F♯m/E
F♯m
lapse and be gone, gone. (Ped - es - tal is fall - ing down,
C♯m
F♯m
fall - ing down, fall - ing down. Ped - es - tal is fall - ing down,
1
C♯5
2
dum, dum, dum, dum.) da da da da da da da da da da


N.C.
Tell me who you are and what your back - ground is,
da.)
tell me how you're feel - ing when you lis - ten to this.
You think I don't see you on the In - ter - net;
F♯m/C♯
I've read it, don't think I won't for - get.


F♯m Bm7 C♯ F♯m Bm7
Who are you and what do you do that makes you think you're a - bove me, but have you
C♯ F♯m Bm7
walked in my shoes? The ped - es - tal you
C♯ F♯m Bm7
put your - self on, well, since I'm break - ing it down now it's gon - na col -
1 C♯ F♯m/C♯
lapse and be gone, gone.
2 F♯m/C♯
lapse and be gone, gone.

VOODOO DOLL

Words and Music by STACY FERGUSON
and WILL ADAMS



* *Recorded a half step lower.*

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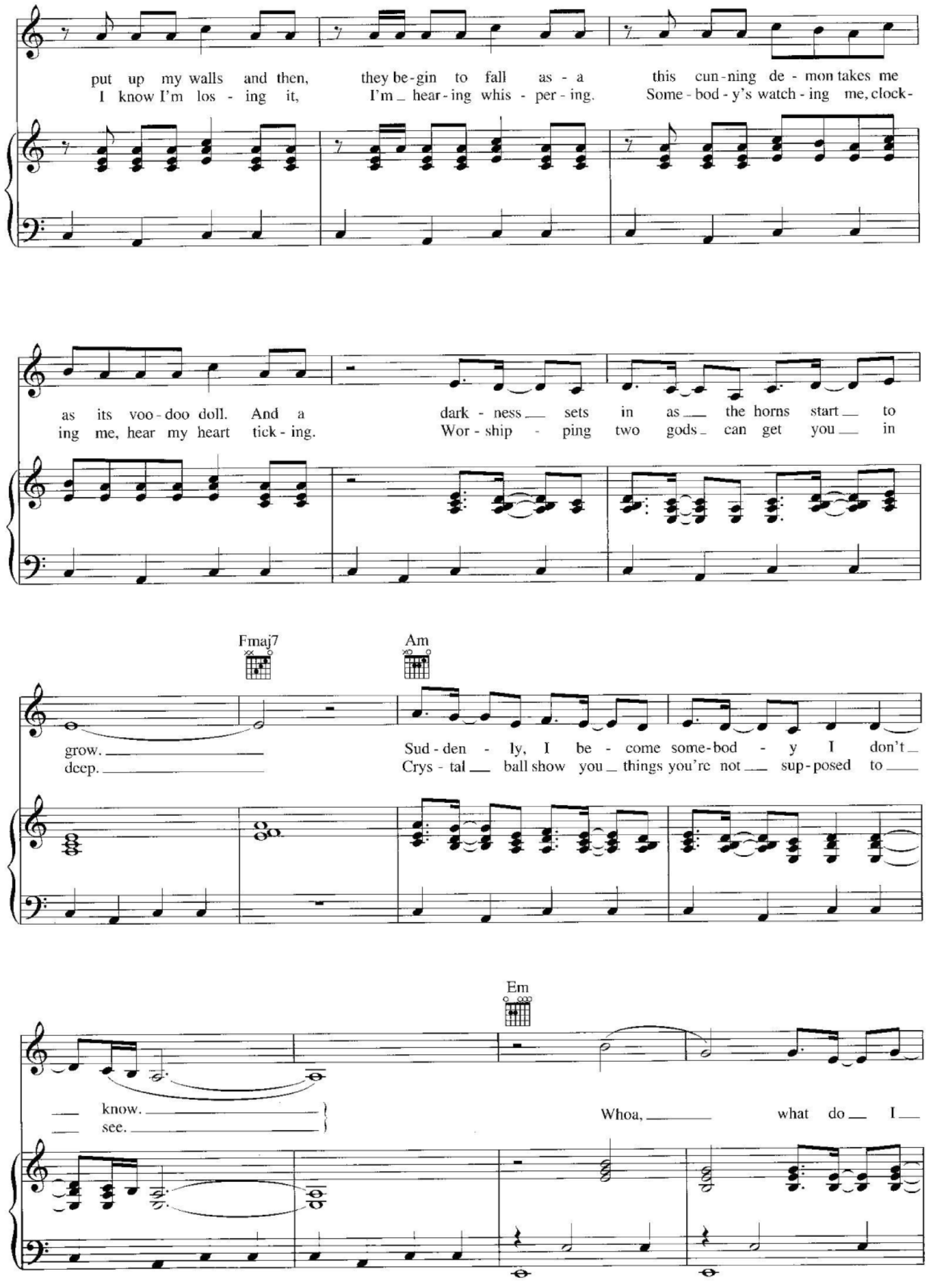
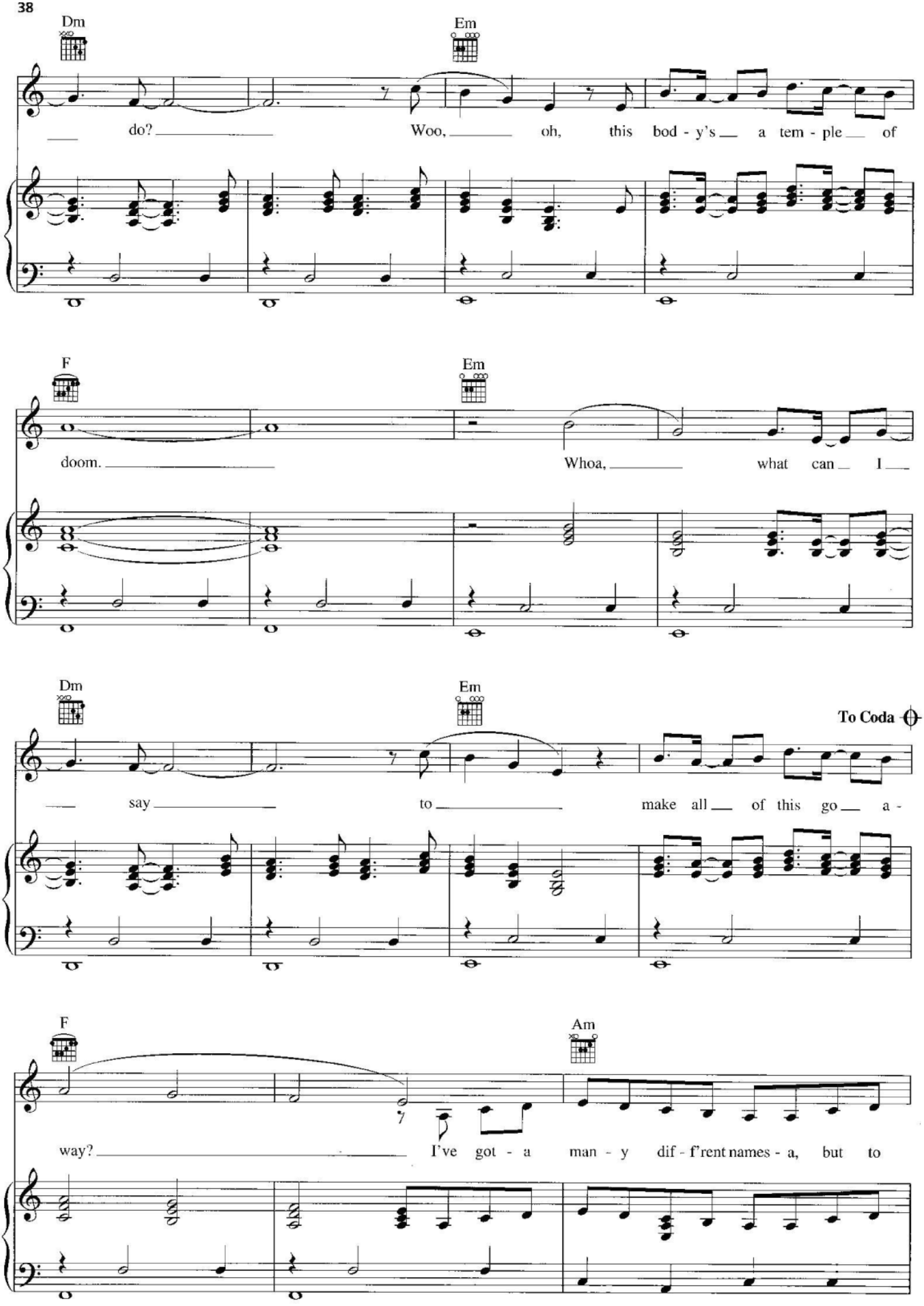
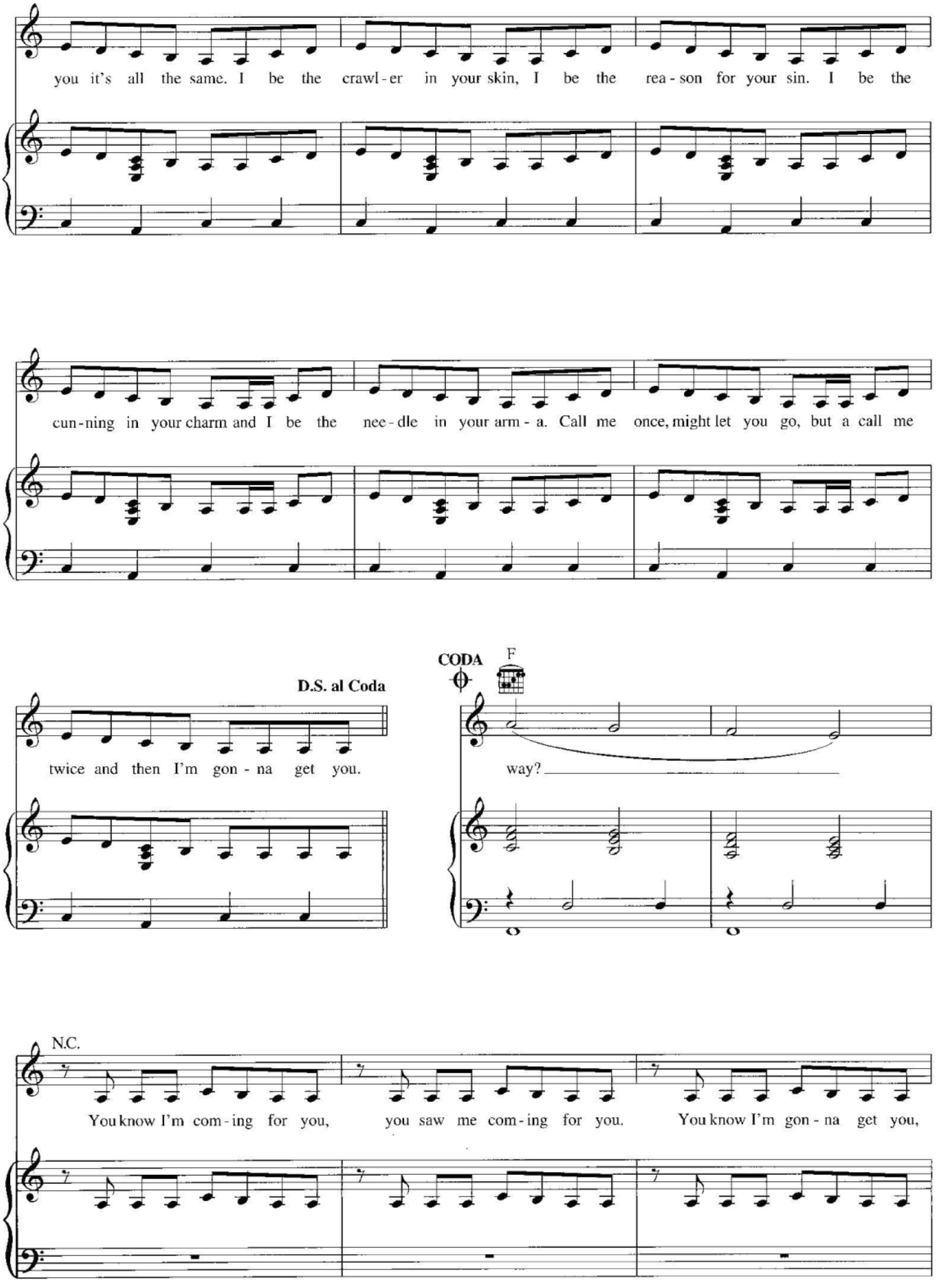
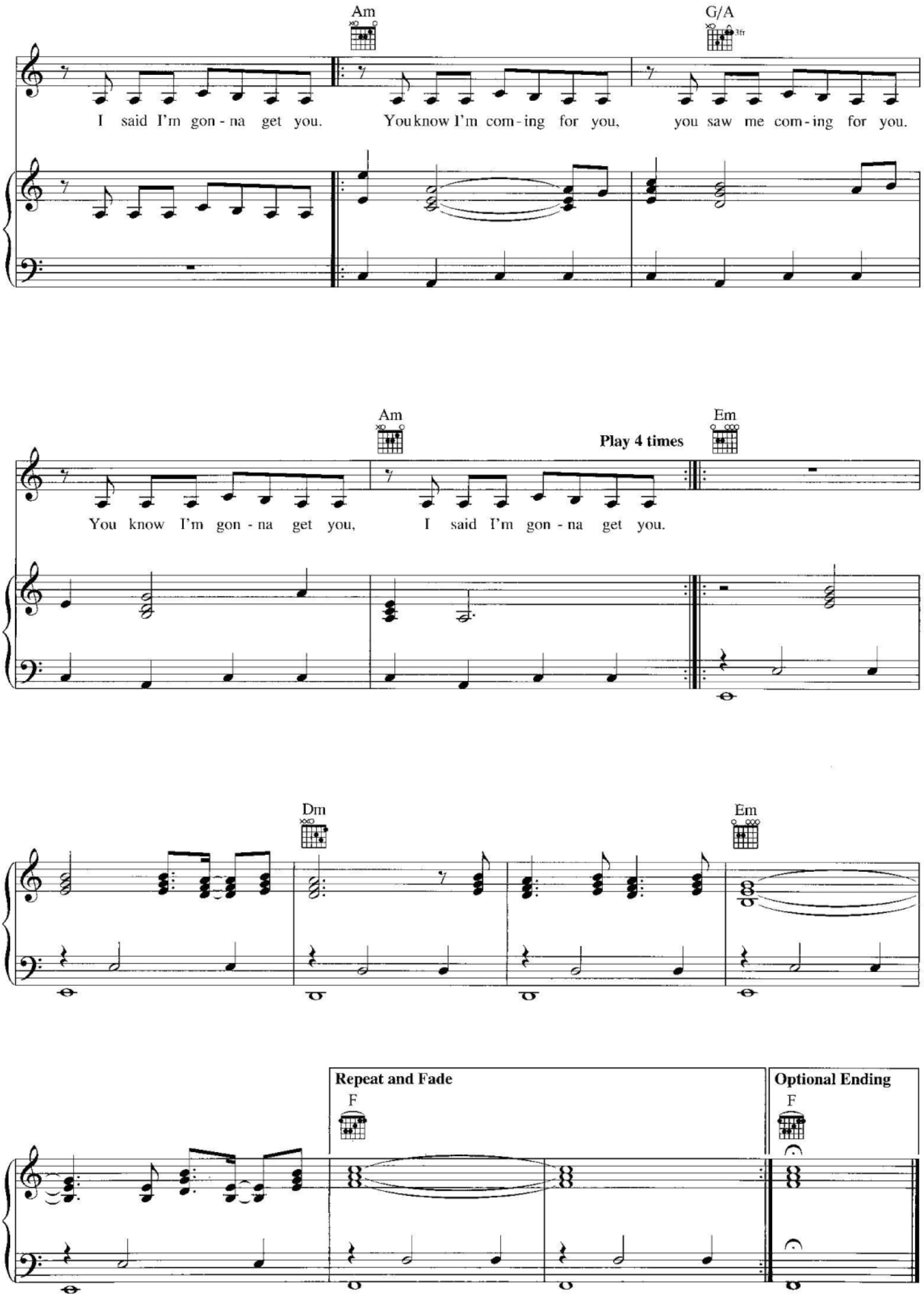

put up my walls and then, they be-gin to fall as - a this cun-ning de - mon takes me
I know I'm los - ing it, I'm _ hear-ing whis - per-ing. Some - bod - y's watch - ing me, clock-
as its voo-doo doll. And a dark - ness sets in as the horns start to
ing me, hear my heart tick - ing. Wor - ship - ping two gods can get you in
Fmaj7
Am
grow.
deep.
Sud - den - ly, I be - come some-bod - y I don't
Crys - tal ball show you things you're not sup-posed to
Em
know.
see.
Whoa, what do I

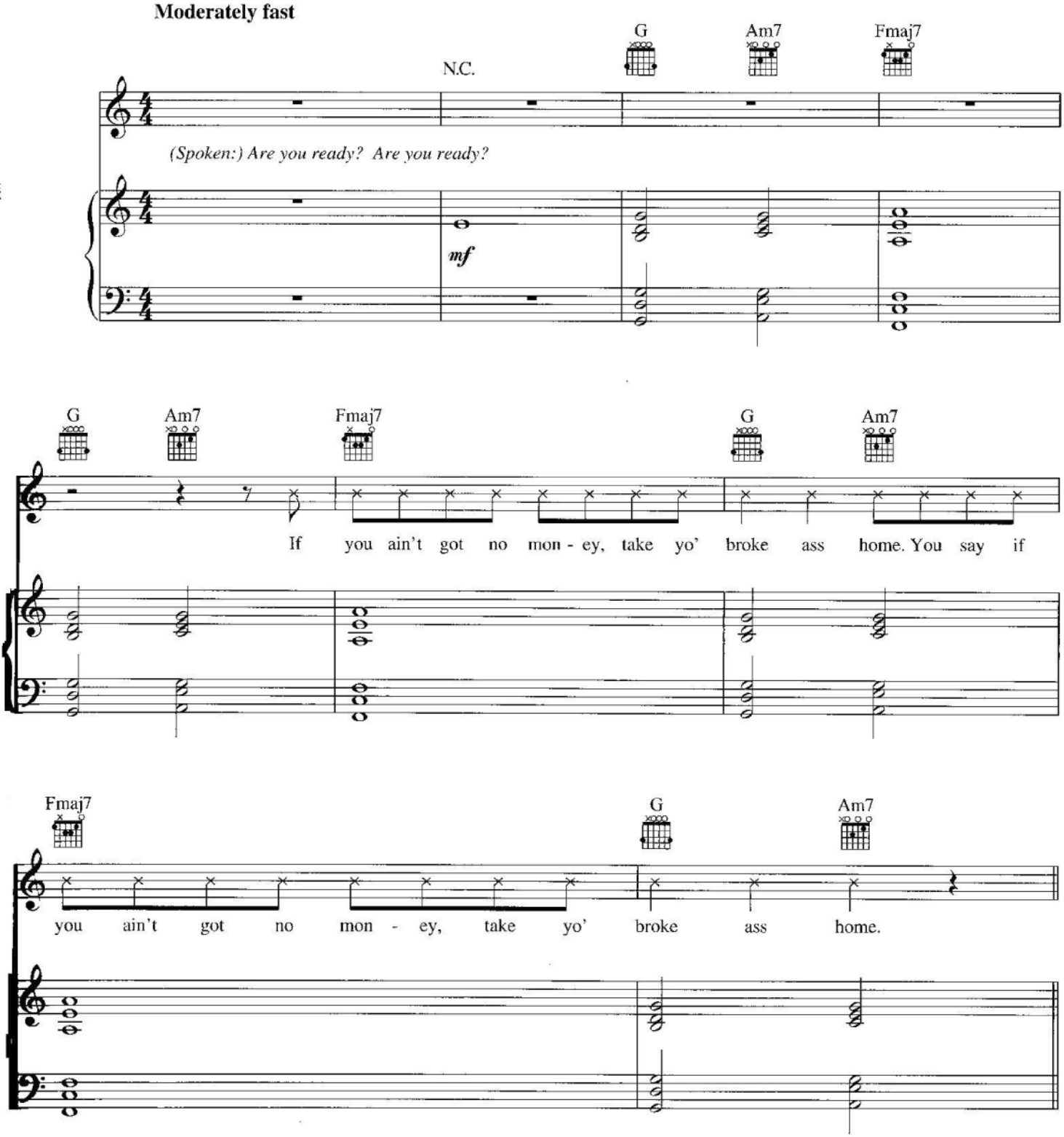

Dm
Em
do? Woo, oh, this bod - y's a tem - ple of
F
Em
doom. Whoa, what can I
Dm
Em
To Coda
say to make all of this go a -
F
Am
way? I've got - a man - y dif - f'rent names - a, but to


you it's all the same. I be the crawl-er in your skin, I be the rea-son for your sin. I be the
cun-ning in your charm and I be the nee-dle in your arm-a. Call me once, might let you go, but a call me
D.S. al Coda
twice and then I'm gon-na get you.
CODA
F
way?
N.C.
You know I'm com-ing for you, you saw me com-ing for you. You know I'm gon-na get you,


Am
G/A
3fr
I said I'm gon - na get you.
You know I'm com - ing for you,
you saw me com - ing for you.
Am
Em
Play 4 times
You know I'm gon - na get you,
I said I'm gon - na get you.
Dm
Em
Repeat and Fade
F
Optional Ending
F

GLAMOROUS

Words and Music by WILL ADAMS, ELVIS WILLIAMS,
STACY FERGUSON, JAMAL JONES and CHRISTOPHER BRIDGES



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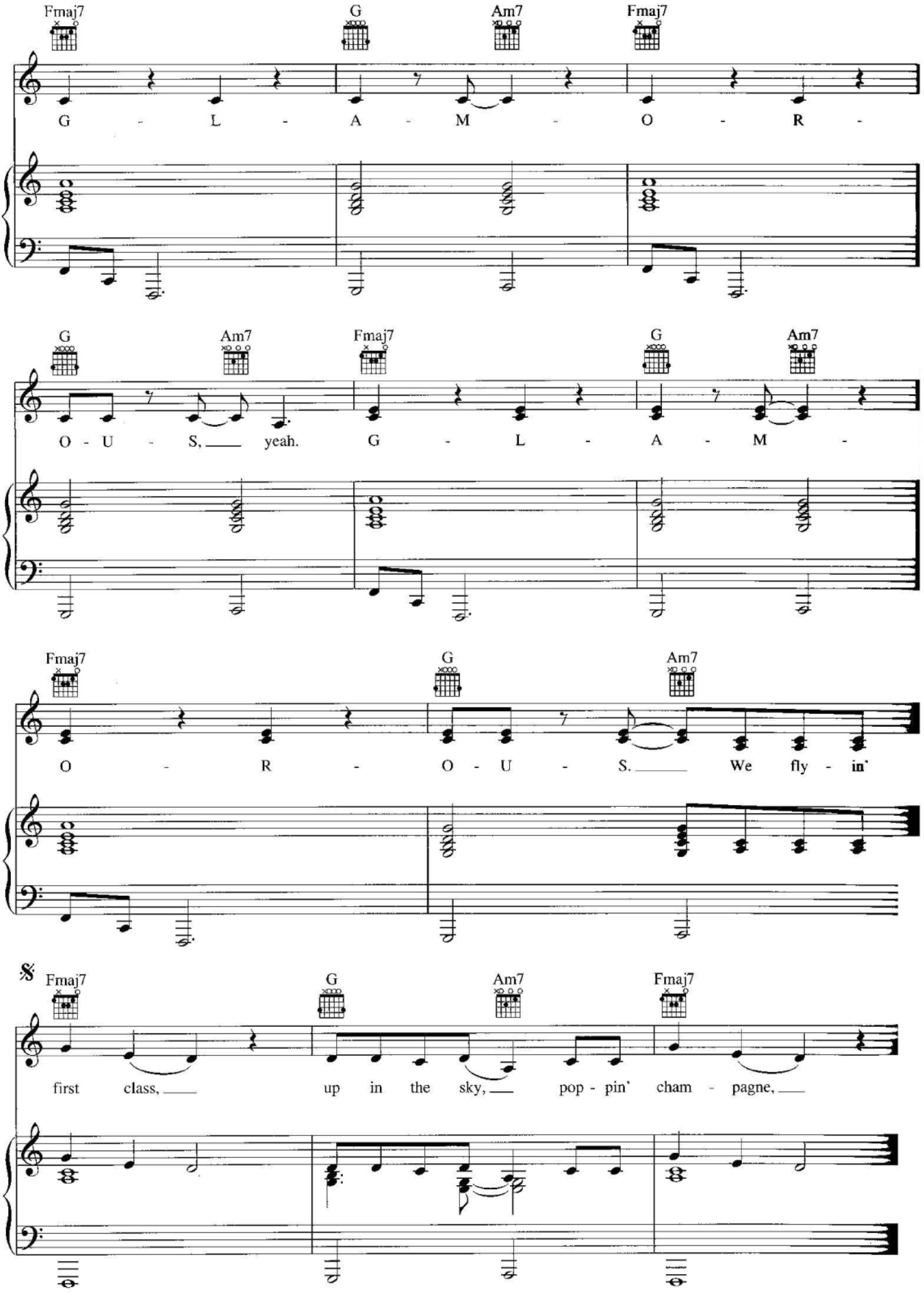
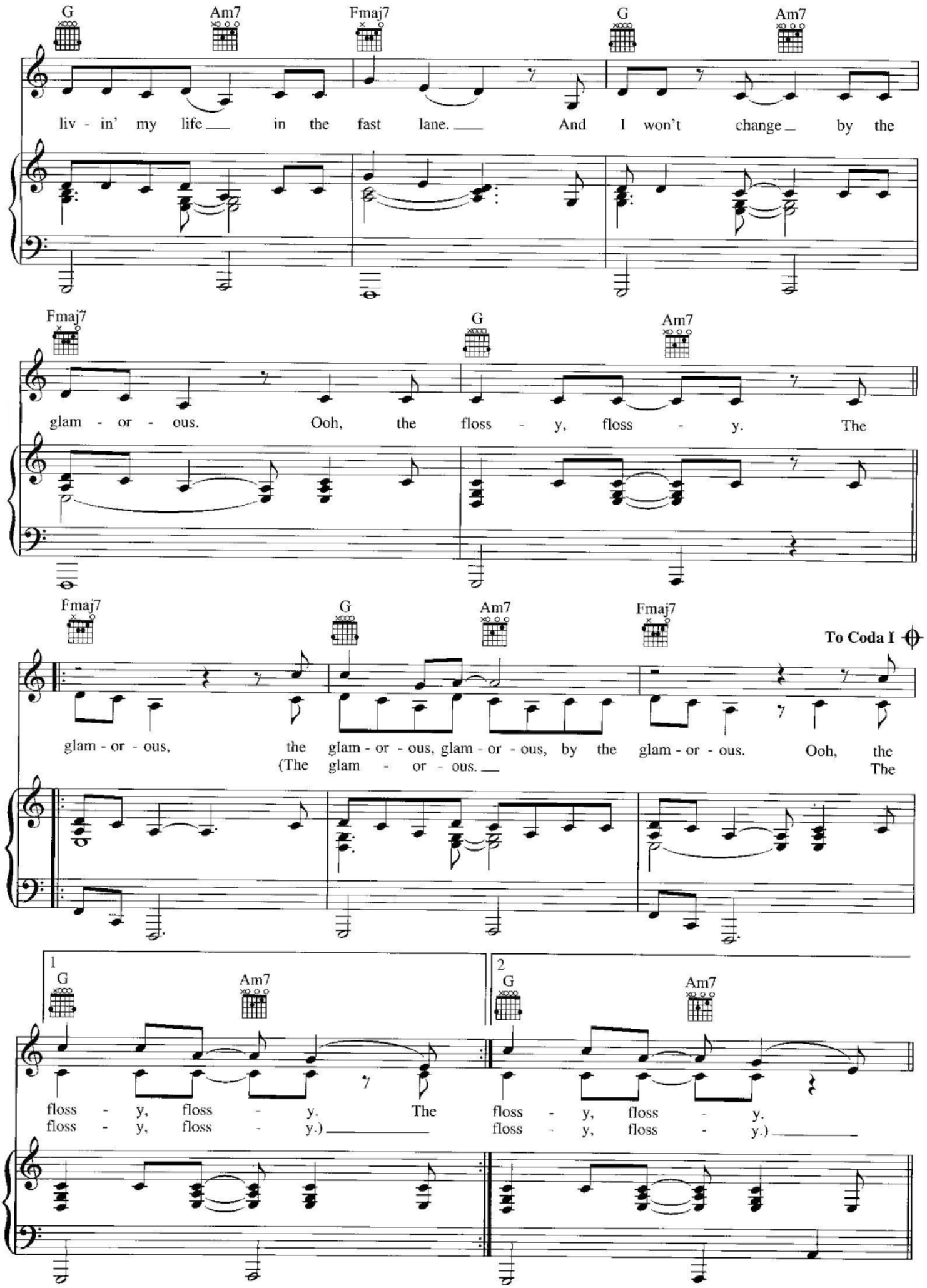
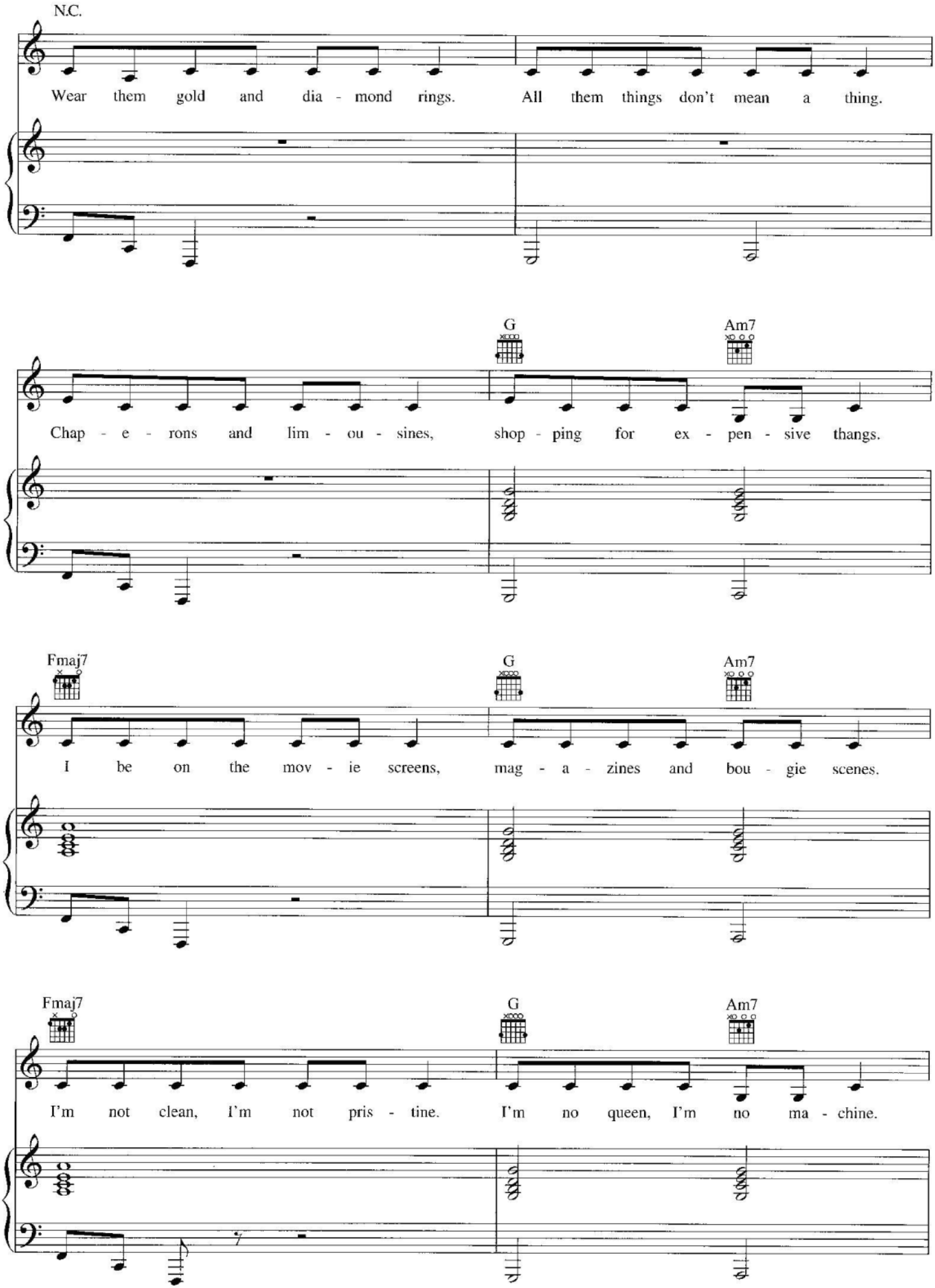
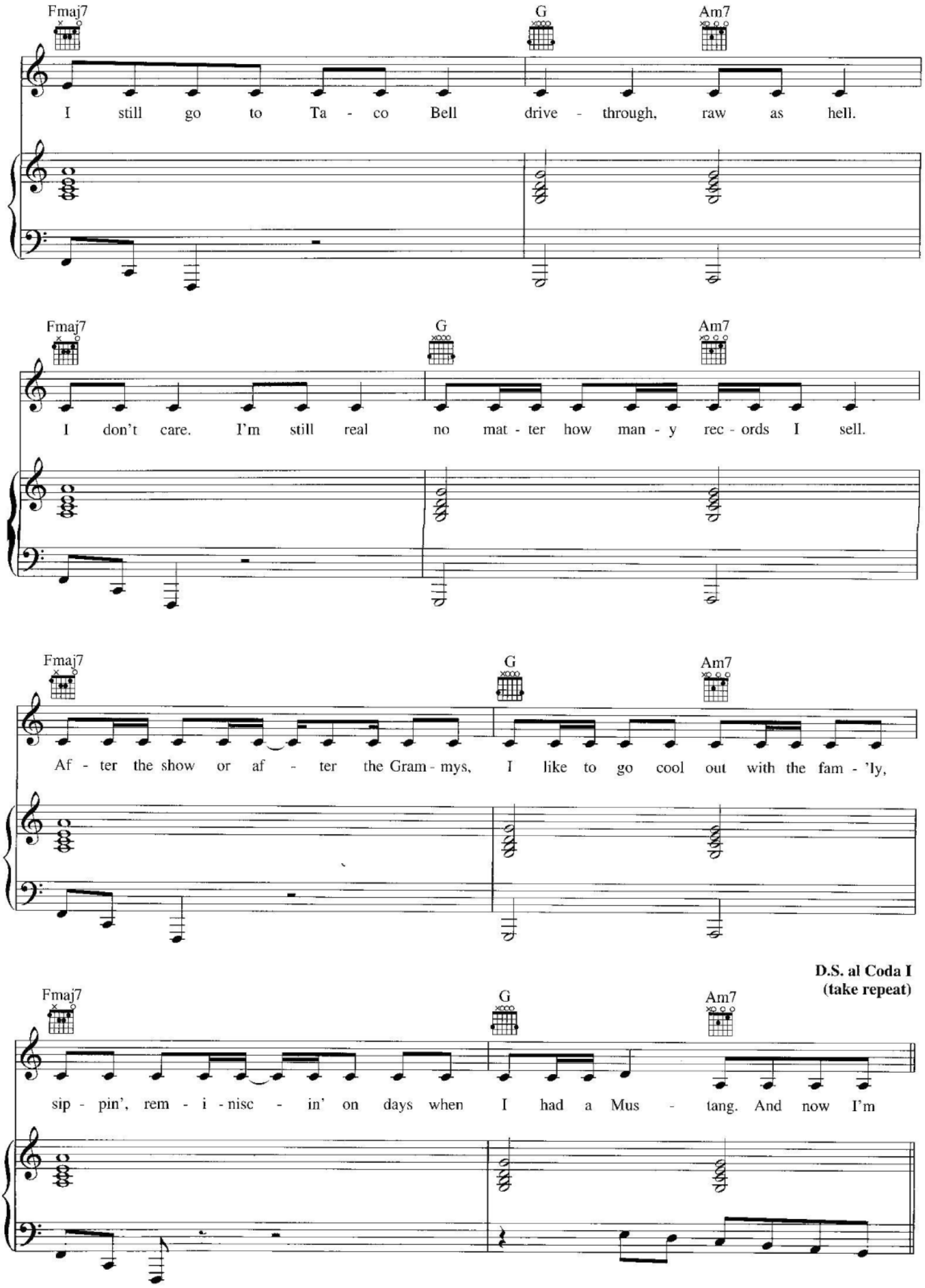
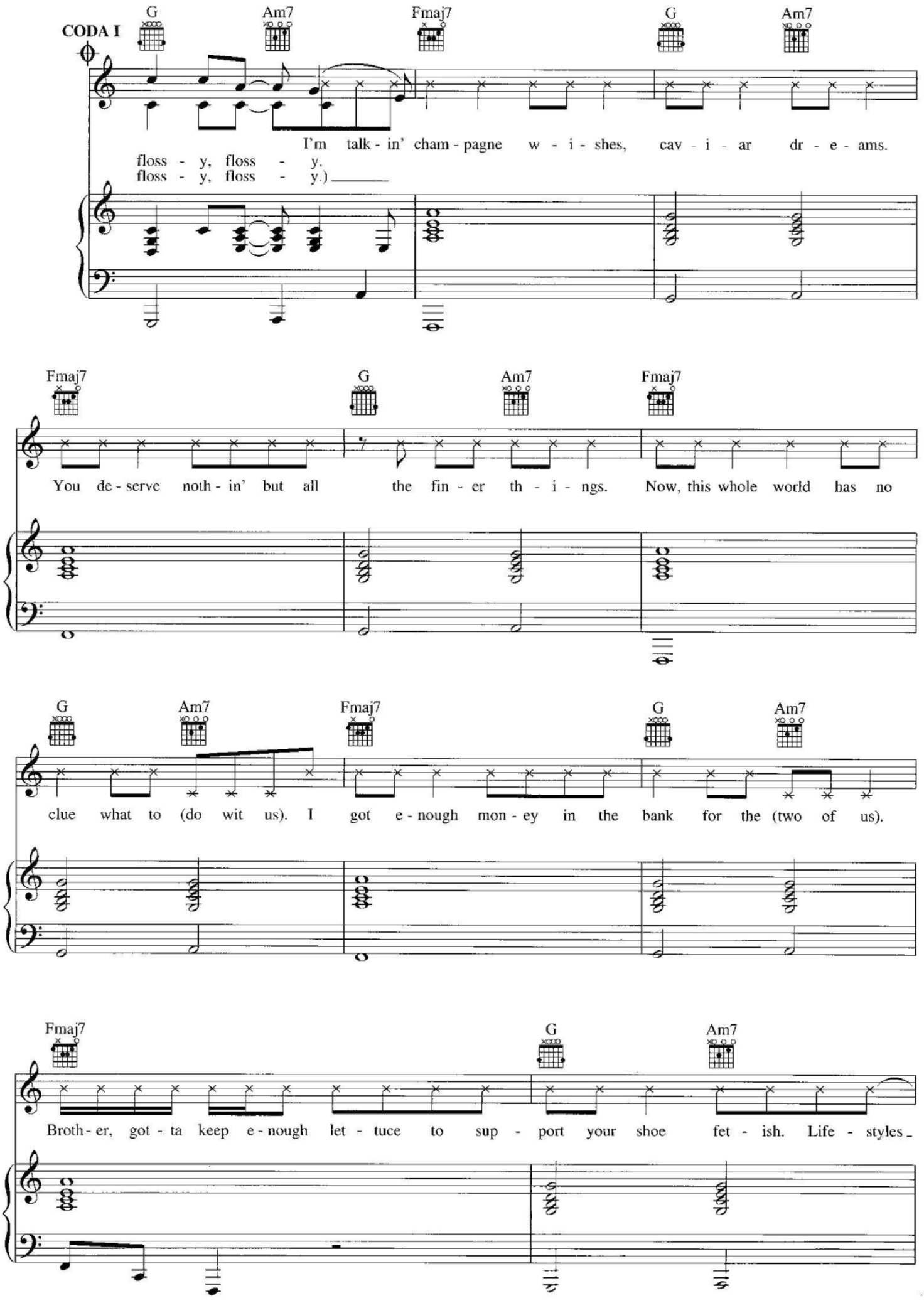
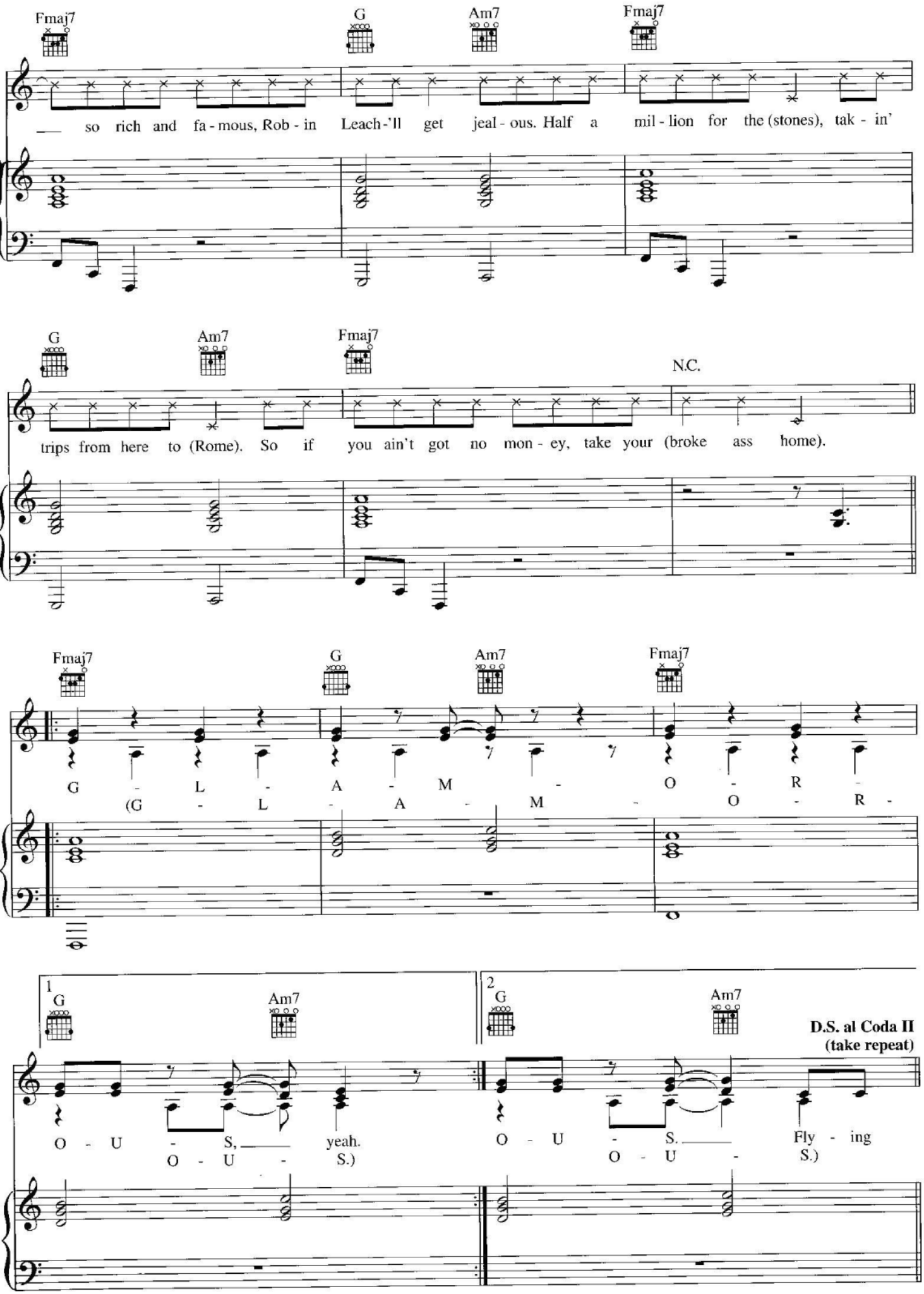

Fmaj7 G Am7 Fmaj7
G - L - A - M - O - R -
G Am7 Fmaj7 G Am7
O - U - S, yeah. G - L - A - M -
Fmaj7 G Am7
O - R - O - U - S. We fly - in'
𝄋 Fmaj7 G Am7 Fmaj7
first class, up in the sky, pop - pin' cham - pagne,

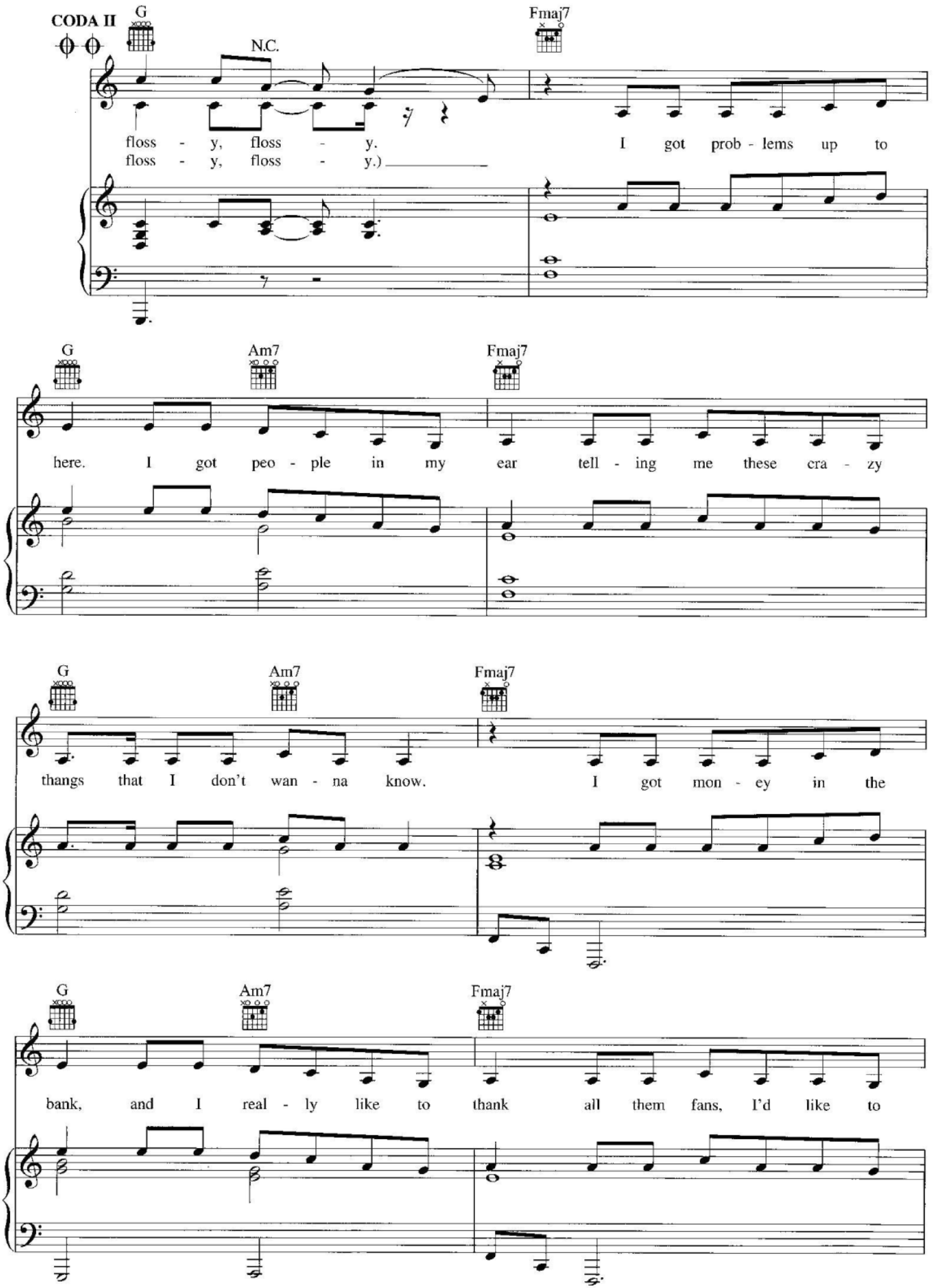

G
Am7
Fmaj7
G
Am7
liv - in' my life in the fast lane. And I won't change by the
Fmaj7
G
Am7
glam - or - ous. Ooh, the floss - y, floss - y. The
Fmaj7
G
Am7
Fmaj7
To Coda I
glam - or - ous, the glam - or - ous, glam - or - ous, by the glam - or - ous. Ooh, the
(The glam - or - ous. The
1
G
Am7
floss - y, floss - y. The
floss - y, floss - y.)
2
G
Am7
floss - y, floss - y.
floss - y, floss - y.)

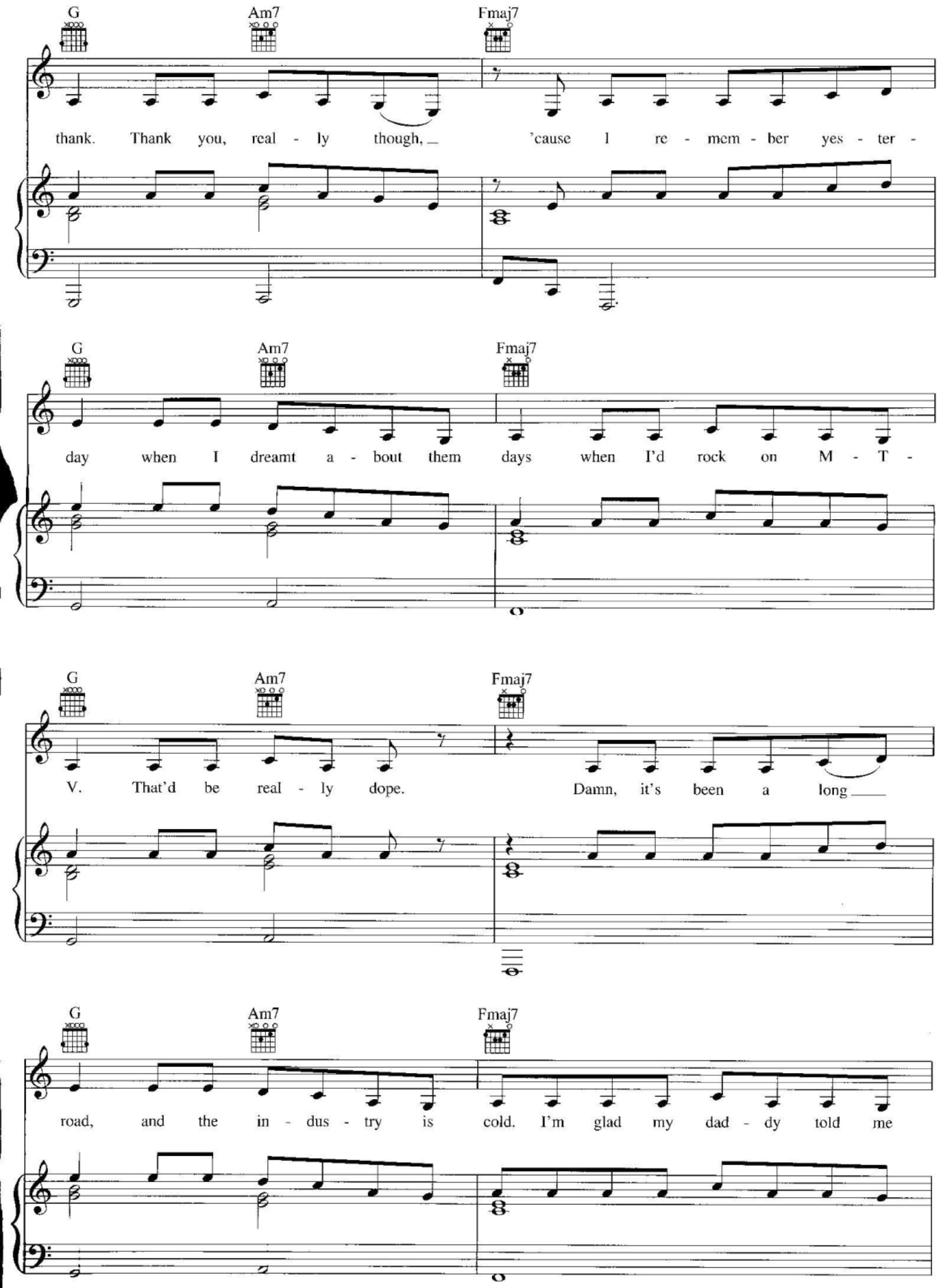

N.C.
Wear them gold and dia - mond rings. All them things don't mean a thing.
G
Am7
Chap - e - rons and lim - ou - sines, shop - ping for ex - pen - sive thangs.
Fmaj7
G
Am7
I be on the mov - ie screens, mag - a - zines and bou - gie scenes.
Fmaj7
G
Am7
I'm not clean, I'm not pris - tine. I'm no queen, I'm no ma - chine.

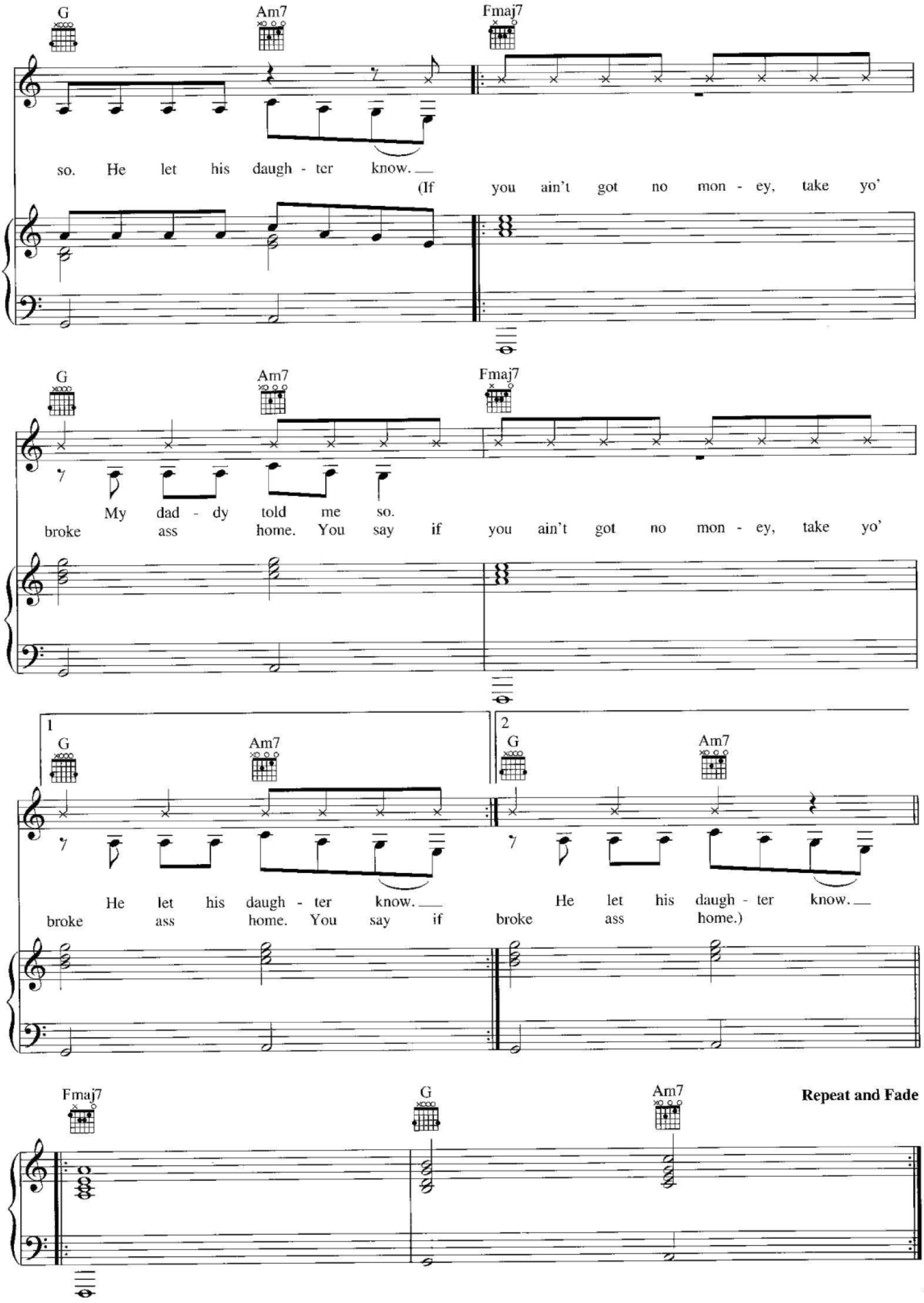

Fmaj7
G
Am7
I still go to Ta - co Bell drive - through, raw as hell.
Fmaj7
G
Am7
I don't care. I'm still real no mat - ter how man - y rec - ords I sell.
Fmaj7
G
Am7
Af - ter the show or af - ter the Gram - mys, I like to go cool out with the fam - 'ly,
D.S. al Coda I
(take repeat)
Fmaj7
G
Am7
sip - pin', rem - i - nisc - in' on days when I had a Mus - tang. And now I'm


CODA I
G
Am7
Fmaj7
G
Am7
I'm talk - in' cham - pagne w - i - shes, cav - i - ar dr - e - ams.
floss - y, floss - y.
floss - y, floss - y.)
Fmaj7
G
Am7
Fmaj7
You de - serve noth - in' but all the fin - er th - i - ngs. Now, this whole world has no
G
Am7
Fmaj7
G
Am7
clue what to (do wit us). I got e - nough mon - ey in the bank for the (two of us).
Fmaj7
G
Am7
Broth - er, got - ta keep e - nough let - tuce to sup - port your shoe fet - ish. Life - styles


Fmaj7
G
Am7
Fmaj7
so rich and fa - mous, Rob - in Leach-'ll get jeal - ous. Half a mil - lion for the (stones), tak - in'
G
Am7
Fmaj7
N.C.
trips from here to (Rome). So if you ain't got no mon - ey, take your (broke ass home).
Fmaj7
G
Am7
Fmaj7
G - L - A - M - O - R -
(G - L - A - M - O - R -
1
G
Am7
O - U - S, yeah.
O - U - S.)
2
G
Am7
D.S. al Coda II
(take repeat)
O - U - S. Fly - ing
O - U - S.)

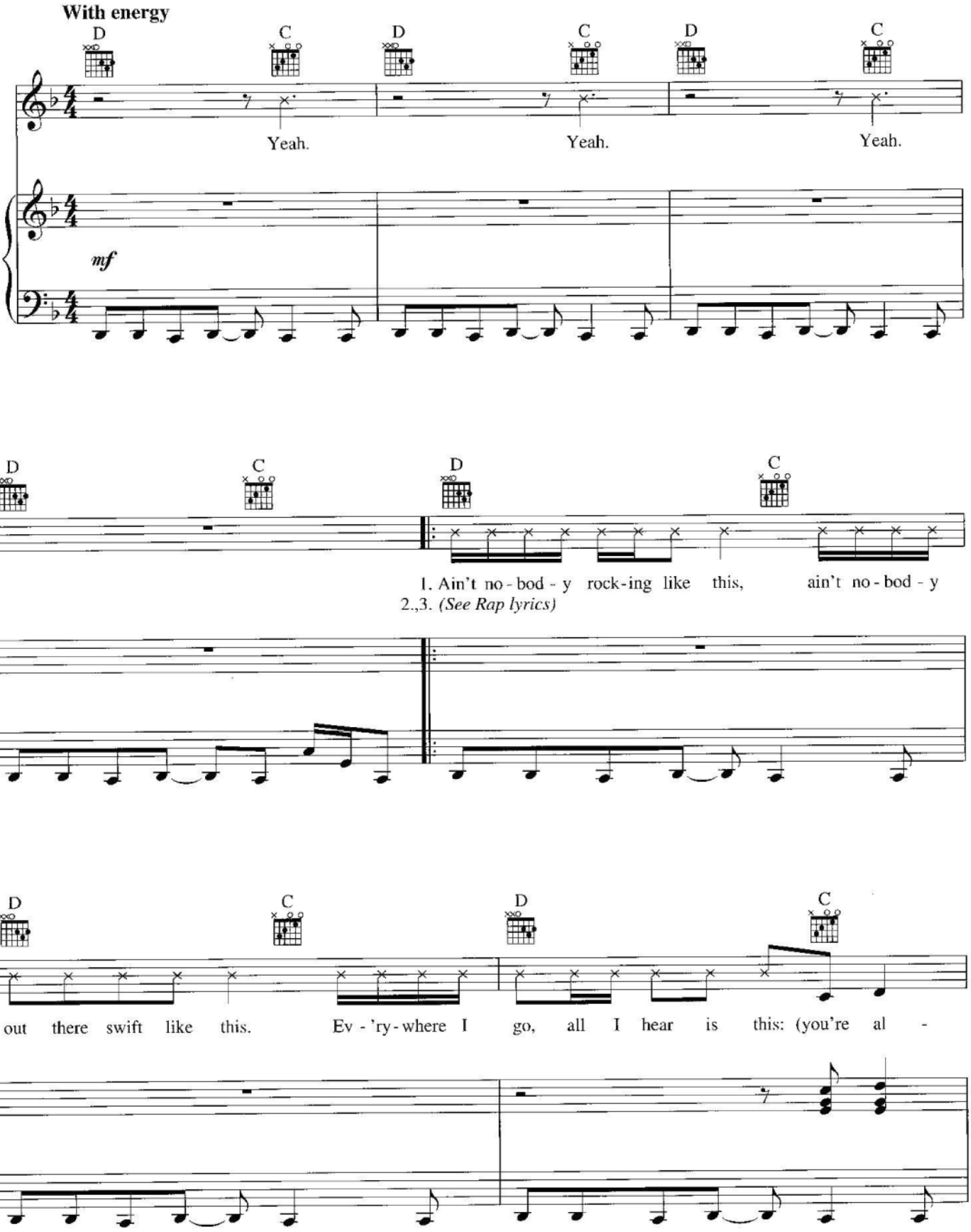

CODA II
G
N.C.
Fmaj7
floss - y, floss - y.
floss - y, floss - y.)
I got prob - lems up to
G
Am7
Fmaj7
here. I got peo - ple in my ear tell - ing me these cra - zy
G
Am7
Fmaj7
thangs that I don't wan - na know.
I got mon - ey in the
G
Am7
Fmaj7
bank, and I real - ly like to thank all them fans, I'd like to


G
Am7
Fmaj7
thank. Thank you, real - ly though, _ 'cause I re - mem - ber yes - ter -
G
Am7
Fmaj7
day when I dreamt a - bout them days when I'd rock on M - T -
G
Am7
Fmaj7
V. That'd be real - ly dope. Damn, it's been a long ___
G
Am7
Fmaj7
road, and the in - dus - try is cold. I'm glad my dad - dy told me


G
Am7
Fmaj7
so. He let his daugh - ter know.
(If you ain't got no mon - ey, take yo'
My dad - dy told me so.
broke ass home. You say if you ain't got no mon - ey, take yo'
1
2
He let his daugh - ter know.
broke ass home. You say if
He let his daugh - ter know.
broke ass home.)
Repeat and Fade

HERE I COME

Words and Music by SMOKEY ROBINSON,
STACY FERGUSON and WILL ADAMS



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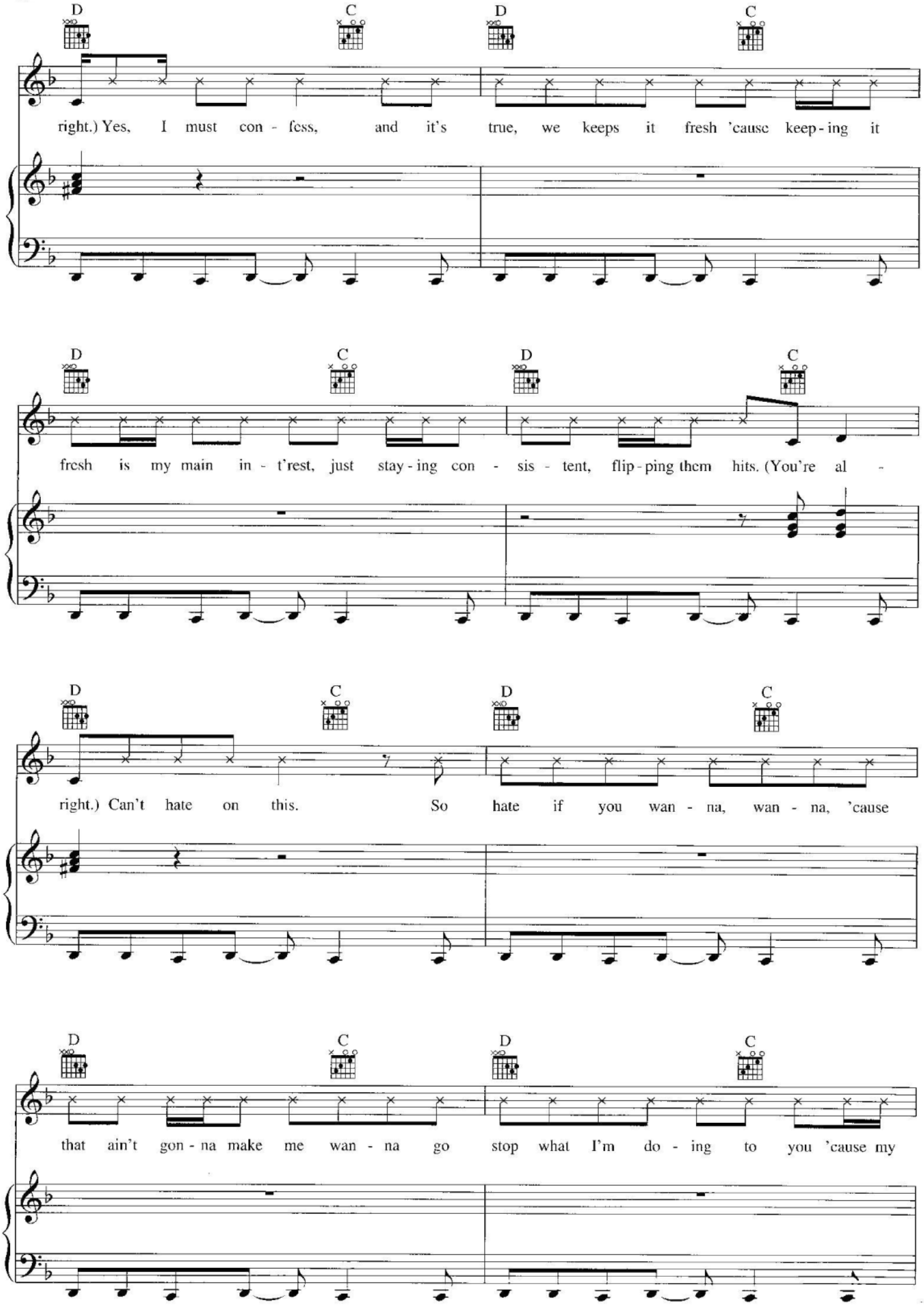
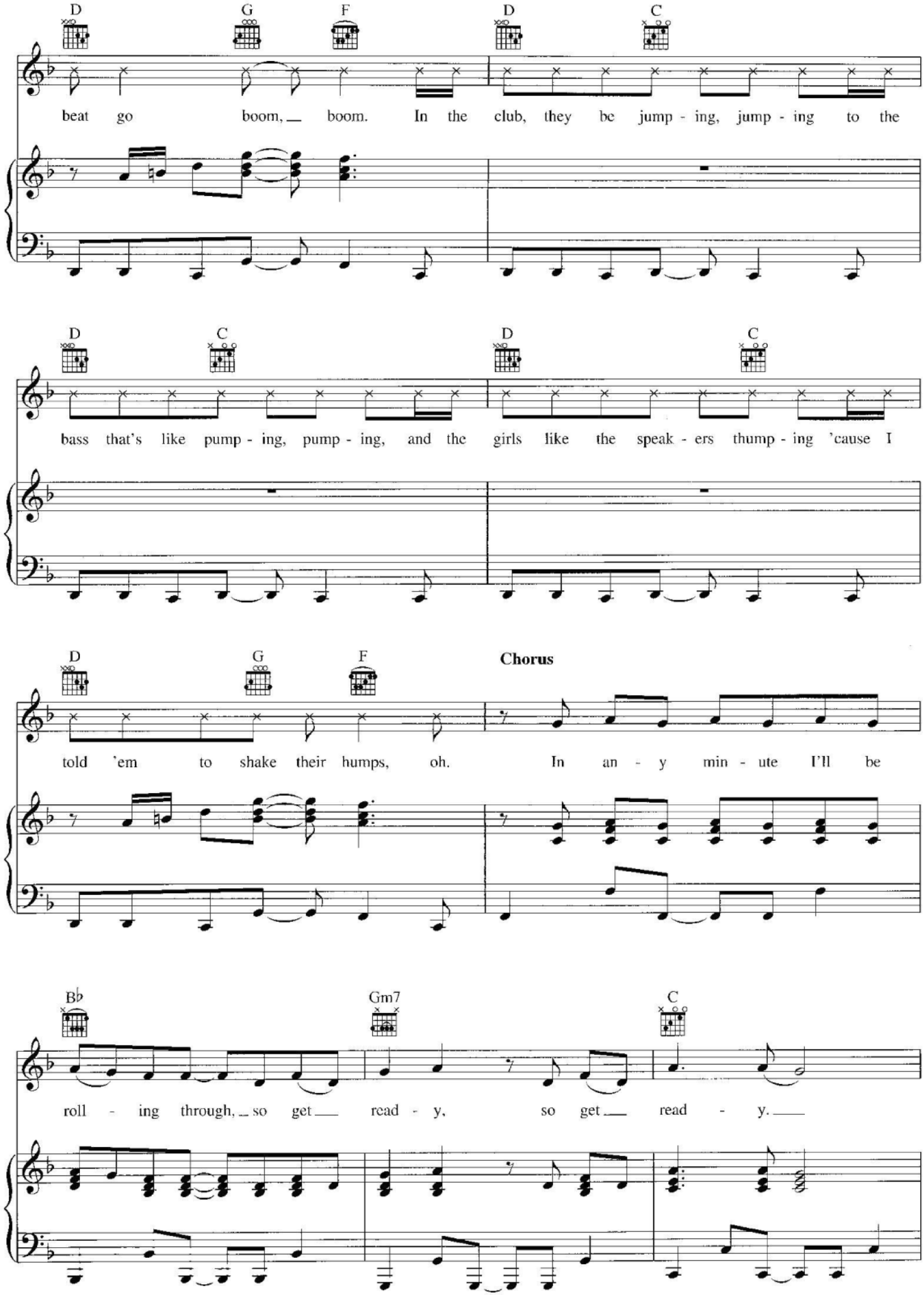
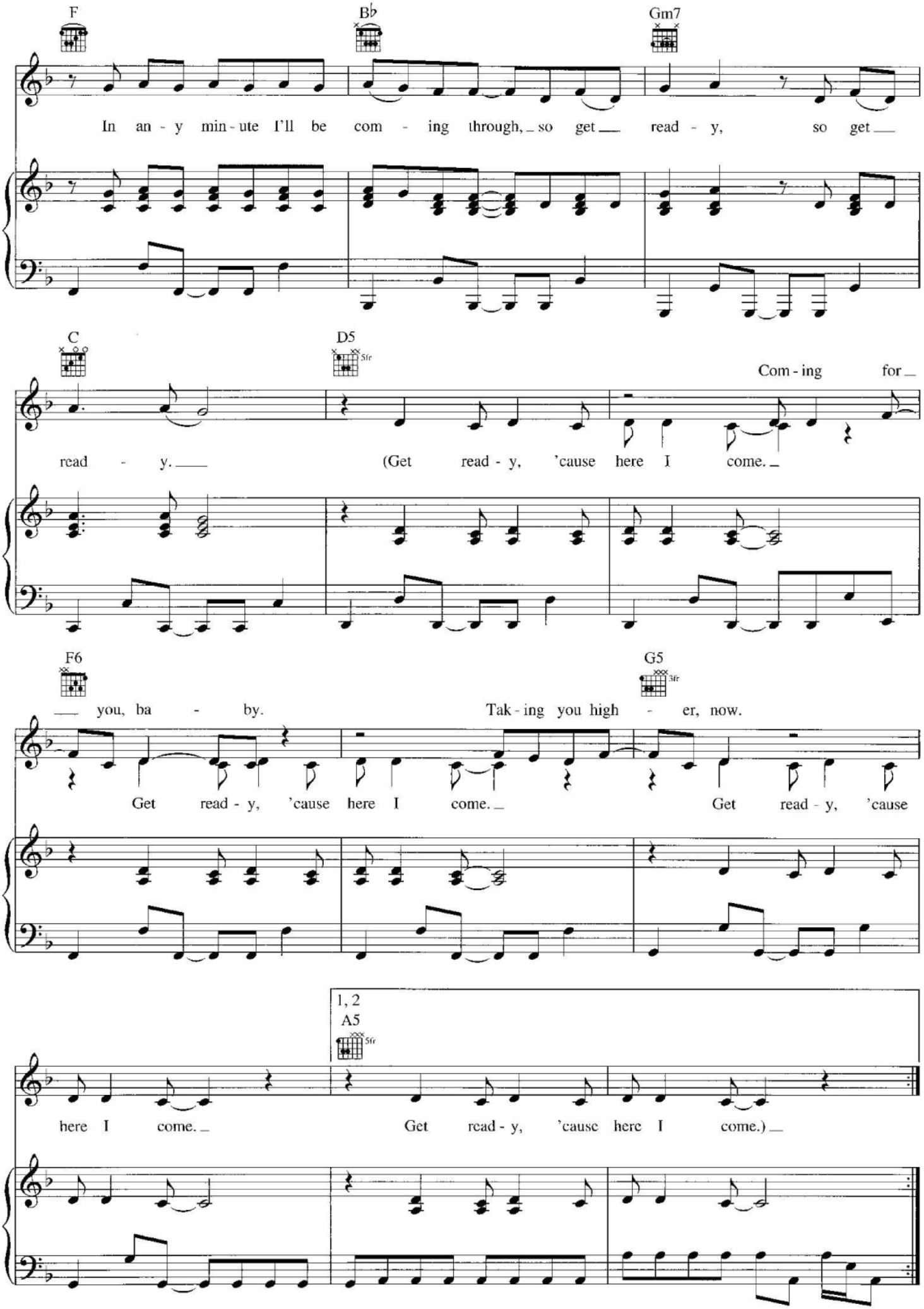
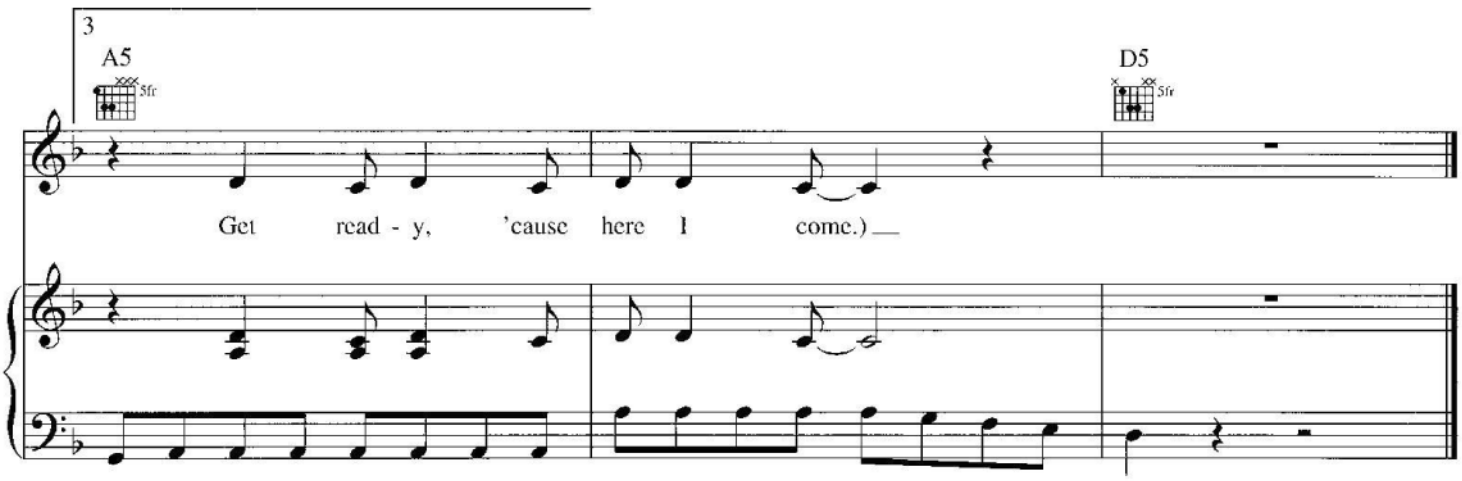

D C D C
right.) Yes, I must con - fess, and it's true, we keeps it fresh 'cause keep - ing it
D C D C
fresh is my main in - t'rest, just stay - ing con - sis - tent, flip - ping them hits. (You're al -
D C D C
right.) Can't hate on this. So hate if you wan - na, wan - na, 'cause
D C D C
that ain't gon - na make me wan - na go stop what I'm do - ing to you 'cause my


D G F D C
beat go boom, boom. In the club, they be jump - ing, jump - ing to the
D C D C
bass that's like pump - ing, pump - ing, and the girls like the speak - ers thump - ing 'cause I
D G F
Chorus
told 'em to shake their humps, oh. In an - y min - ute I'll be
B♭ Gm7 C
roll - ing through, so get read - y, so get read - y.


F
B♭
Gm7
In an - y min - ute I'll be com - ing through, so get read - y, so get
C
D5
5fr
Com - ing for
read - y. (Get read - y, 'cause here I come.
F6
G5
3fr
you, ba - by. Tak - ing you high - er, now.
Get read - y, 'cause here I come. Get read - y, 'cause
1, 2
A5
5fr
here I come. Get read - y, 'cause here I come.)



Rap Lyrics

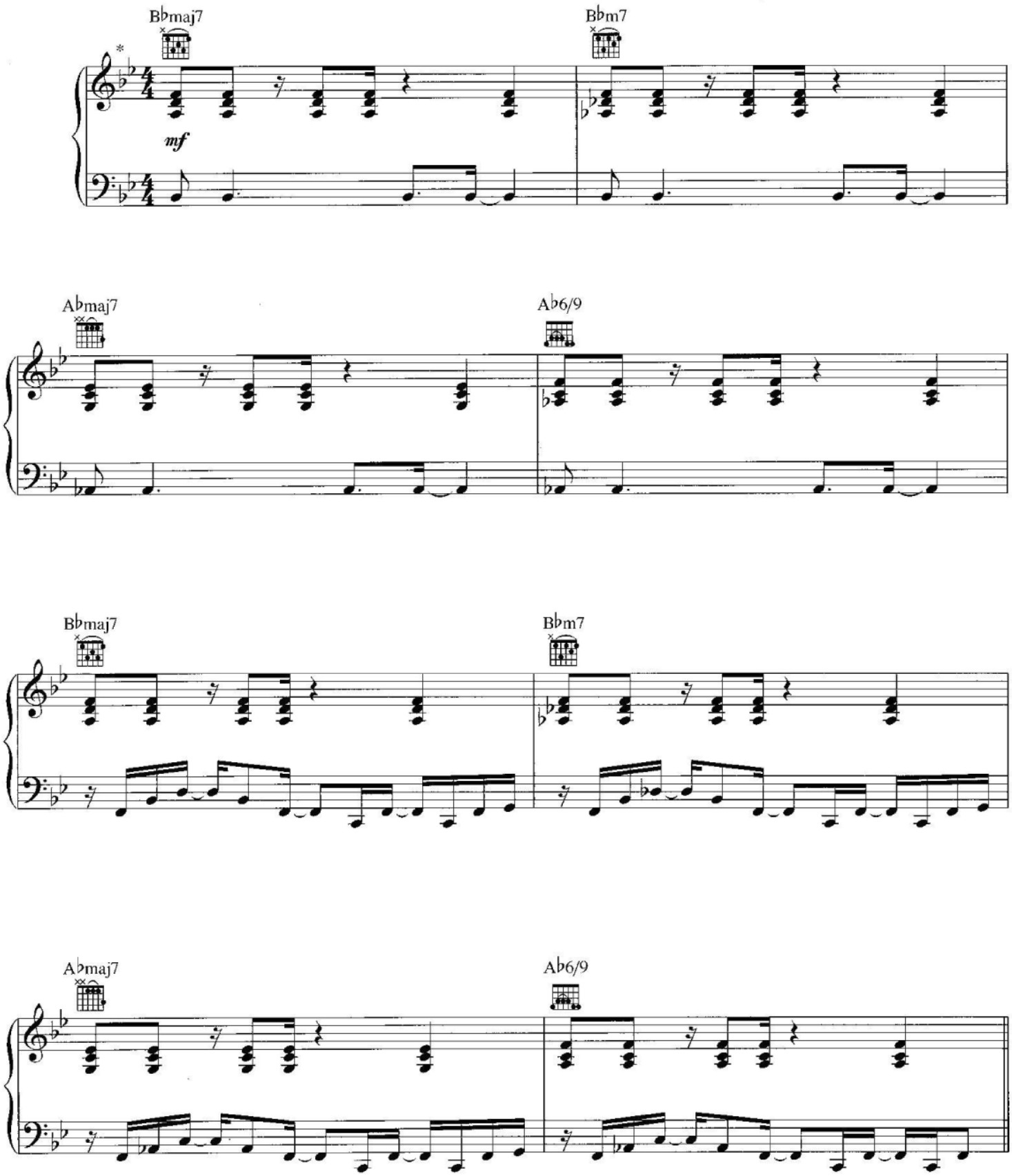
2. Ain't nobody rip it like me,
F to the E R G I E.
I rock it hard-core for my fly ladies.
(You're alright.)
I rock it, yes indeed.
I represent Los Angeles city,
Hacienda Heights is the vicinity.
The old school homies still rolling with me. (You're alright.)
Money don't change me.
So hate if you gotta gotta,
'Cause I got a lotta lotta
Fans that'll holla holla.
I'm making it hot, hot.
In the club they be jumping, jumping
To the bass that's like pumping, pumping,
And the girls like the speakers thumping
'Cause I told 'em to shake their humps, oh.
Chorus

3. will.i.am stepping in just like a gentleman.
Dressed to impress, just to mess with them feminines.
Buy you Long Island, but my name ain't Gilligan.
If I get you tipsy, do you mind if I'm feeling them?
How you doing, yeah, yeah, what's the dilly?
You can call me Willy, you can call me Billy.
You can call me whatever you like, no really,
Just don't call me up 'cause I got a milly.
Young dollars in the bank, gotta be frank,
Captain Hook chicks quick to make you walk the plank.
Pirates of the Caribbean, I ain't being
Robbed for my dividends for not seeing it coming.
I keep moving and running,
I keep shooting and gunning.
I'm holding it down,
I ain't fooling around.
will.i.am bring the heat in your town.
Chorus

VELVET

Words and Music by STACY FERGUSON,
GEORGE PAJON and MICHAEL FRATANTUNO

Slow groove



* *Recorded a half step higher.*

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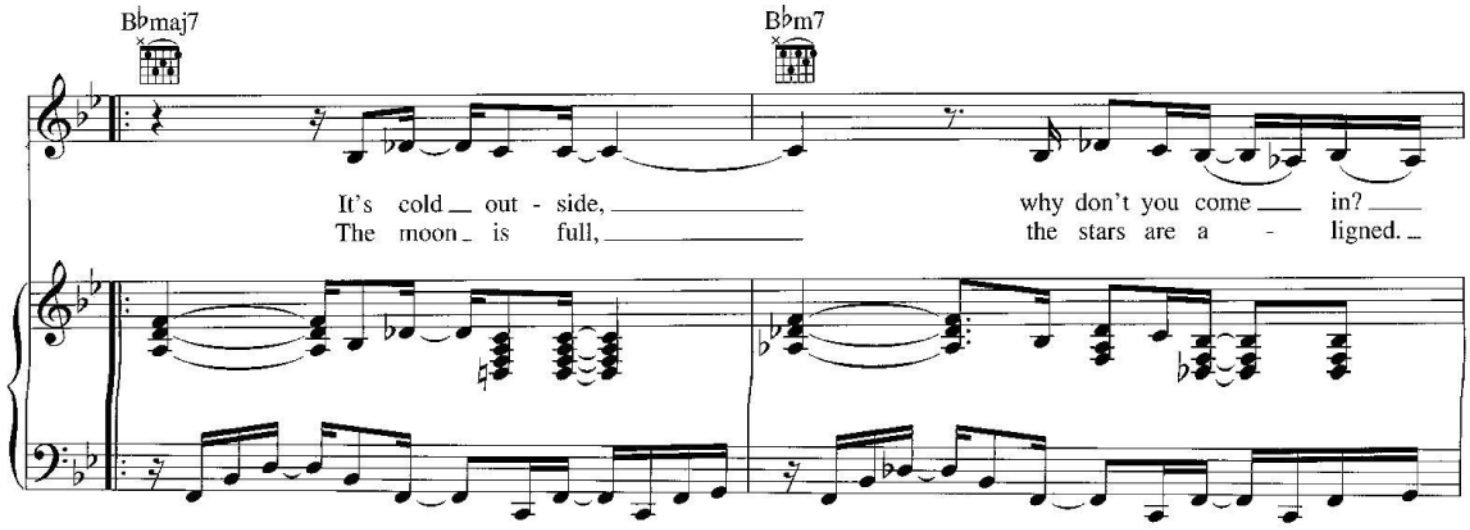
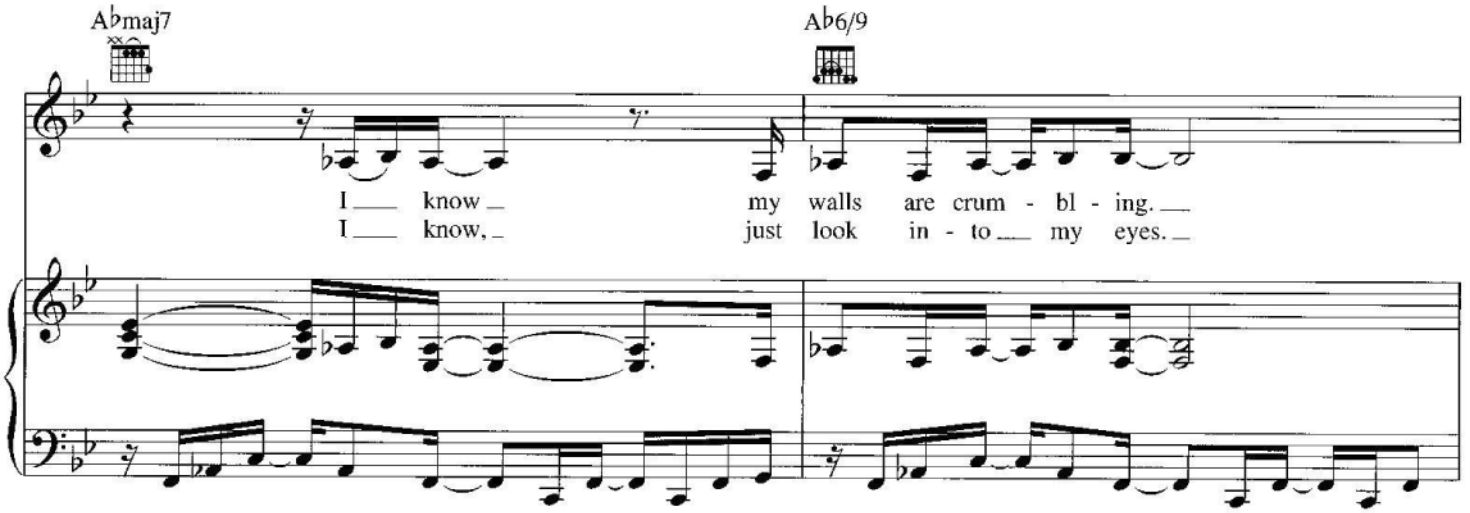
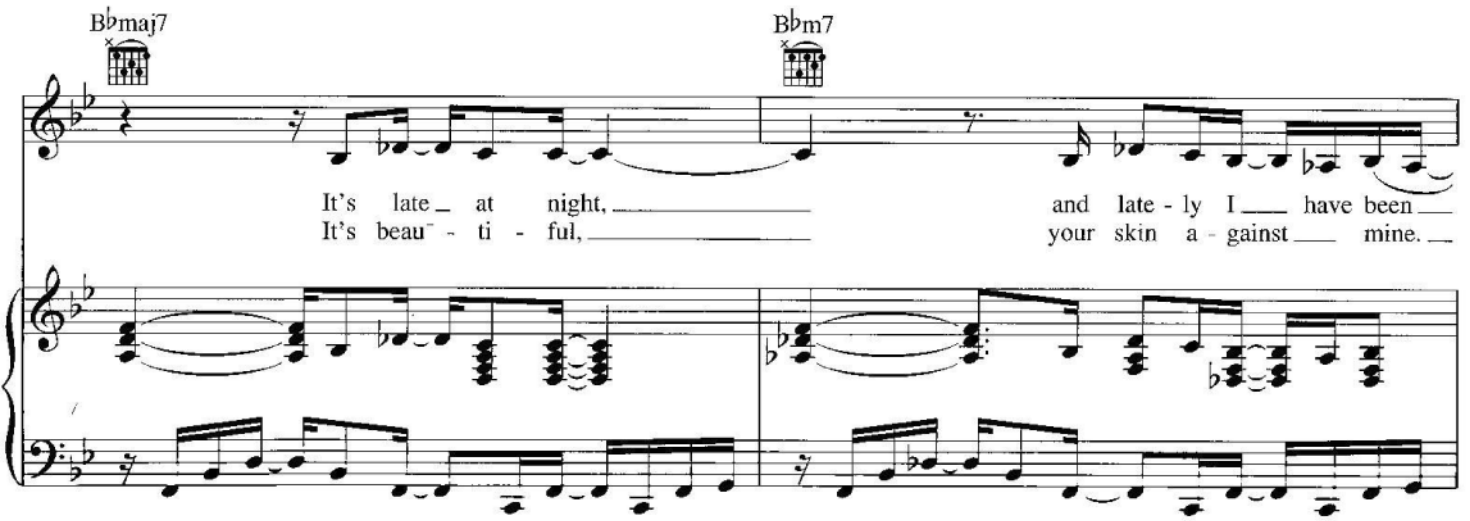
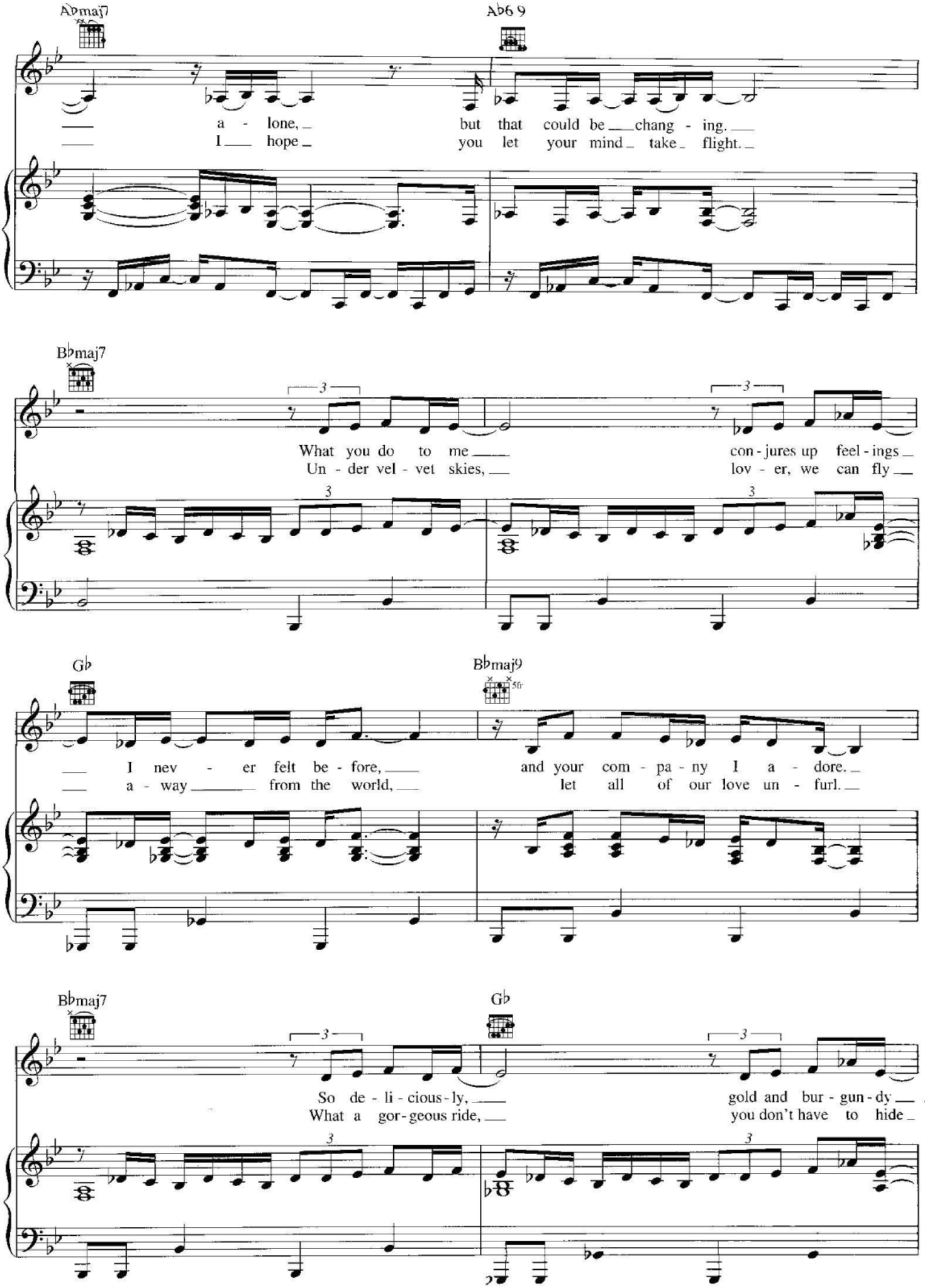
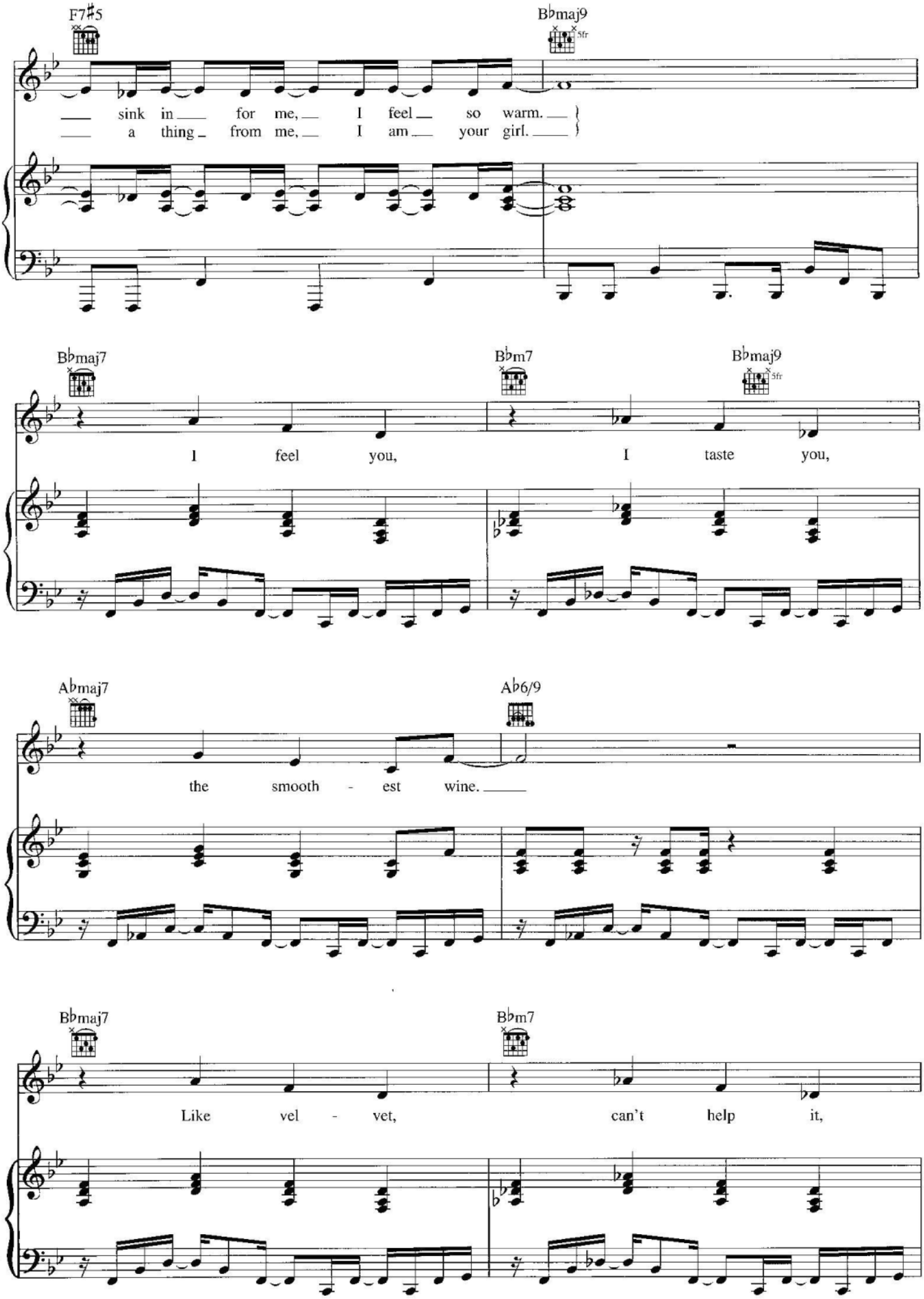
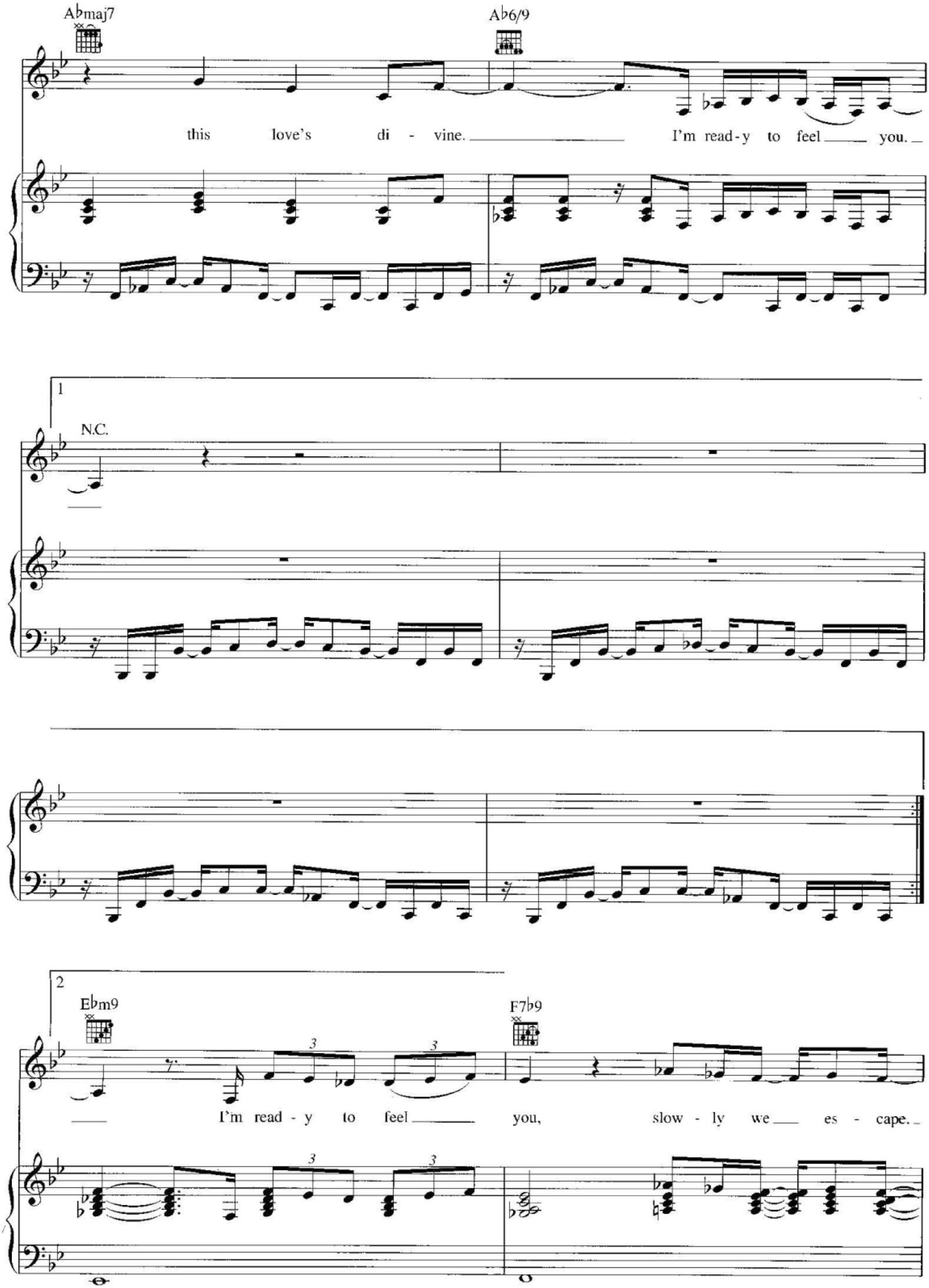

B♭maj7
B♭m7
It's cold out - side,
The moon is full,
why don't you come in?
the stars are a - ligned.

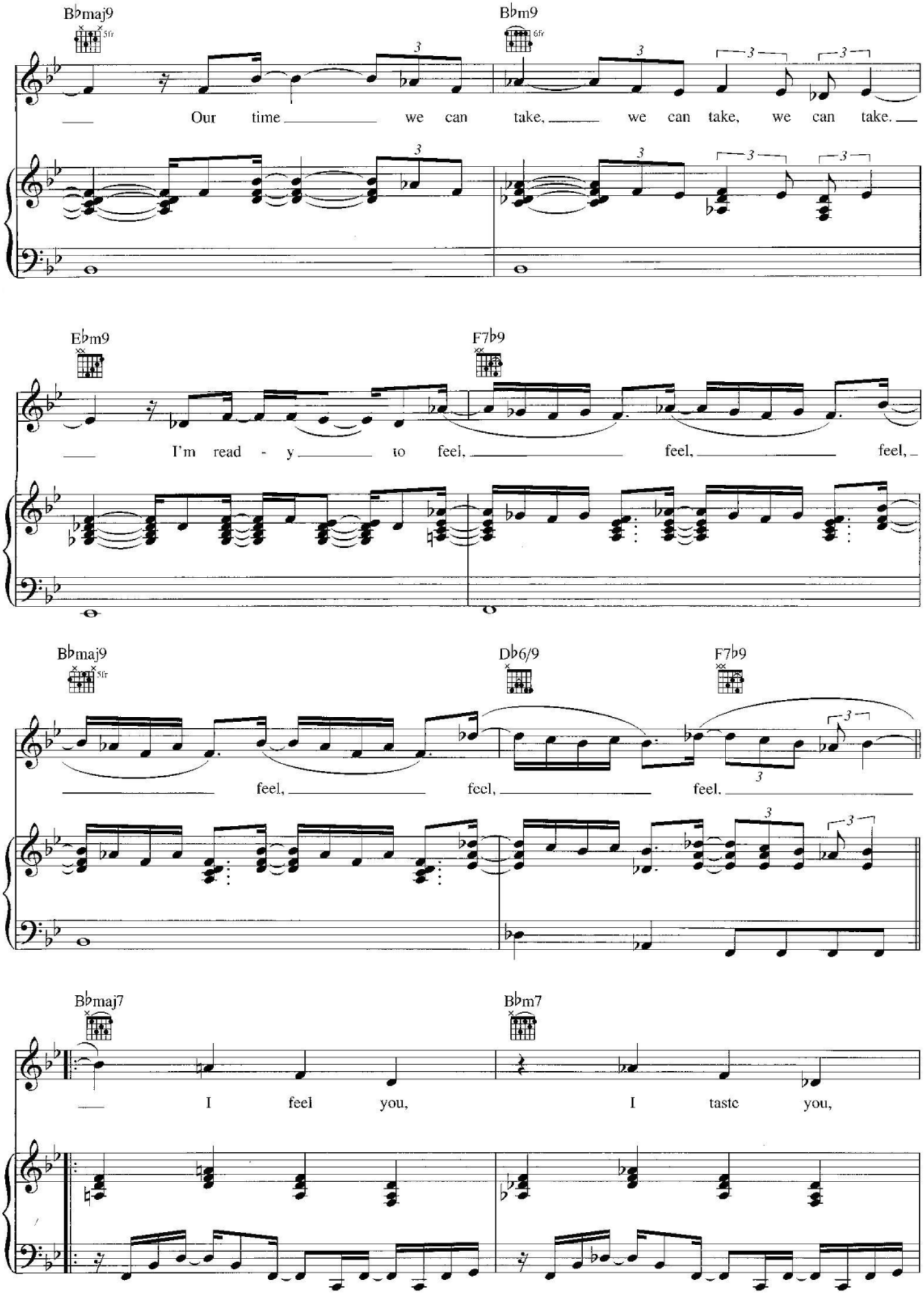

A♭maj7
A♭6/9
I know
I know,
my walls are crum - bl - ing.
just look in - to my eyes.

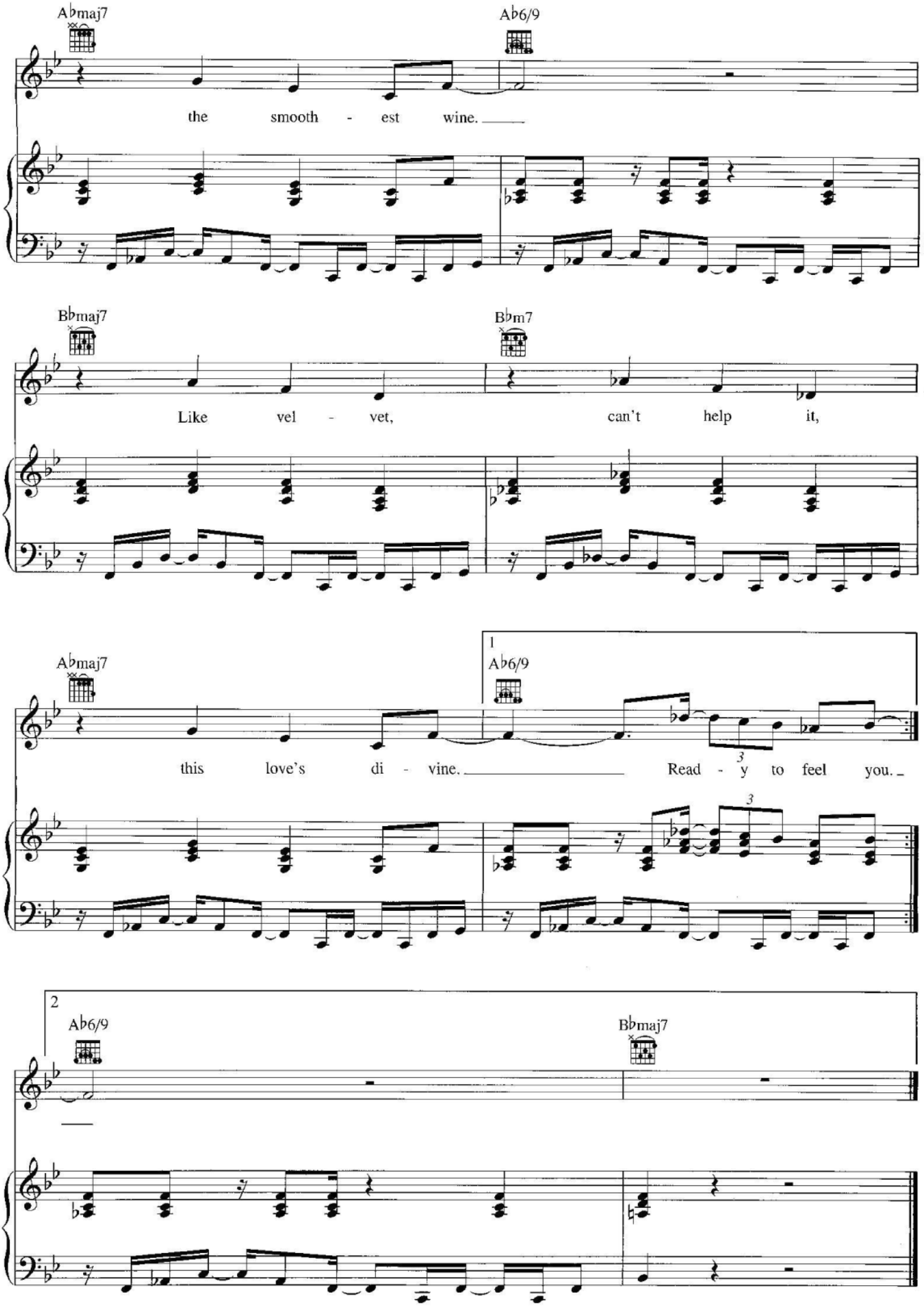

B♭maj7
B♭m7
It's late at night,
It's beau - ti - ful,
and late - ly I have been
your skin a - gainst mine.


A♭maj7
A♭6 9
a - lone, but that could be chang - ing.
I hope you let your mind take flight.
B♭maj7
What you do to me con - jures up feel - ings
Un - der vel - vet skies, lov - er, we can fly
G♭
B♭maj9
5fr
I nev - er felt be - fore, and your com - pa - ny I a - dore.
a - way from the world, let all of our love un - furl.
B♭maj7
G♭
So de - li - cious - ly, gold and bur - gun - dy
What a gor - geous ride, you don't have to hide


F7♯5
B♭maj9
5fr
sink in for me, I feel so warm.
a thing from me, I am your girl.
B♭maj7
B♭m7
B♭maj9
5fr
I feel you,
I taste you,
A♭maj7
A♭6/9
the smooth - est wine.
B♭maj7
B♭m7
Like vel - vet,
can't help it,

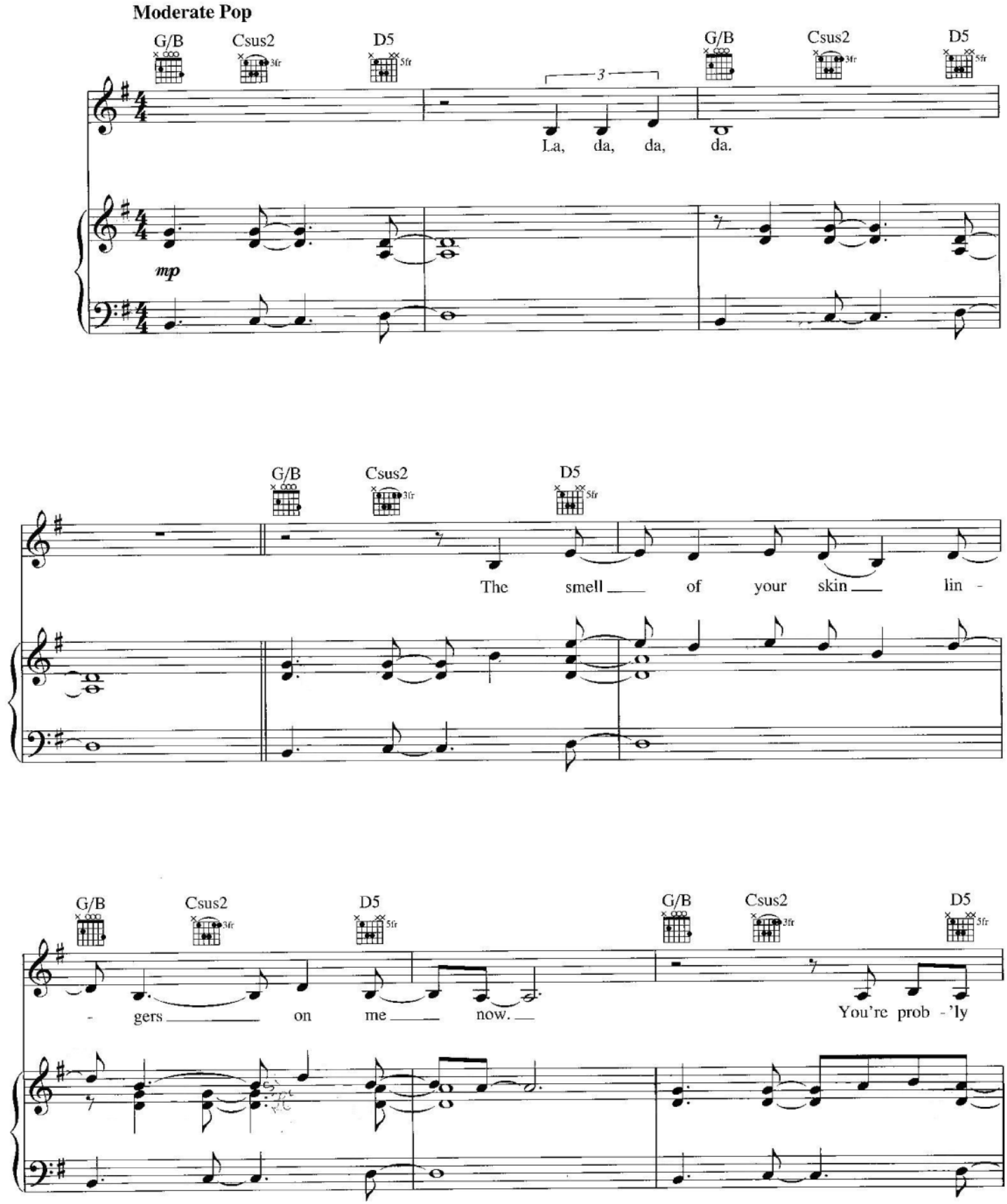

A♭maj7
A♭6/9
this love's di - vine. I'm read-y to feel you.
1
N.C.
2
E♭m9
F7♭9
I'm read - y to feel you, slow - ly we es - cape.


B♭maj9
5fr
B♭m9
6fr
Our time we can take, we can take, we can take.
E♭m9
F7♭9
I'm read - y to feel, feel, feel,
B♭maj9
5fr
D♭6/9
F7♭9
feel, feel, feel.
B♭maj7
B♭m7
I feel you, I taste you,


A♭maj7
A♭6/9
the smooth - est wine.
B♭maj7
B♭m7
Like vel - vet, can't help it,
A♭maj7
1
A♭6/9
this love's di - vine. Read - y to feel you.
2
A♭6/9
B♭maj7

BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY

Words and Music by STACY FERGUSON
and TOBY GAD



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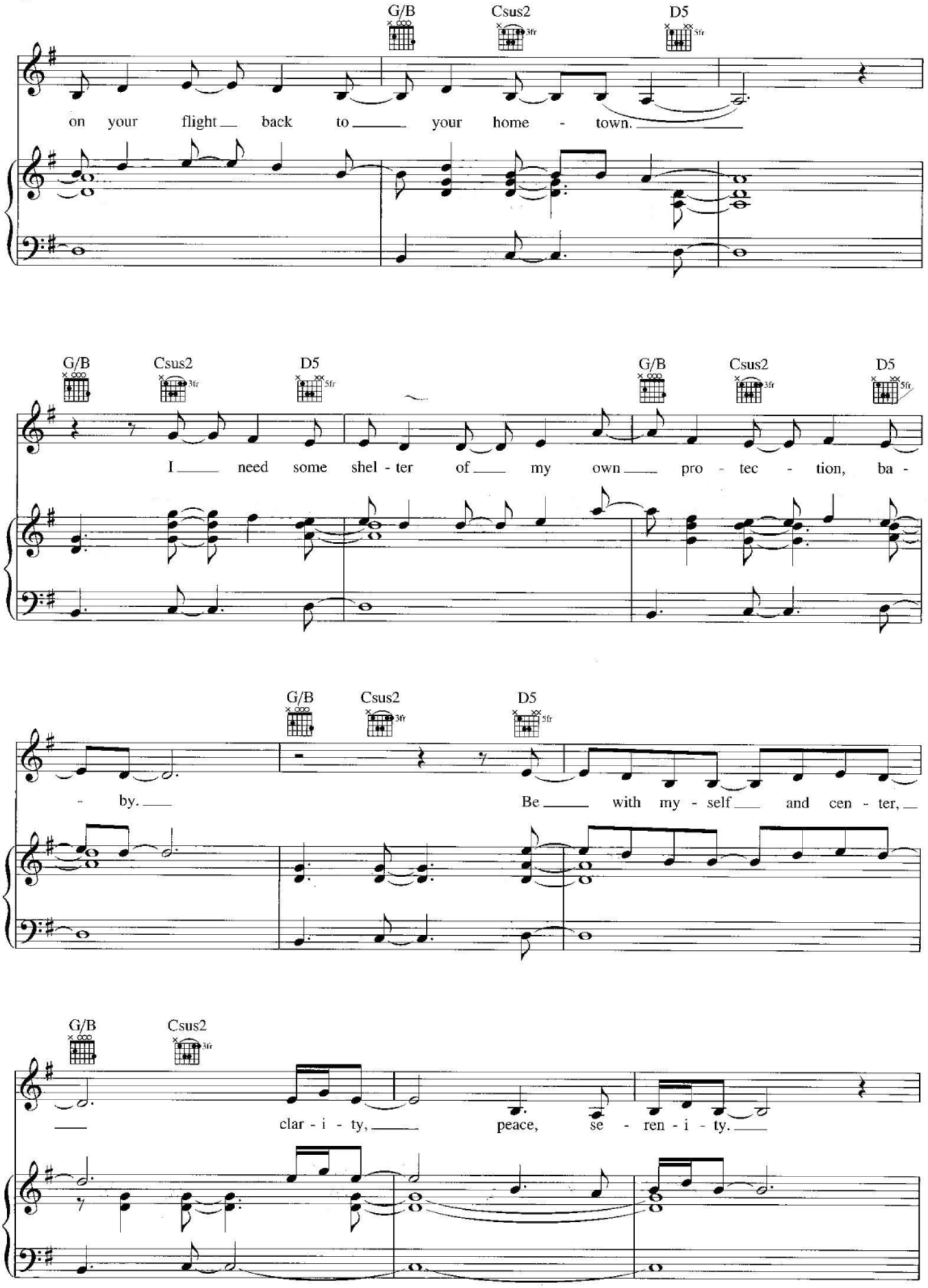
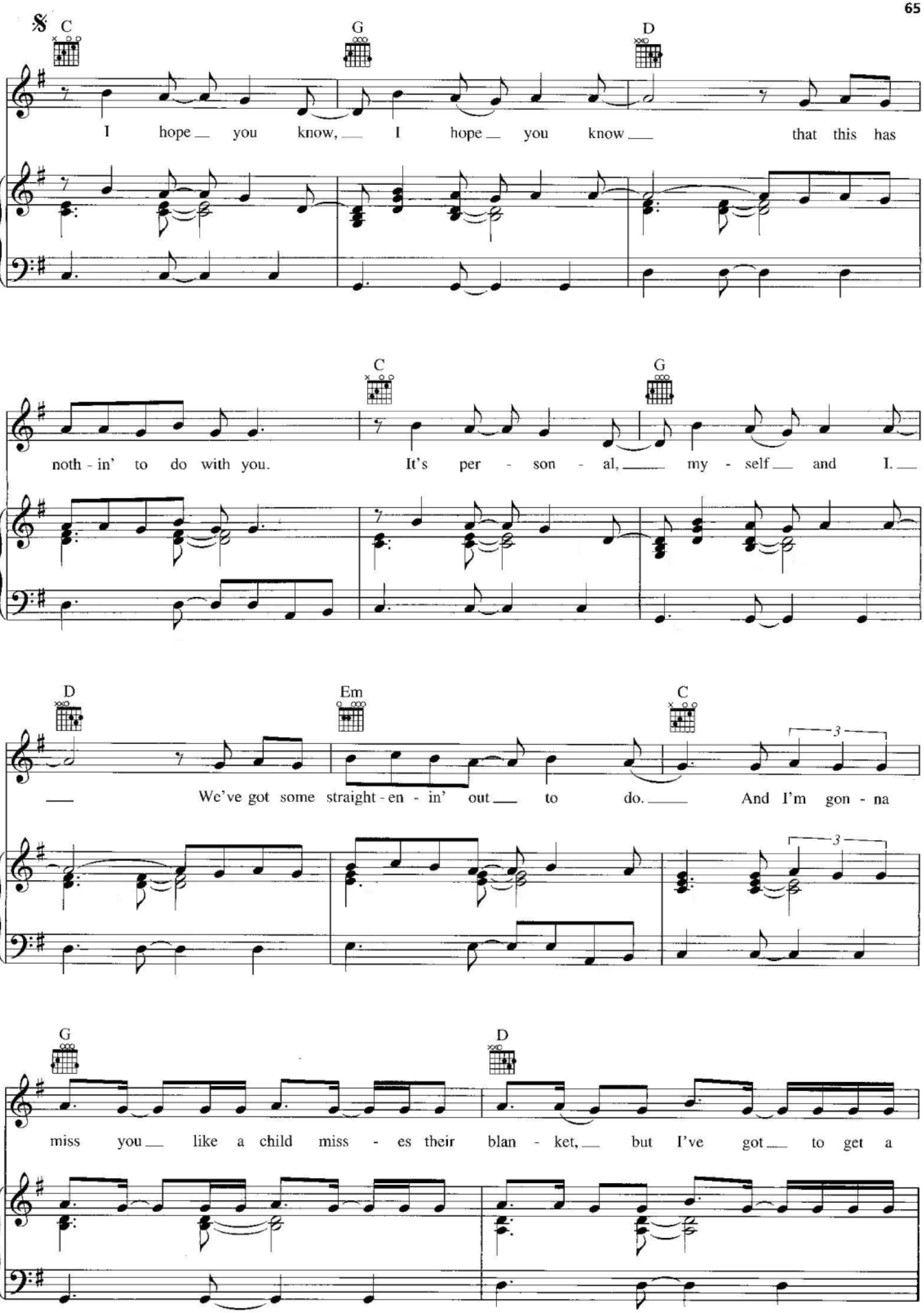
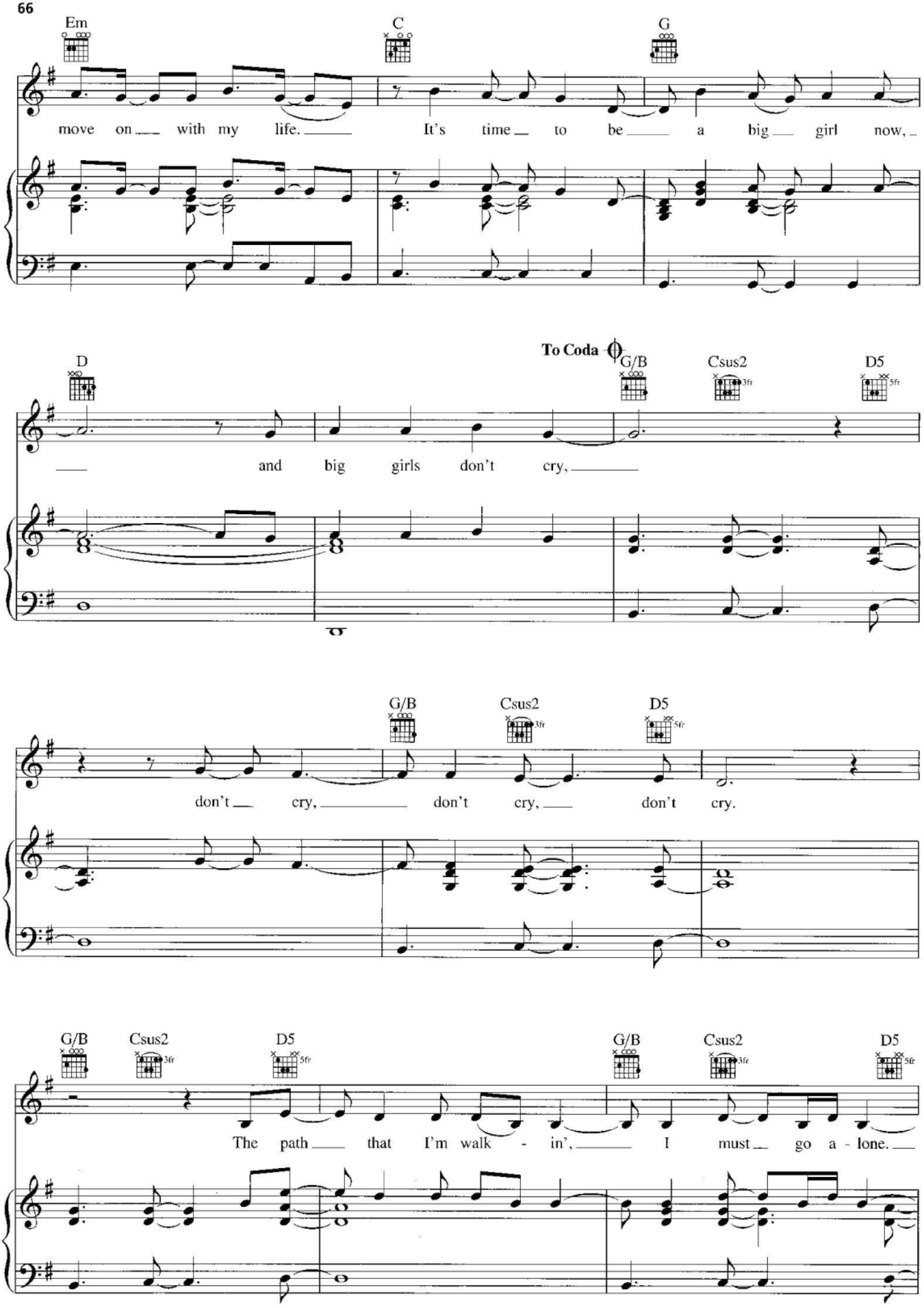
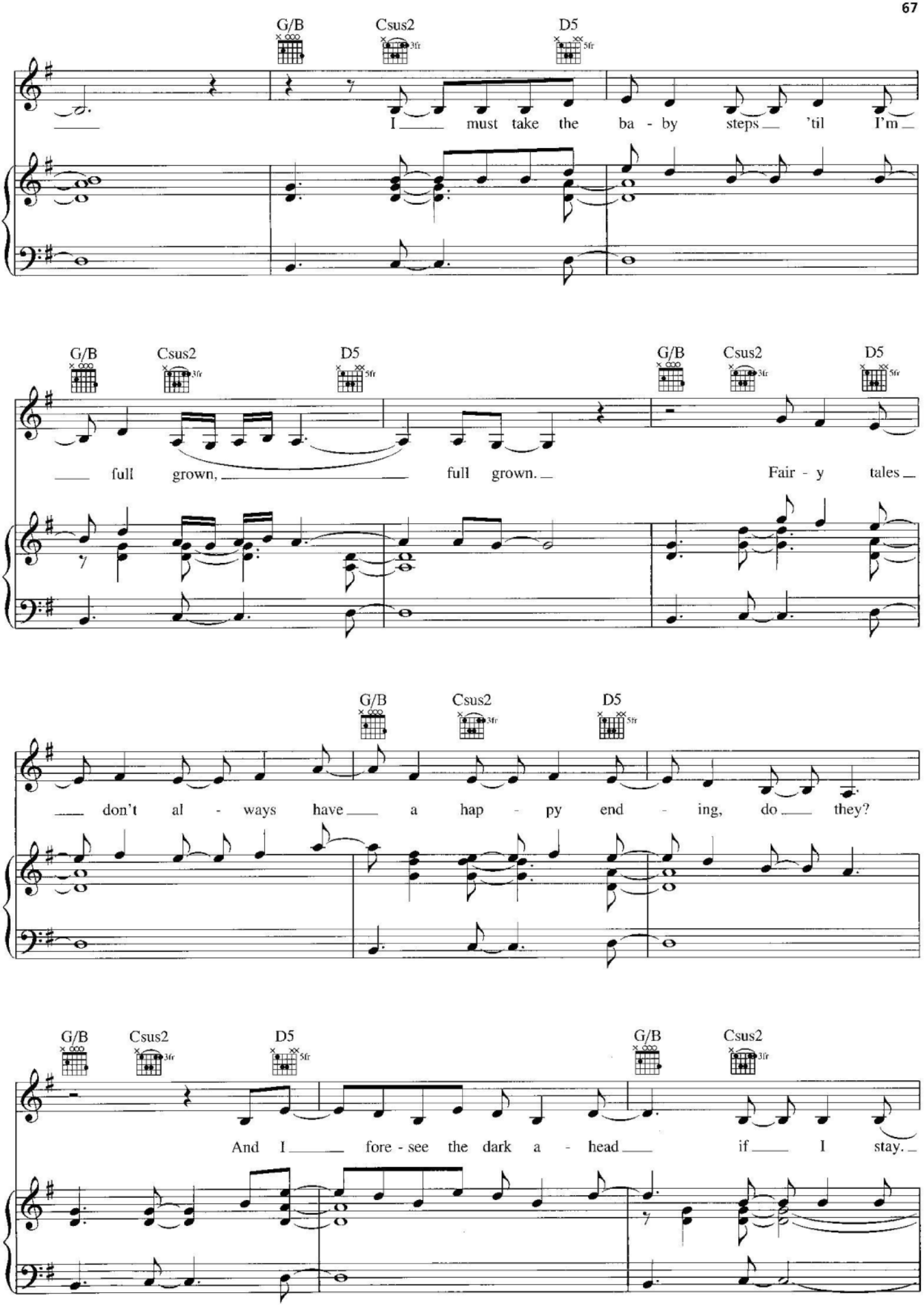
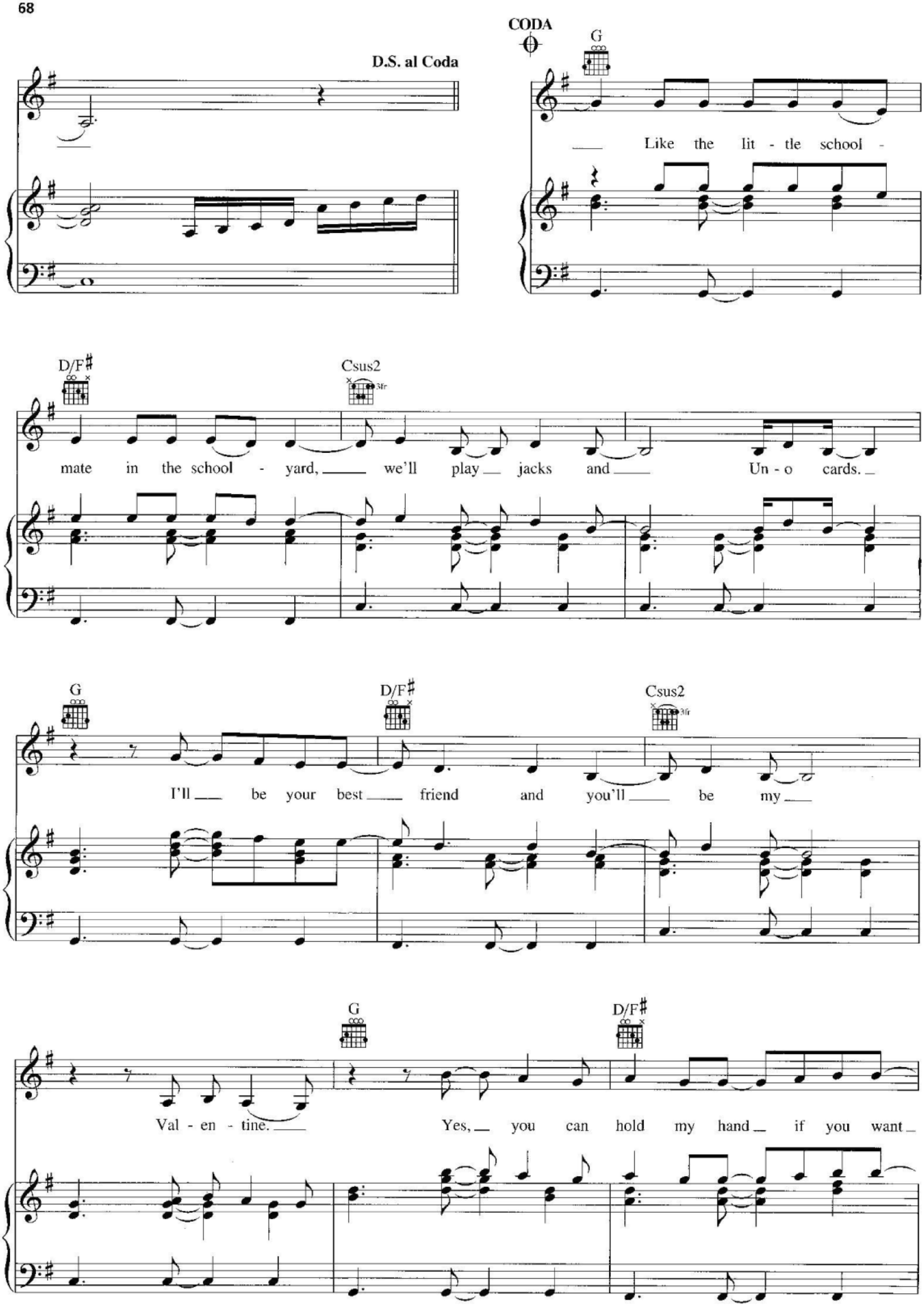
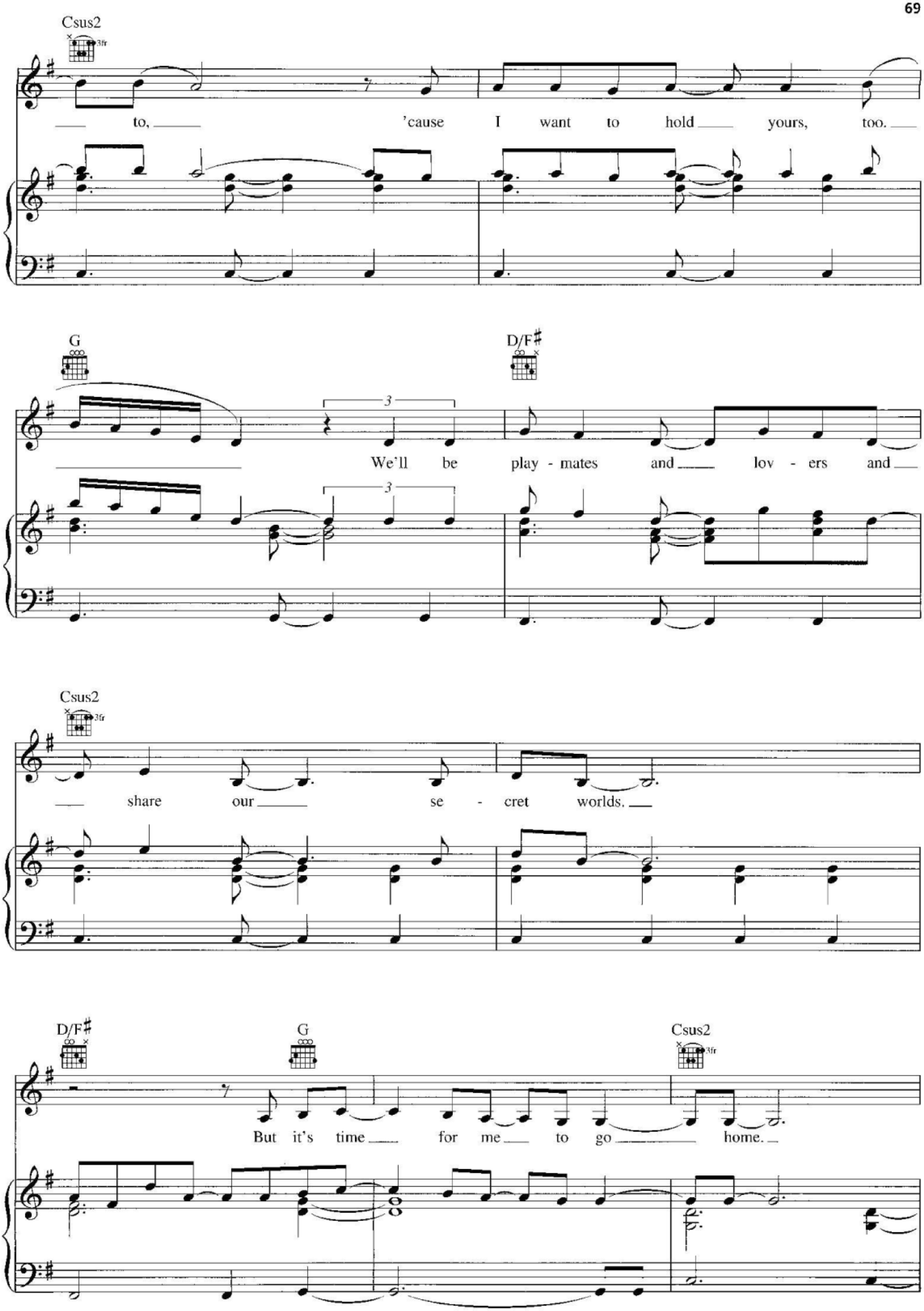

G/B
Csus2
3fr
D5
5fr
on your flight back to your home - town.
I need some shel - ter of my own pro - tec - tion, ba -
- by.
Be with my - self and cen - ter,
clar - i - ty, peace, se - ren - i - ty.

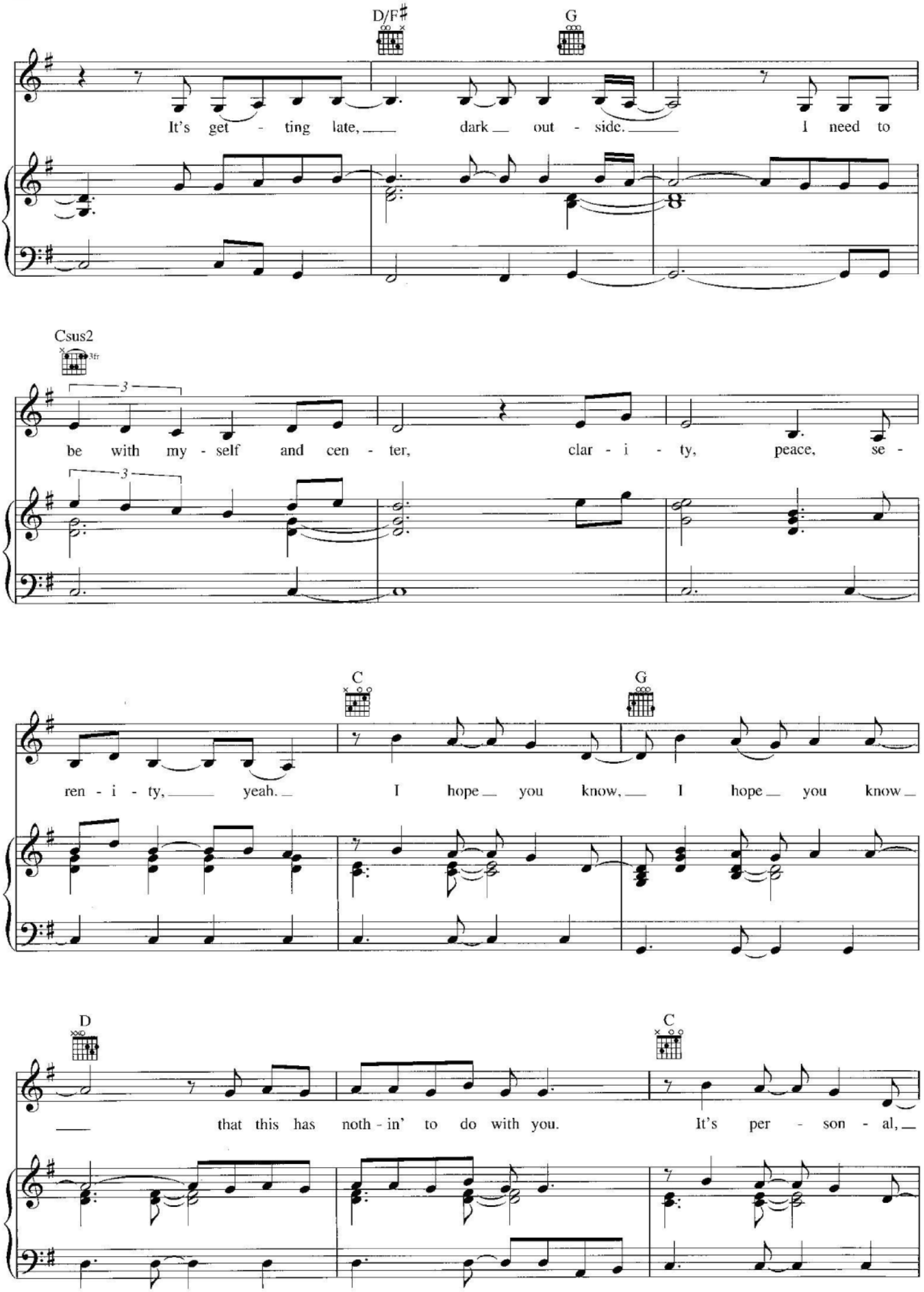

C
G
D
I hope you know, I hope you know that this has
C
G
noth - in' to do with you. It's per - son - al, my - self and I.
D
Em
C
We've got some straight - en - in' out to do. And I'm gon - na
G
D
miss you like a child miss - es their blan - ket, but I've got to get a

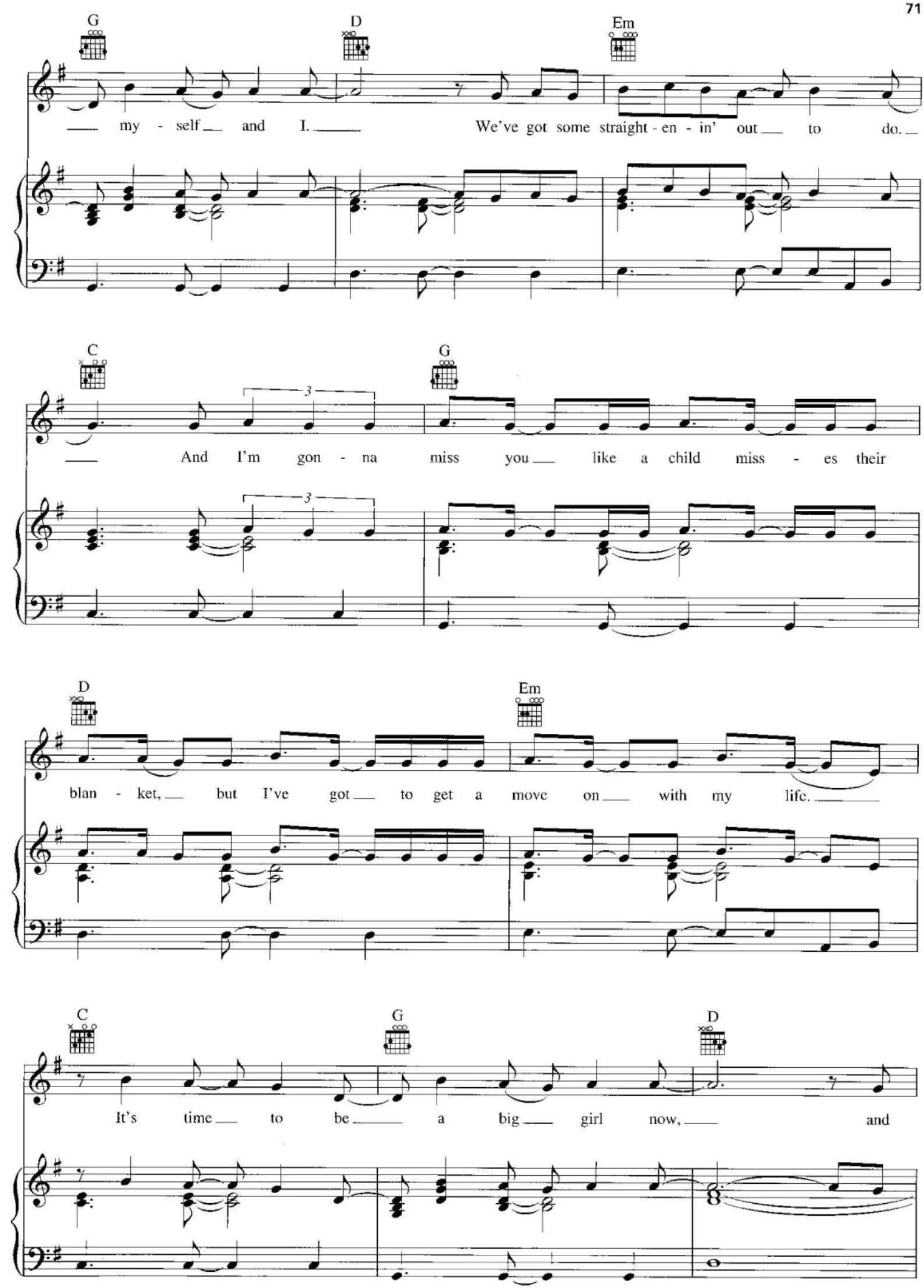

Em
C
G
move on with my life. It's time to be a big girl now,
D
To Coda
G/B
Csus2
D5
and big girls don't cry,
G/B
Csus2
D5
don't cry, don't cry, don't cry.
G/B
Csus2
D5
G/B
Csus2
D5
The path that I'm walk - in', I must go a - lone.

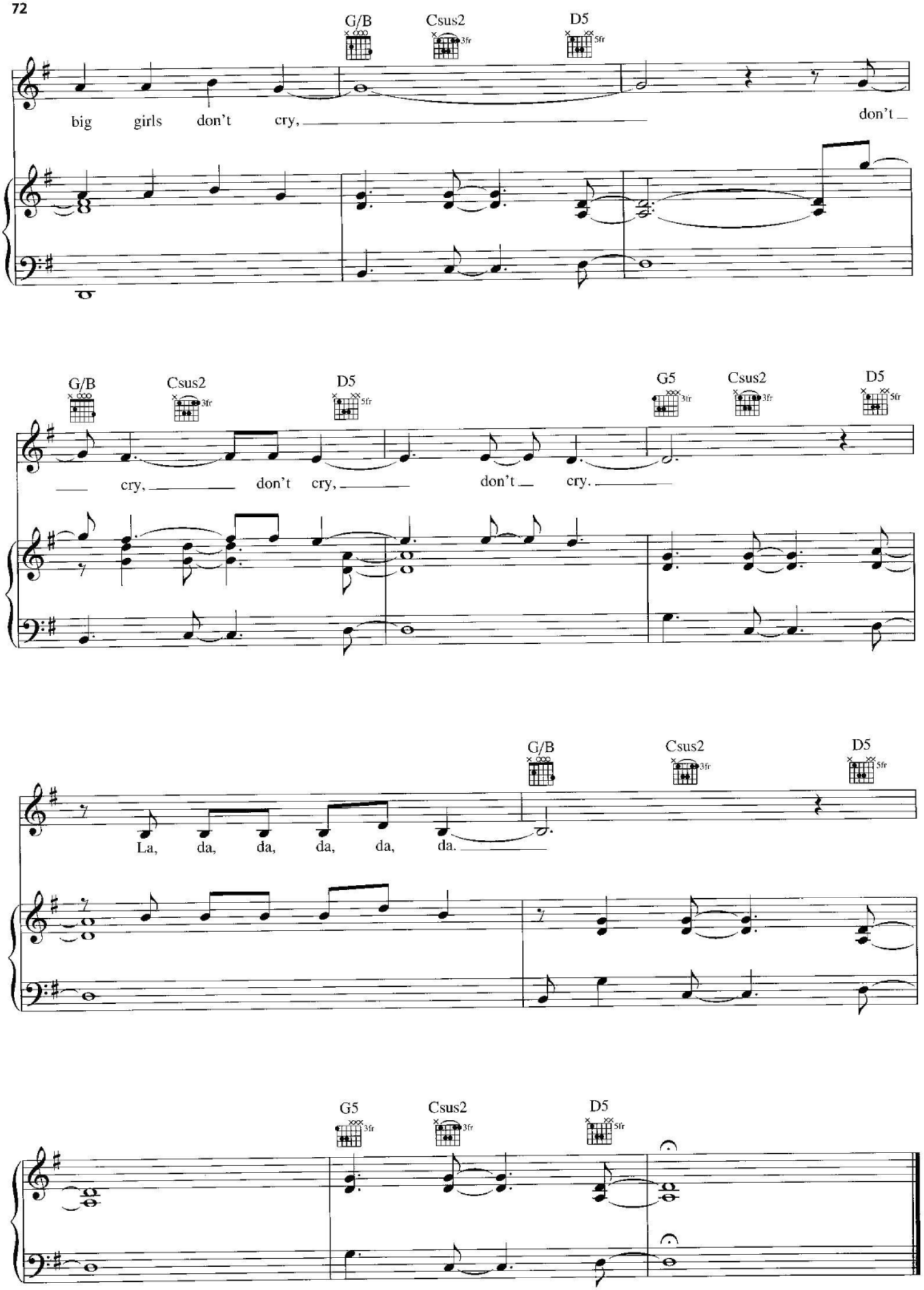

G/B
Csus2
3fr
D5
5fr
I must take the ba - by steps 'til I'm
full grown, full grown.
Fair - y tales
don't al - ways have a hap - py end - ing, do they?
And I fore - see the dark a - head if I stay.


D.S. al Coda
CODA
G
Like the lit - tle school -
D/F♯
Csus2
mate in the school - yard, we'll play jacks and Un - o cards.
G
D/F♯
Csus2
I'll be your best friend and you'll be my
G
D/F♯
Val - en - tine.
Yes, you can hold my hand if you want


Csus2
3fr
to, 'cause I want to hold yours, too.
G
D/F♯
We'll be play - mates and lov - ers and
Csus2
3fr
share our se - cret worlds.
D/F♯
G
Csus2
3fr
But it's time for me to go home.

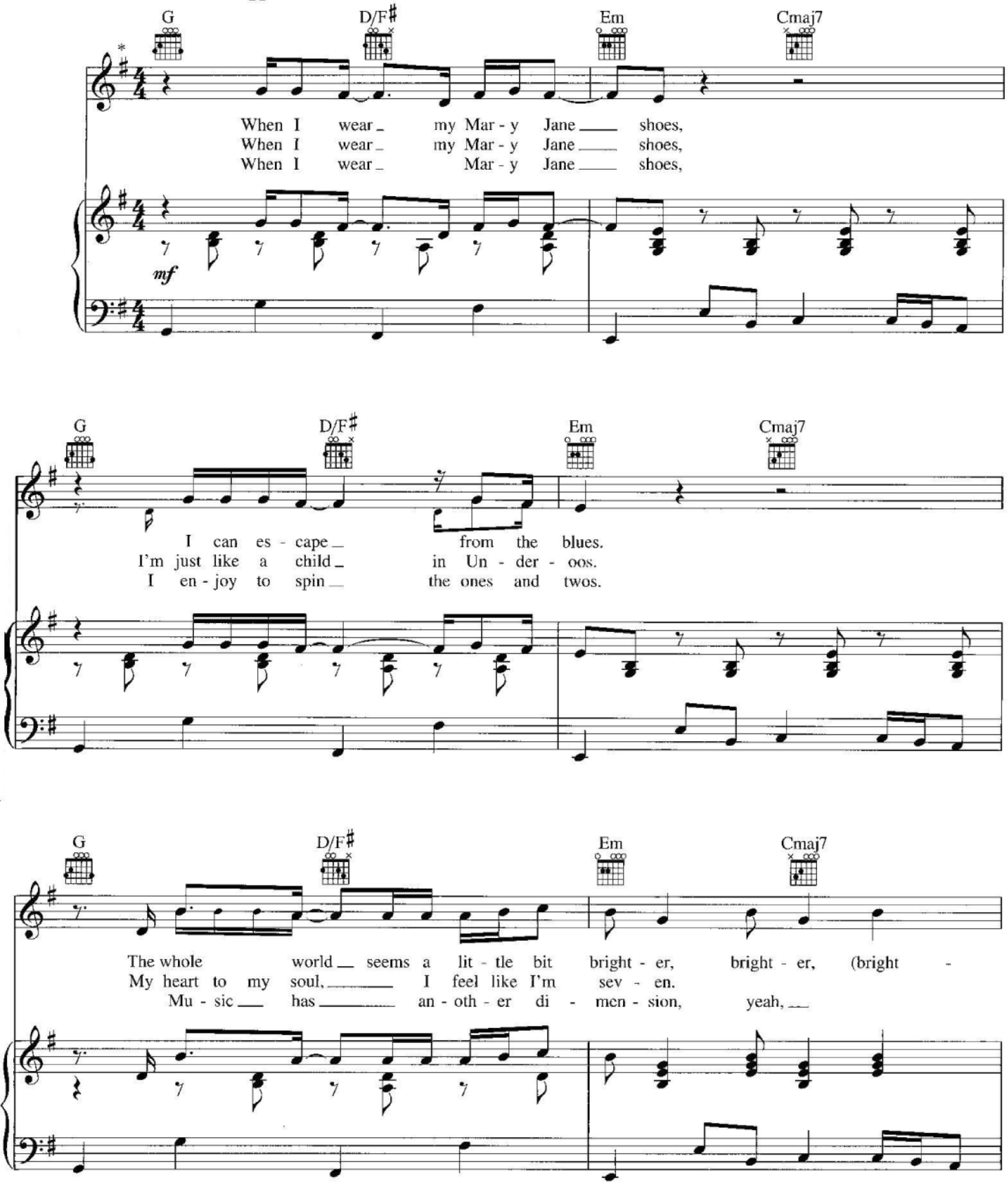

D/F♯
G
It's get - ting late, dark out - side. I need to
Csus2
3fr
3
3
be with my - self and cen - ter, clar - i - ty, peace, se -
C
G
ren - i - ty, yeah. I hope you know, I hope you know
D
C
that this has noth - in' to do with you. It's per - son - al,


G
D
Em
my - self and I. We've got some straight - en - in' out to do.
C
G
3
And I'm gon - na miss you like a child miss - es their
D
Em
blan - ket, but I've got to get a move on with my life.
C
G
D
It's time to be a big girl now, and


G/B
Csus2
D5
big girls don't cry,
don't
G/B
Csus2
D5
G5
Csus2
D5
cry, don't cry, don't cry.
G/B
Csus2
D5
La, da, da, da, da, da.
G5
Csus2
D5

MARY JANE SHOES

Words and Music by STACY FERGUSON
and VINCENT FORD



* *Recorded a half step lower.*

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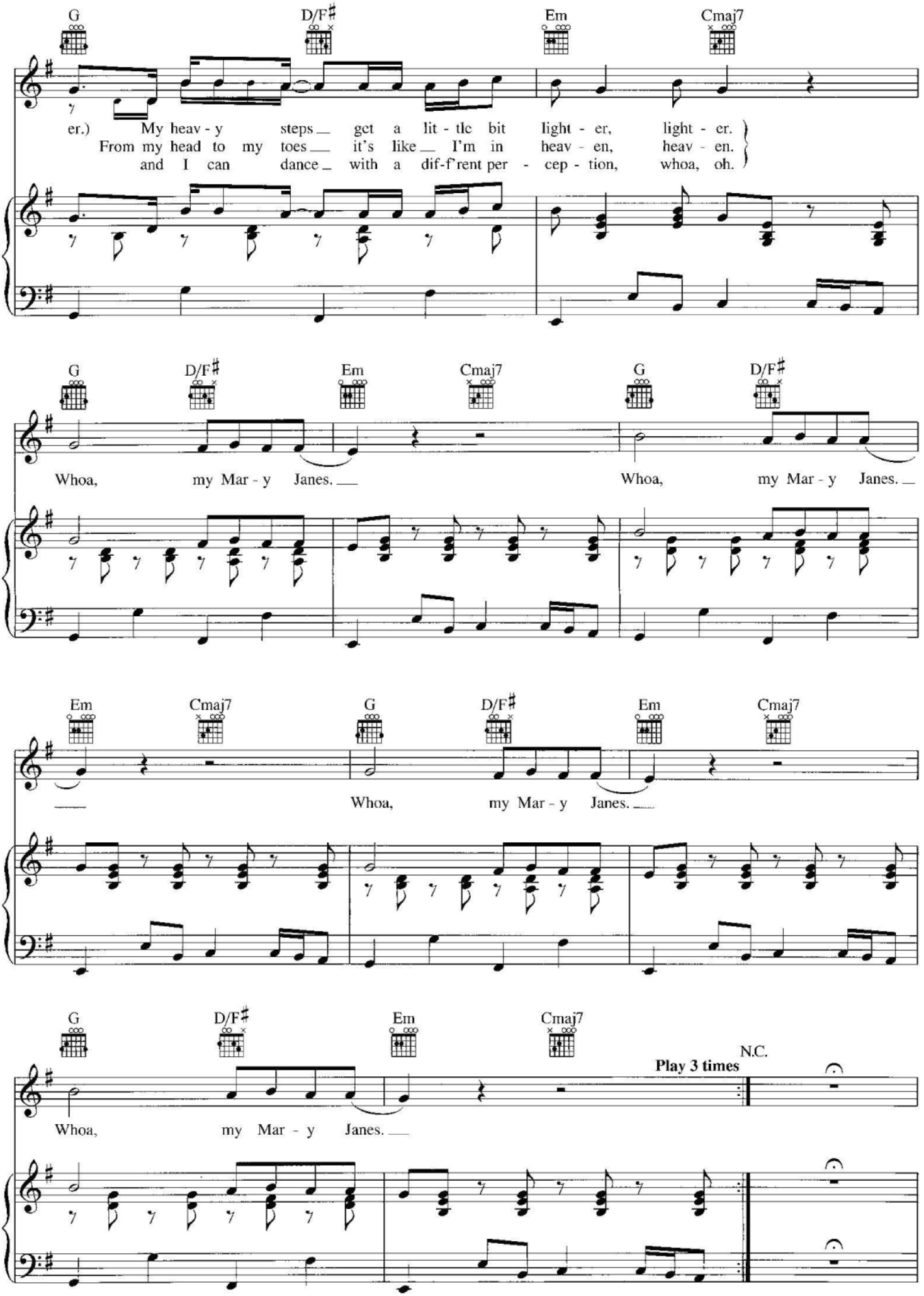
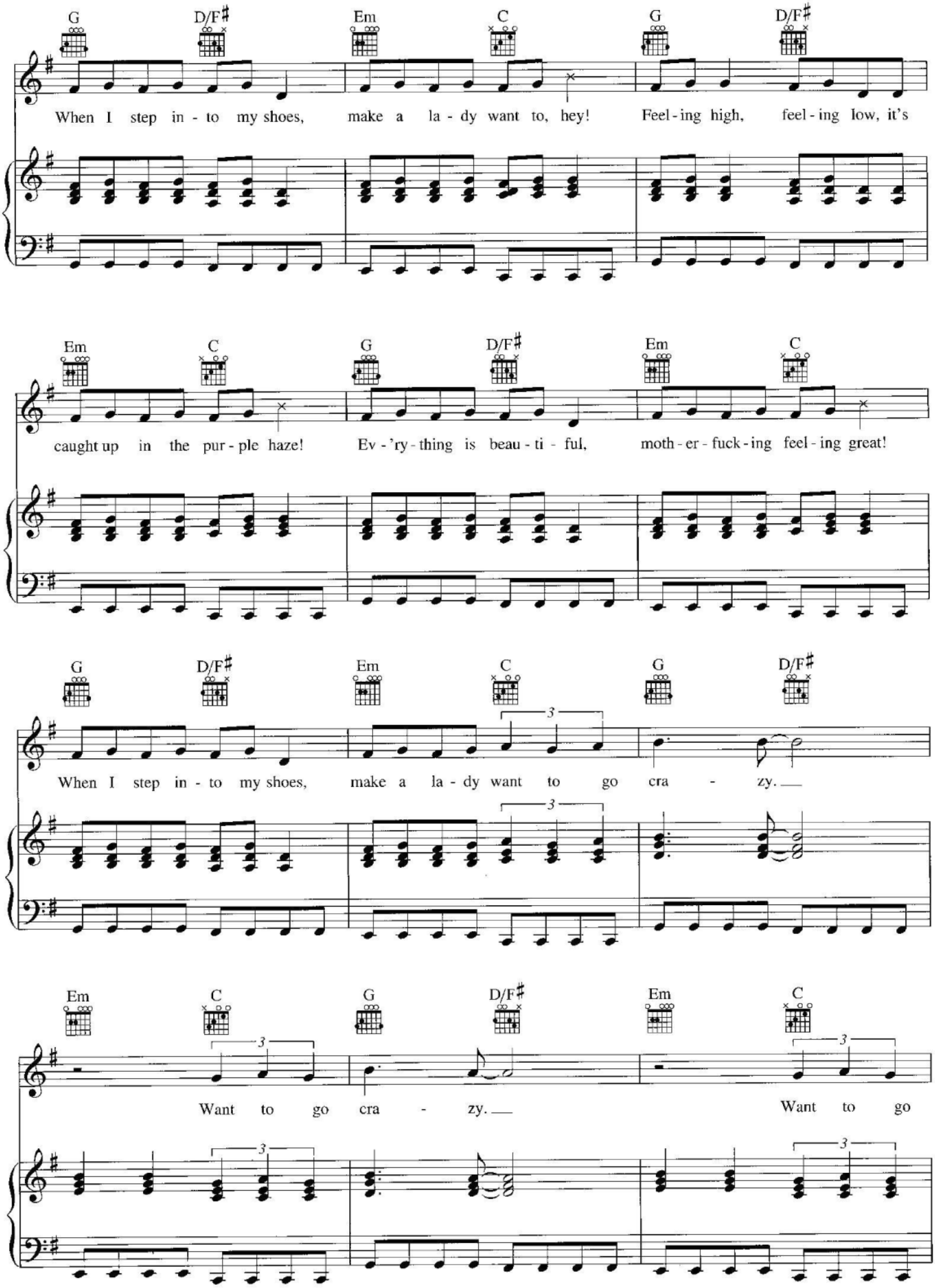
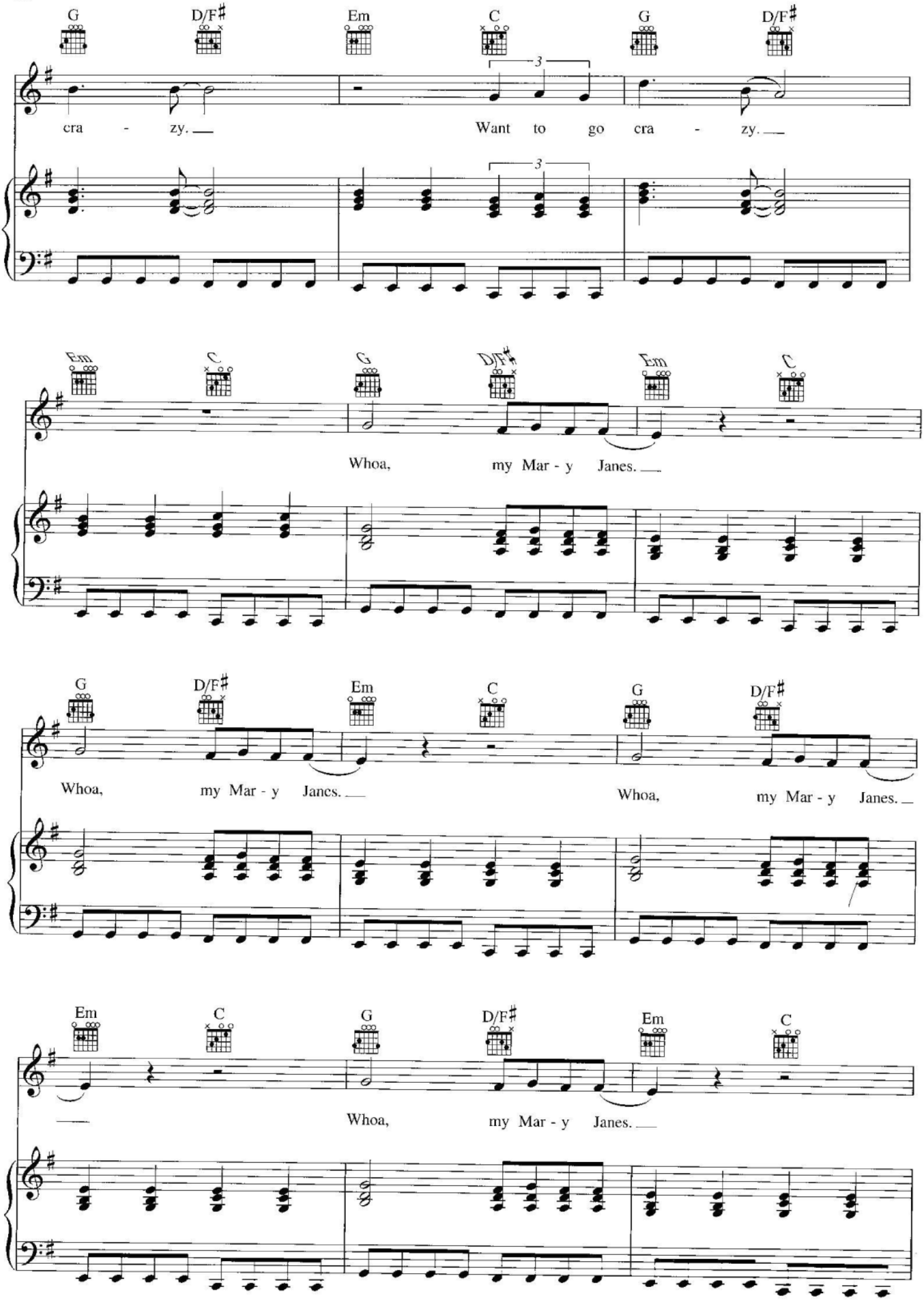
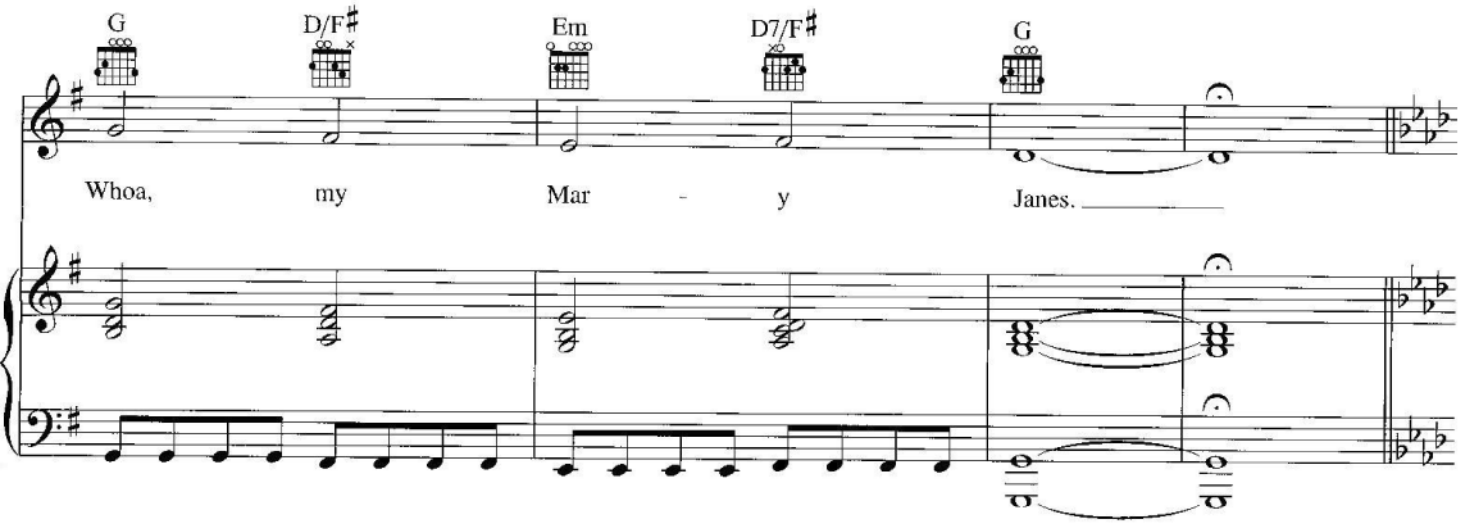
Contains interpolation of "Red Women No Cry"

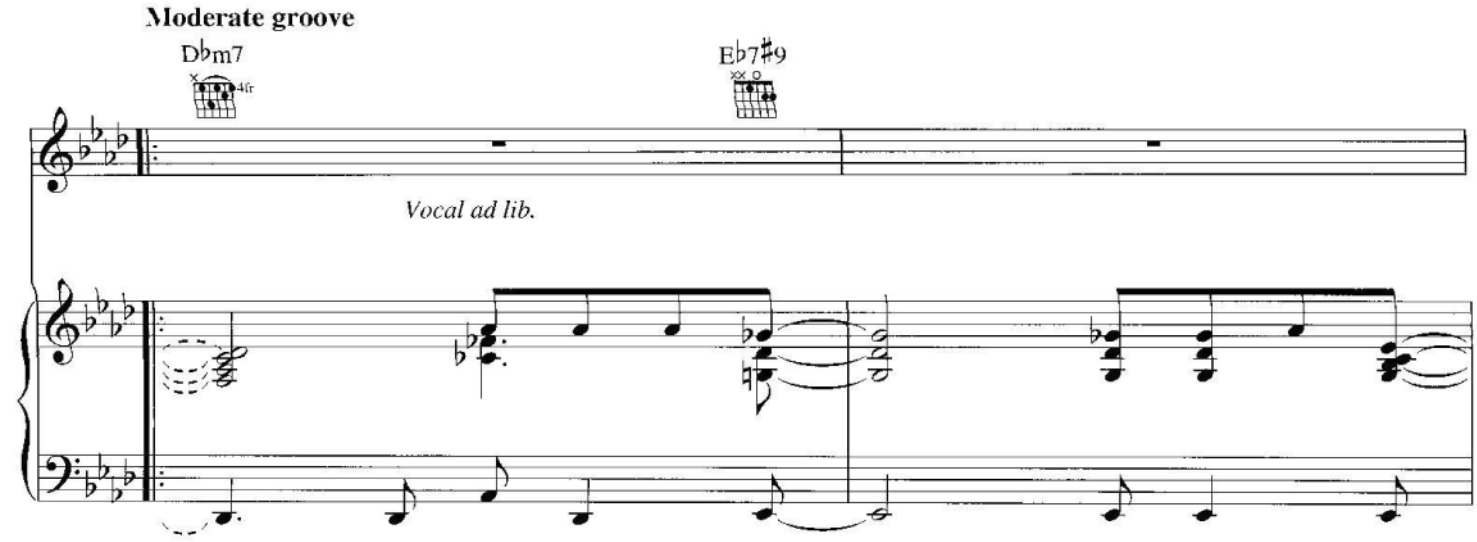

G
D/F♯
Em
Cmaj7
er.) My heav - y steps get a lit - tle bit light - er, light - er.
From my head to my toes it's like I'm in heav - en, heav - en.
and I can dance with a dif-f'rent per - cep - tion, whoa, oh.
G
D/F♯
Em
Cmaj7
G
D/F♯
Whoa, my Mar - y Janes.
Whoa, my Mar - y Janes.
Em
Cmaj7
G
D/F♯
Em
Cmaj7
Whoa, my Mar - y Janes.
G
D/F♯
Em
Cmaj7
N.C.
Play 3 times
Whoa, my Mar - y Janes.

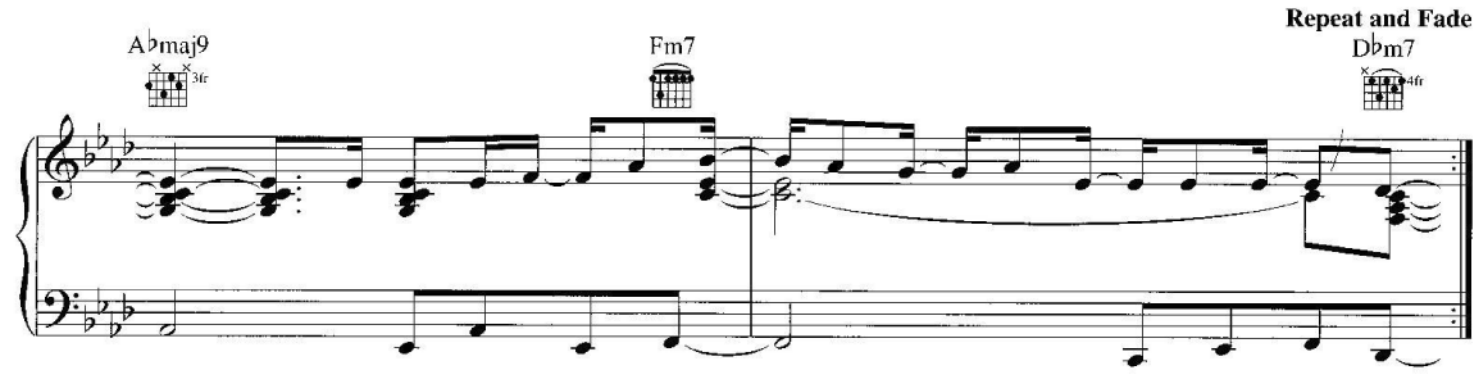
Punk Rock (much faster)

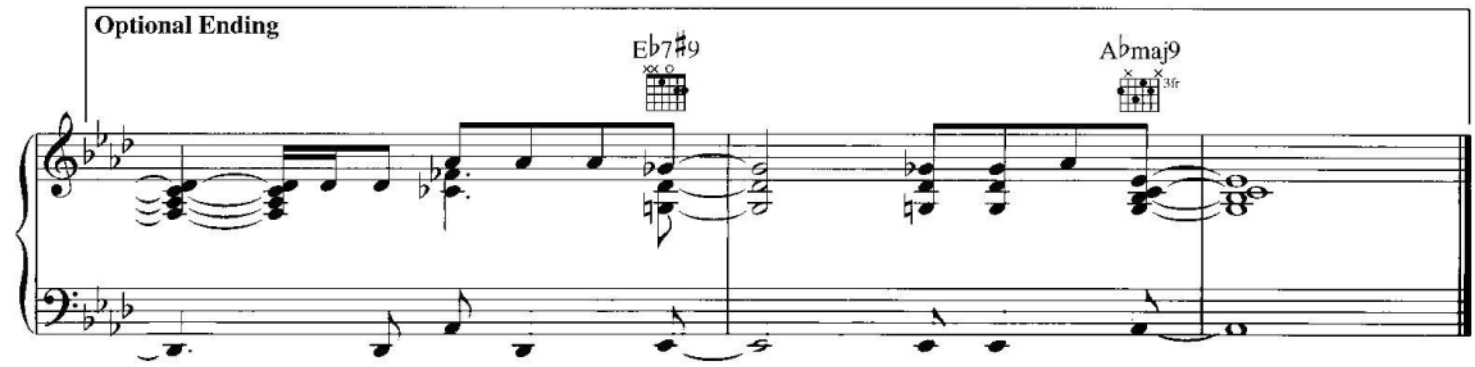



G D/F♯ Em C G D/F♯
cra - zy. Want to go cra - zy.
Em C G D/F♯ Em C
Whoa, my Mar - y Janes.
G D/F♯ Em C G D/F♯
Whoa, my Mar - y Janes. Whoa, my Mar - y Janes.
Em C G D/F♯ Em C
Whoa, my Mar - y Janes.


G
D/F♯
Em
D7/F♯
G
Whoa, my Mar - y Janes.

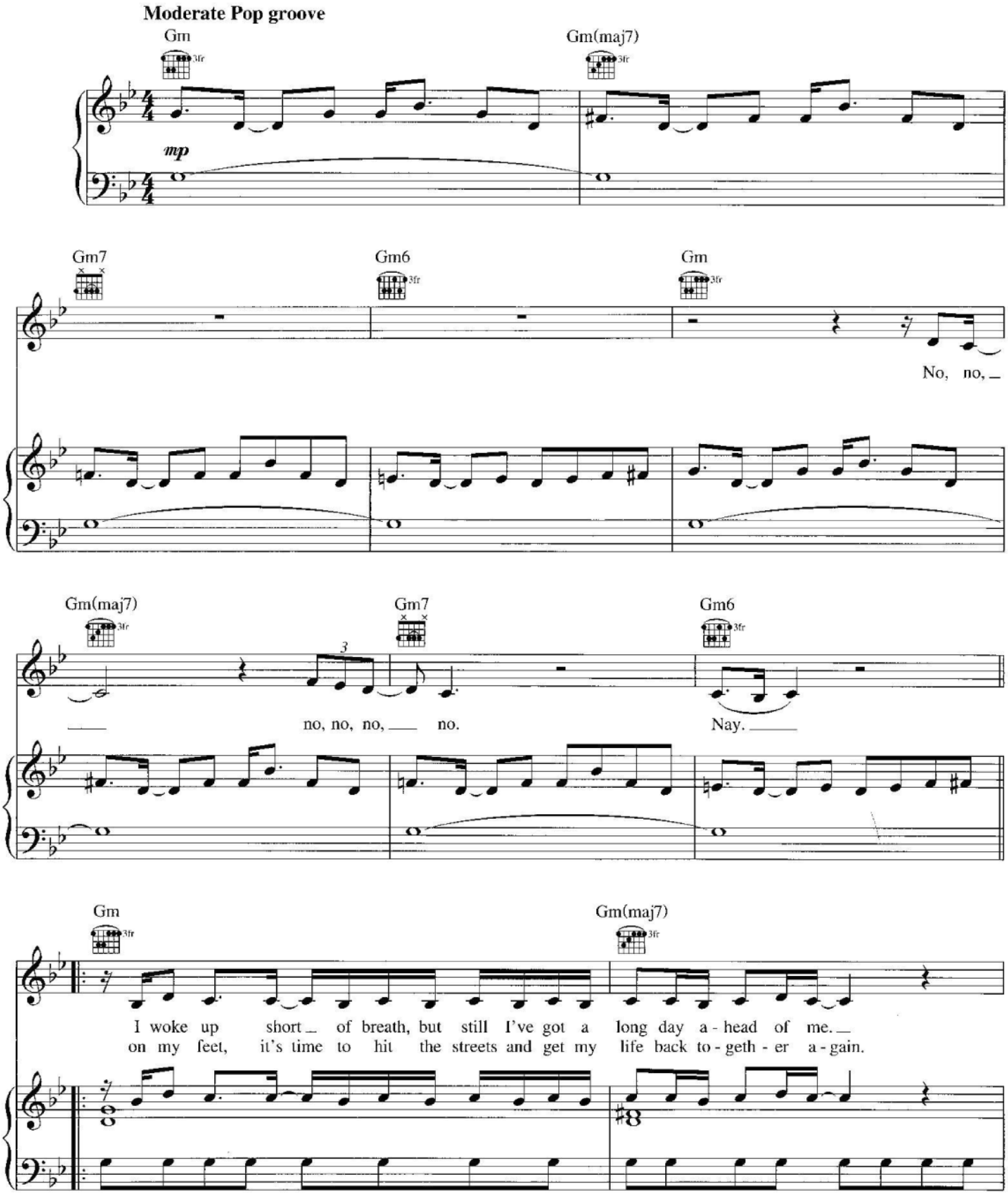

Moderate groove
D♭m7
4fr
E♭7♯9
Vocal ad lib.


A♭maj9
3fr
Fm7
Repeat and Fade
D♭m7
4fr


Optional Ending
E♭7♯9
A♭maj9
3fr

LOSING MY GROUND

Words and Music by STACY FERGUSON, STEFANIE RIDEL,
STEPHANIE SANDSTROM and ROBB BOLDT



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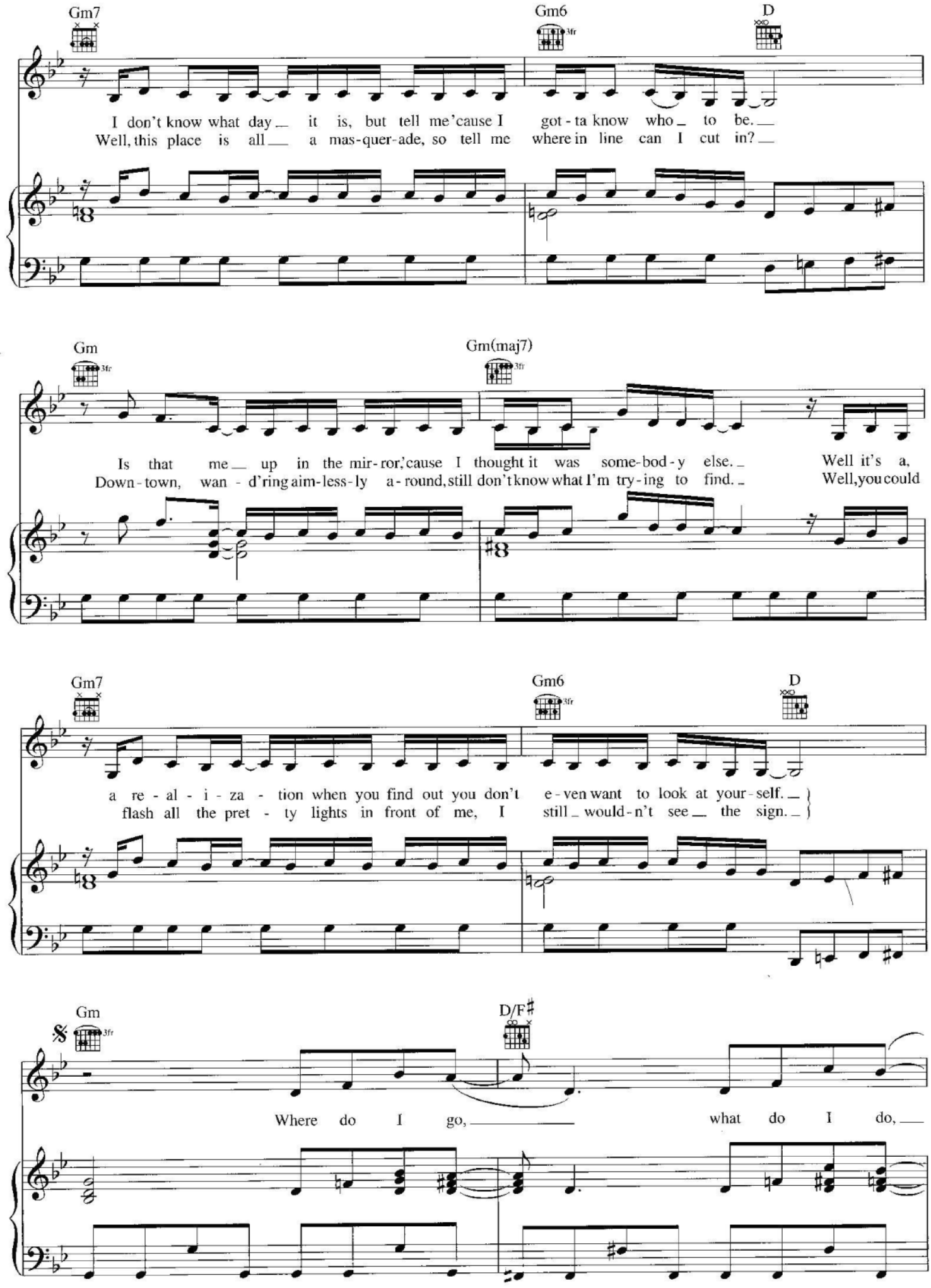
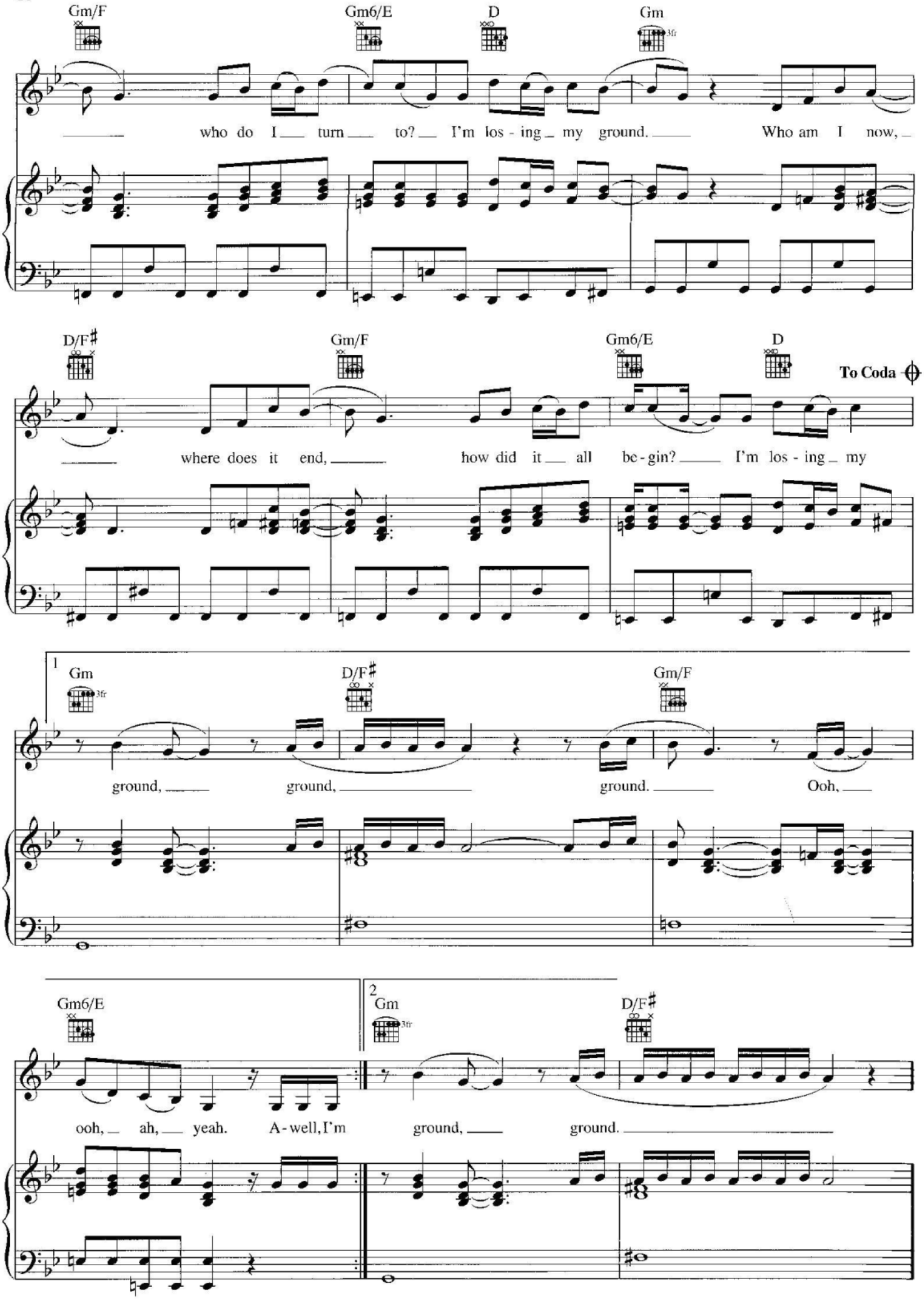
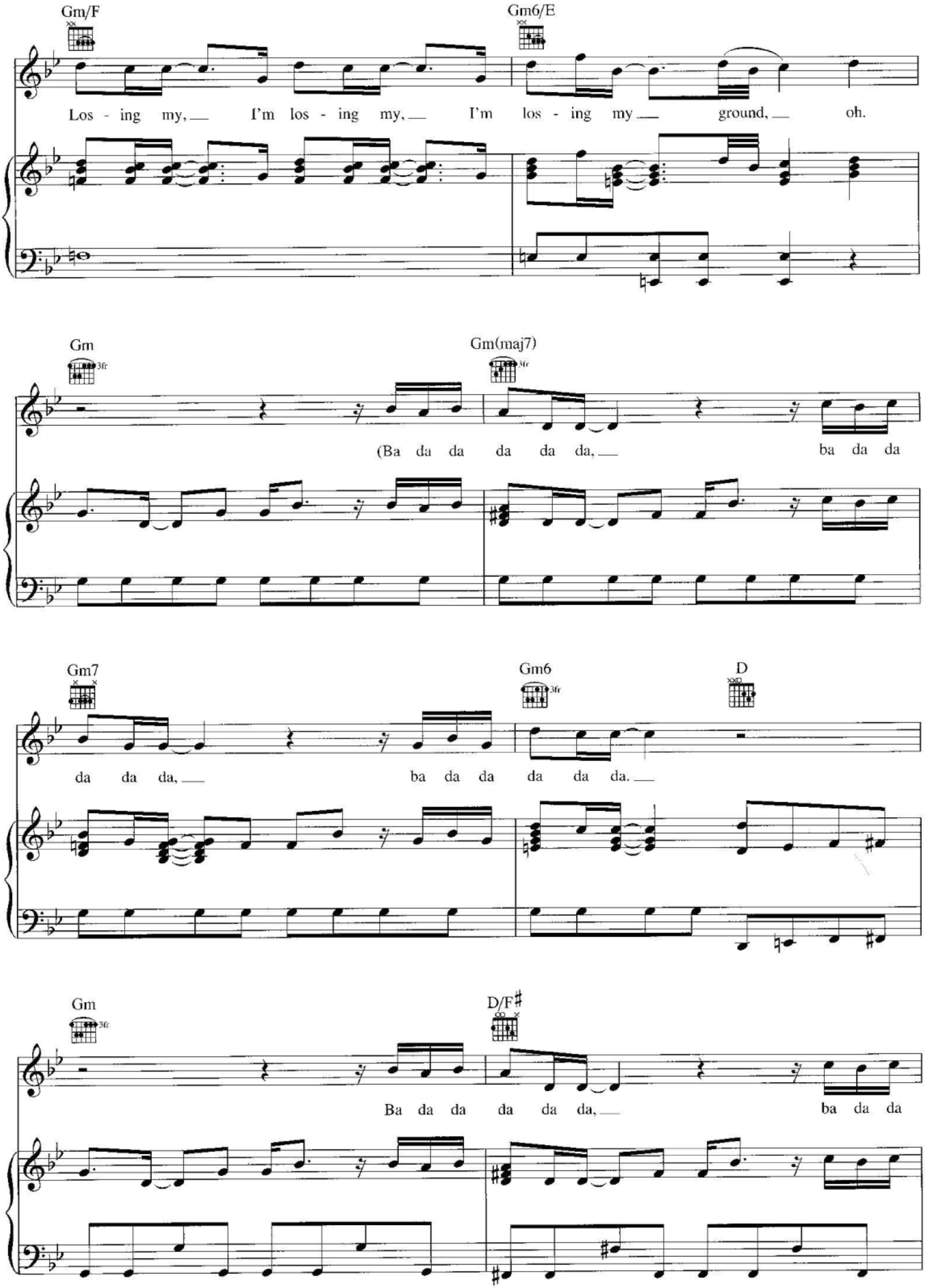
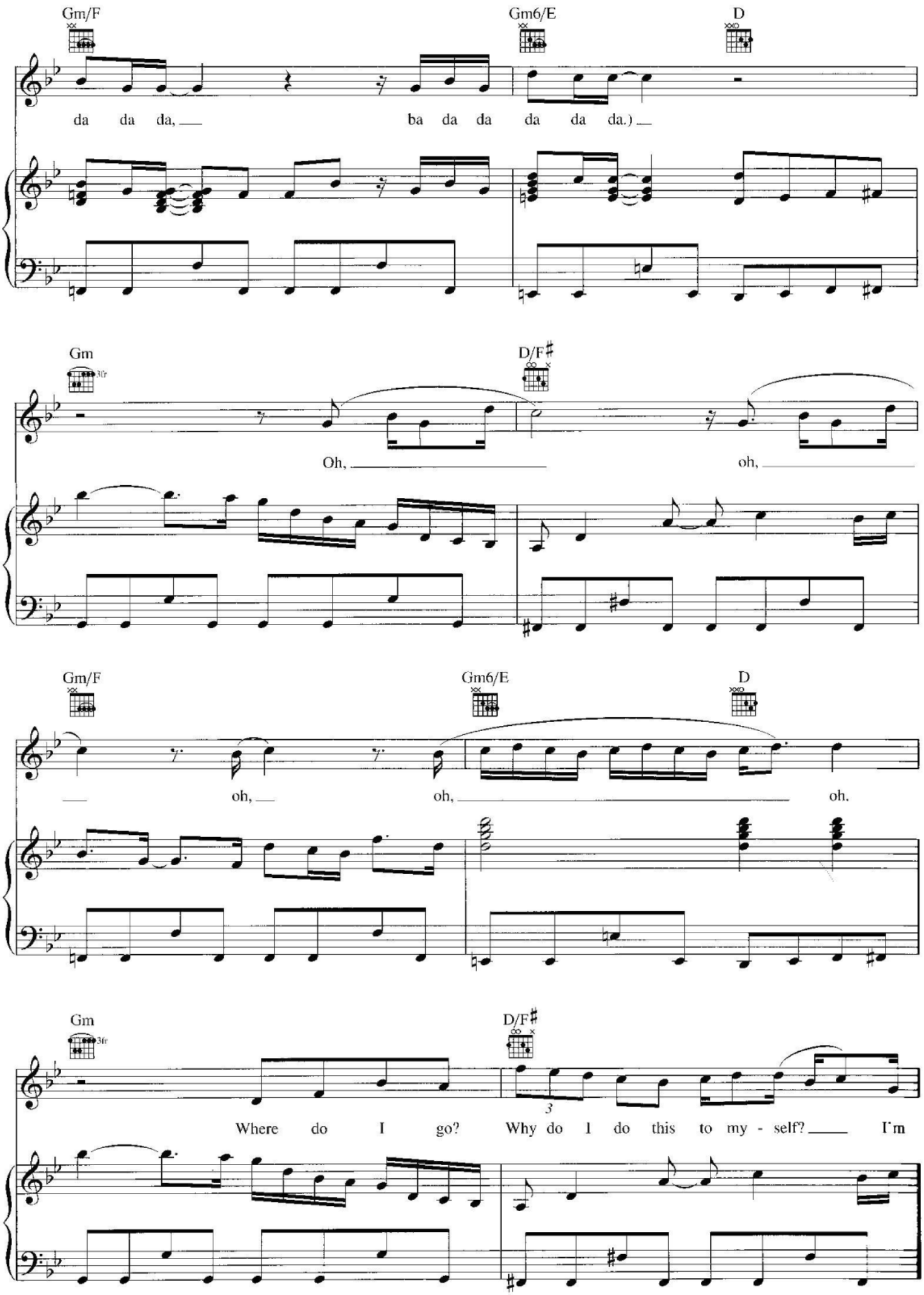
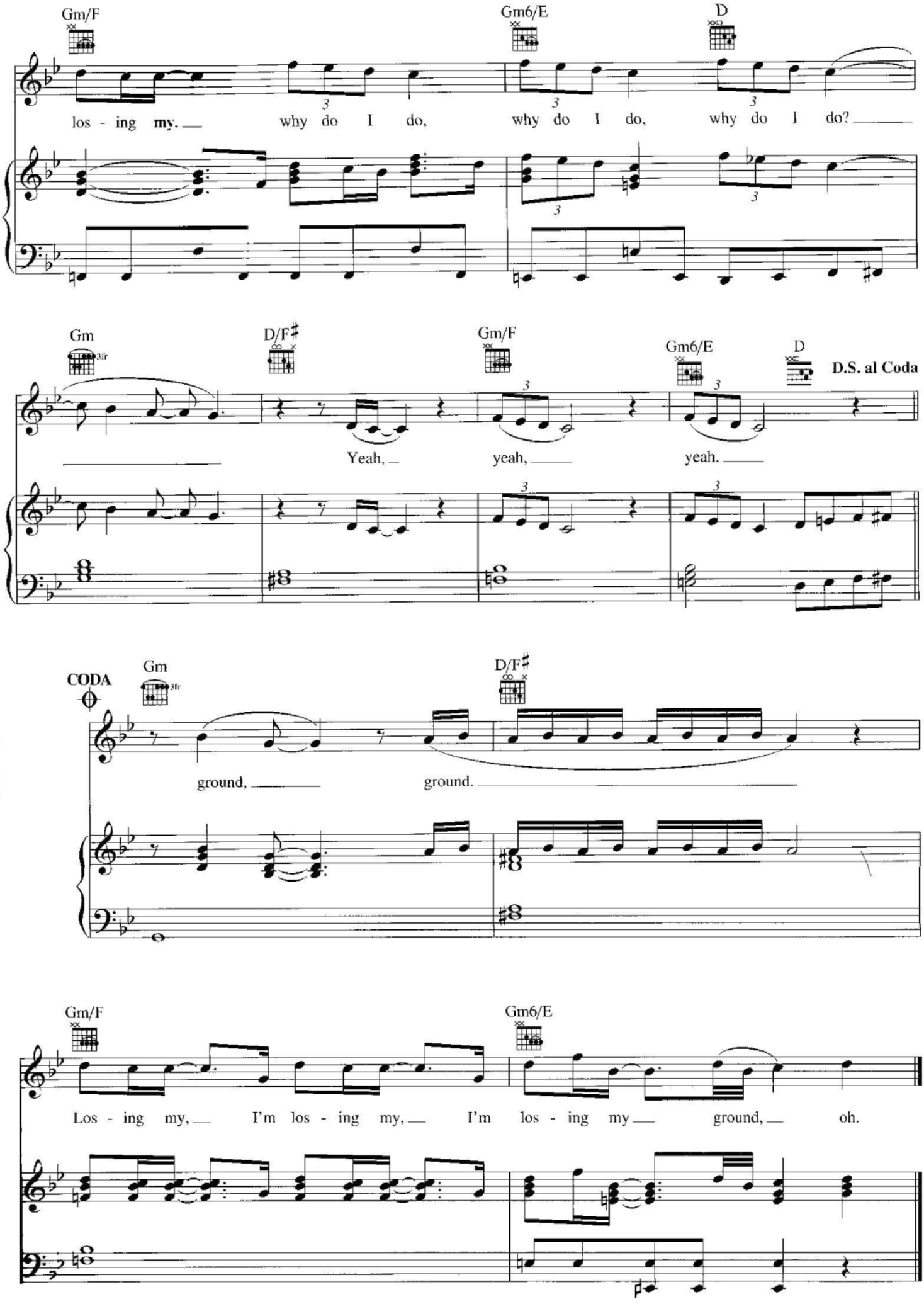

Gm7
Gm6
3fr
D
I don't know what day it is, but tell me 'cause I got-ta know who to be.
Well, this place is all a mas-quer-ade, so tell me where in line can I cut in?
Gm
3fr
Gm(maj7)
3fr
Is that me up in the mir-ror, 'cause I thought it was some-bod-y else.
Well it's a,
Down-town, wan-d'ring aim-less-ly a-round, still don't know what I'm try-ing to find.
Well, you could
Gm7
Gm6
3fr
D
a re-al-i-za-tion when you find out you don't e-ven want to look at your-self.
flash all the pret-ty lights in front of me, I still would-n't see the sign.
Gm
3fr
D/F♯
Where do I go,
what do I do,


Gm/F
Gm6/E
D
Gm
who do I turn to? I'm los - ing my ground. Who am I now,
D/F♯
Gm/F
Gm6/E
D
To Coda
where does it end, how did it all be - gin? I'm los - ing my
1
Gm
D/F♯
Gm/F
ground, ground, ground. Ooh,
Gm6/E
2
Gm
D/F♯
ooh, ah, yeah. A - well, I'm ground, ground.


Gm/F
Gm6/E
Los - ing my, I'm los - ing my, I'm los - ing my ground, oh.
Gm
3fr
Gm(maj7)
3fr
(Ba da da da da da, ba da da
Gm7
Gm6
3fr
D
da da da, ba da da da da da.
Gm
3fr
D/F♯
Ba da da da da da, ba da da

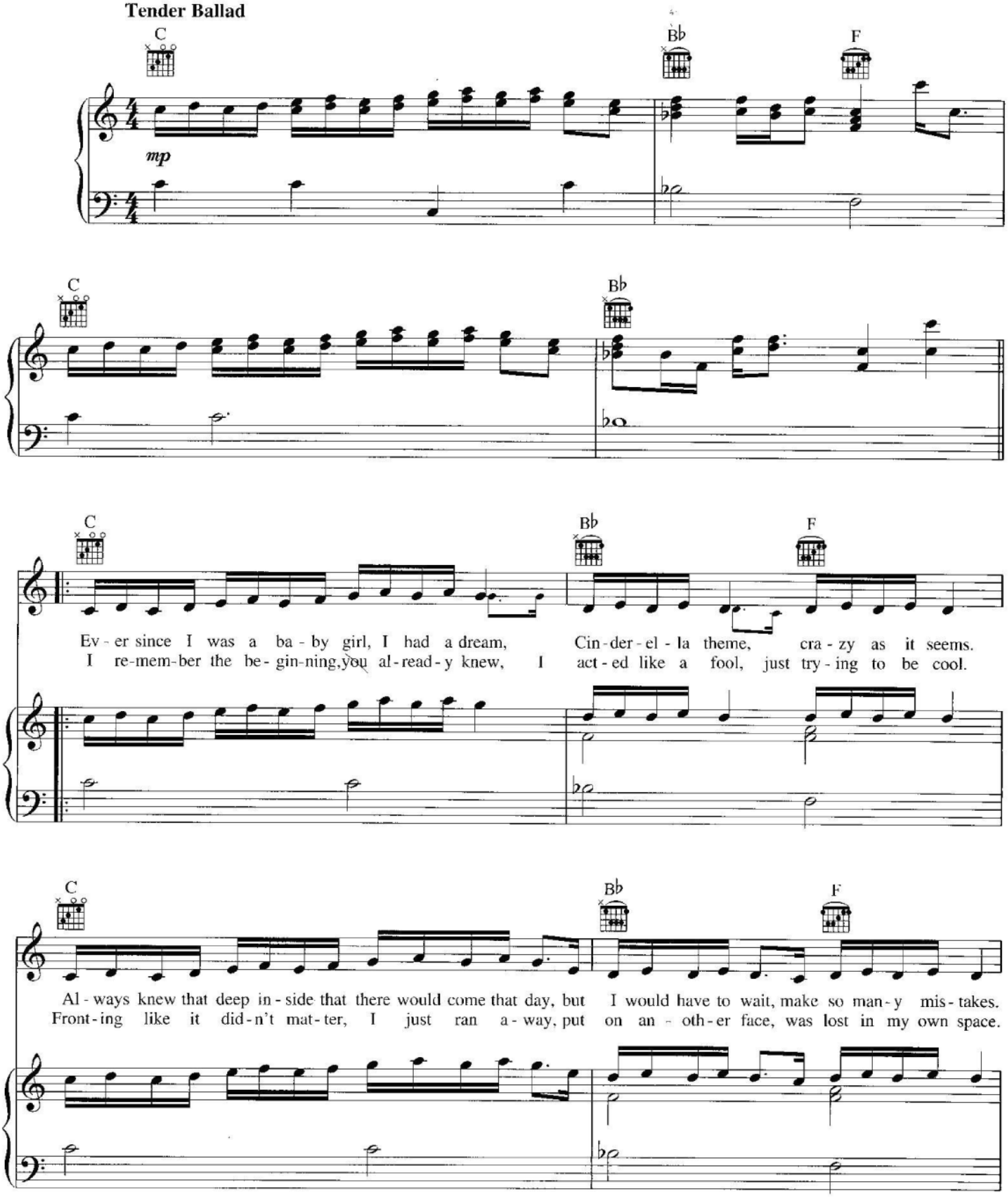

Gm/F
Gm6/E
D
da da da, ba da da da da da.)
Gm
3fr
D/F♯
Oh, oh,
Gm/F
Gm6/E
D
oh, oh, oh.
Gm
3fr
D/F♯
Where do I go? Why do I do this to my - self? I'm


Gm/F
Gm6/E
D
los - ing my. why do I do, why do I do, why do I do?
Gm
3fr
D/F♯
Gm/F
Gm6/E
D
D.S. al Coda
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
CODA
Gm
3fr
D/F♯
ground, ground.
Gm/F
Gm6/E
Los - ing my, I'm los - ing my, I'm los - ing my ground, oh.

FINALLY

Words and Music by STACY FERGUSON,
JOHN STEPHENS and STEFANIE RIDEL

Tender Ballad



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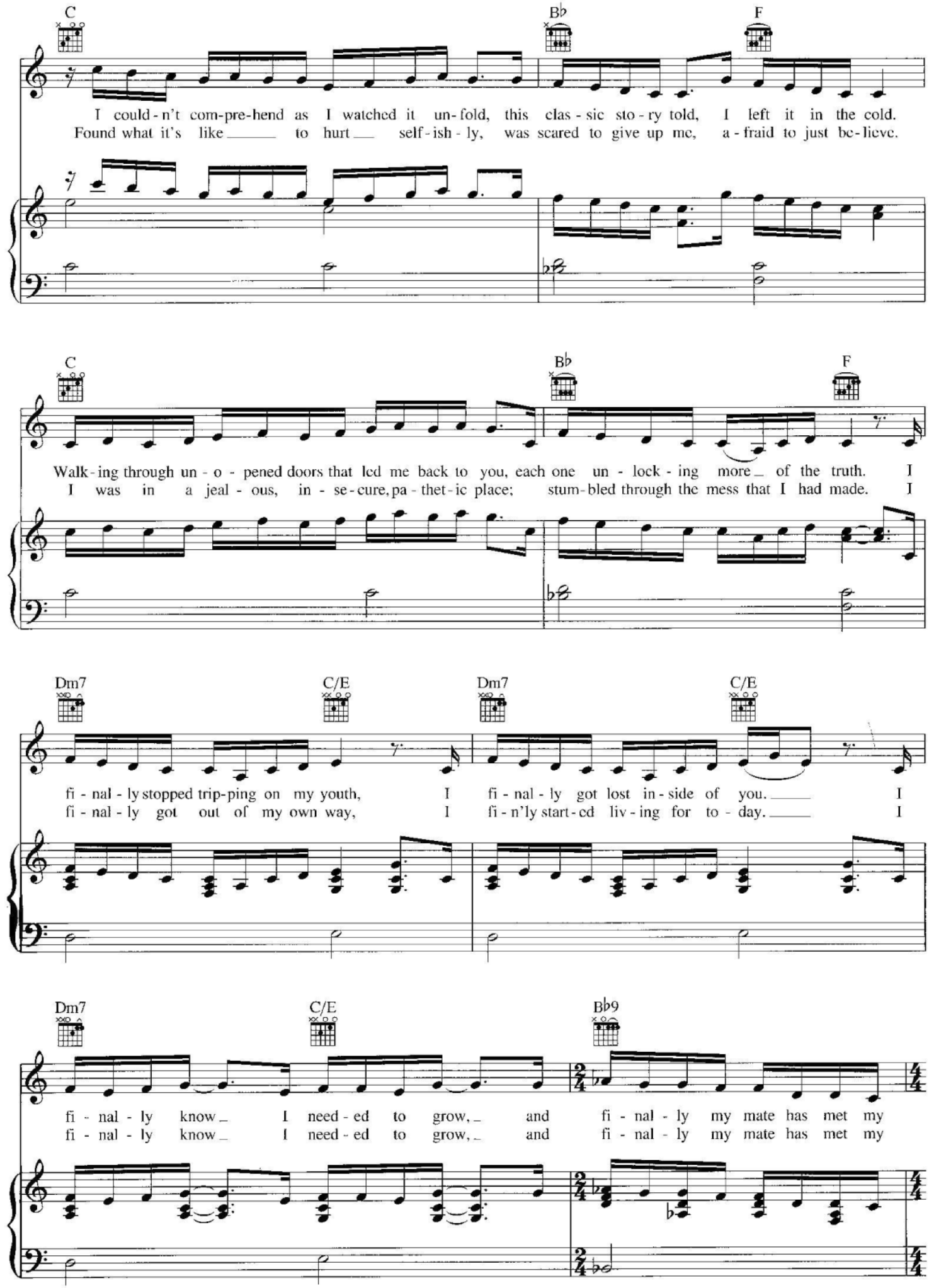
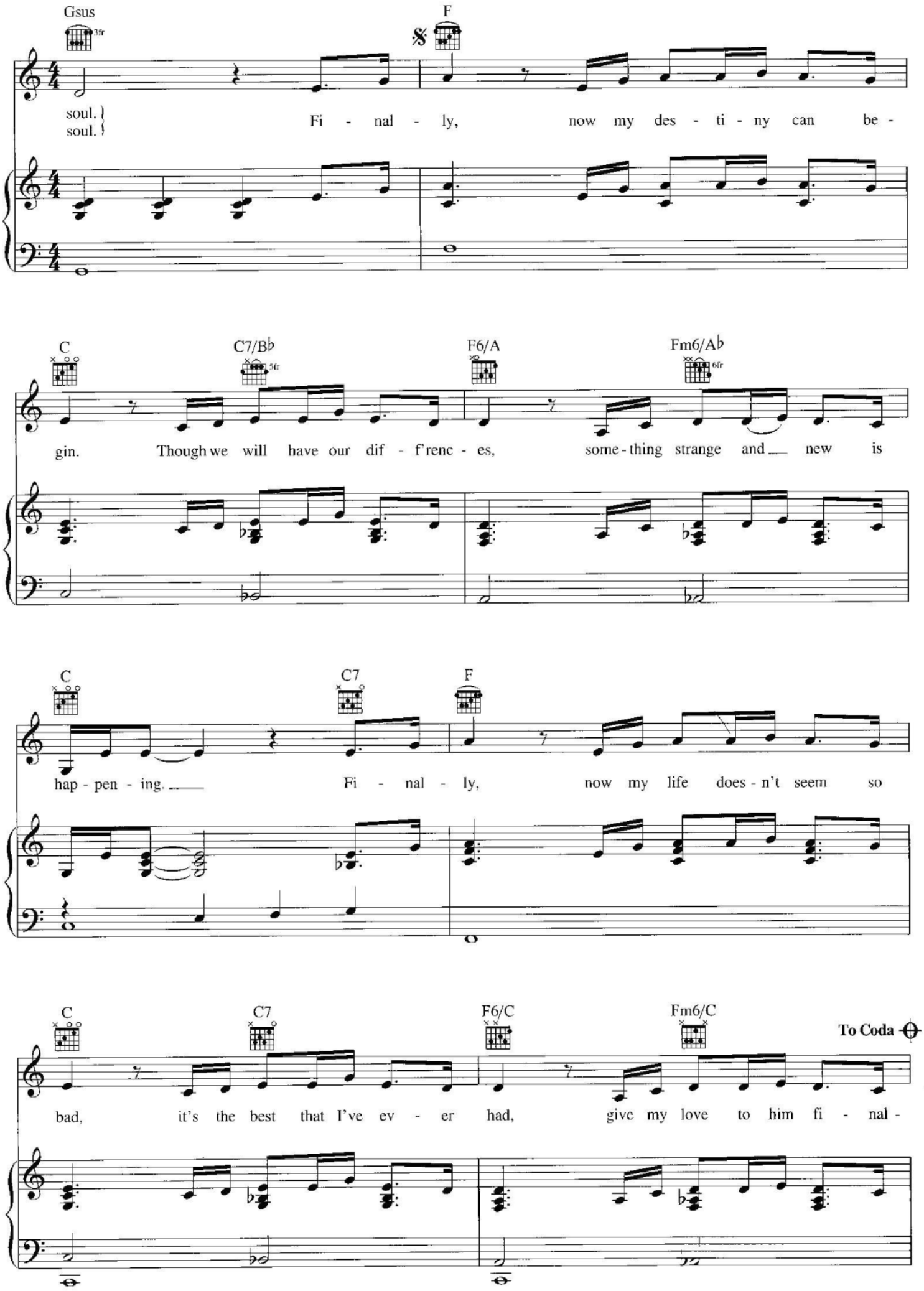
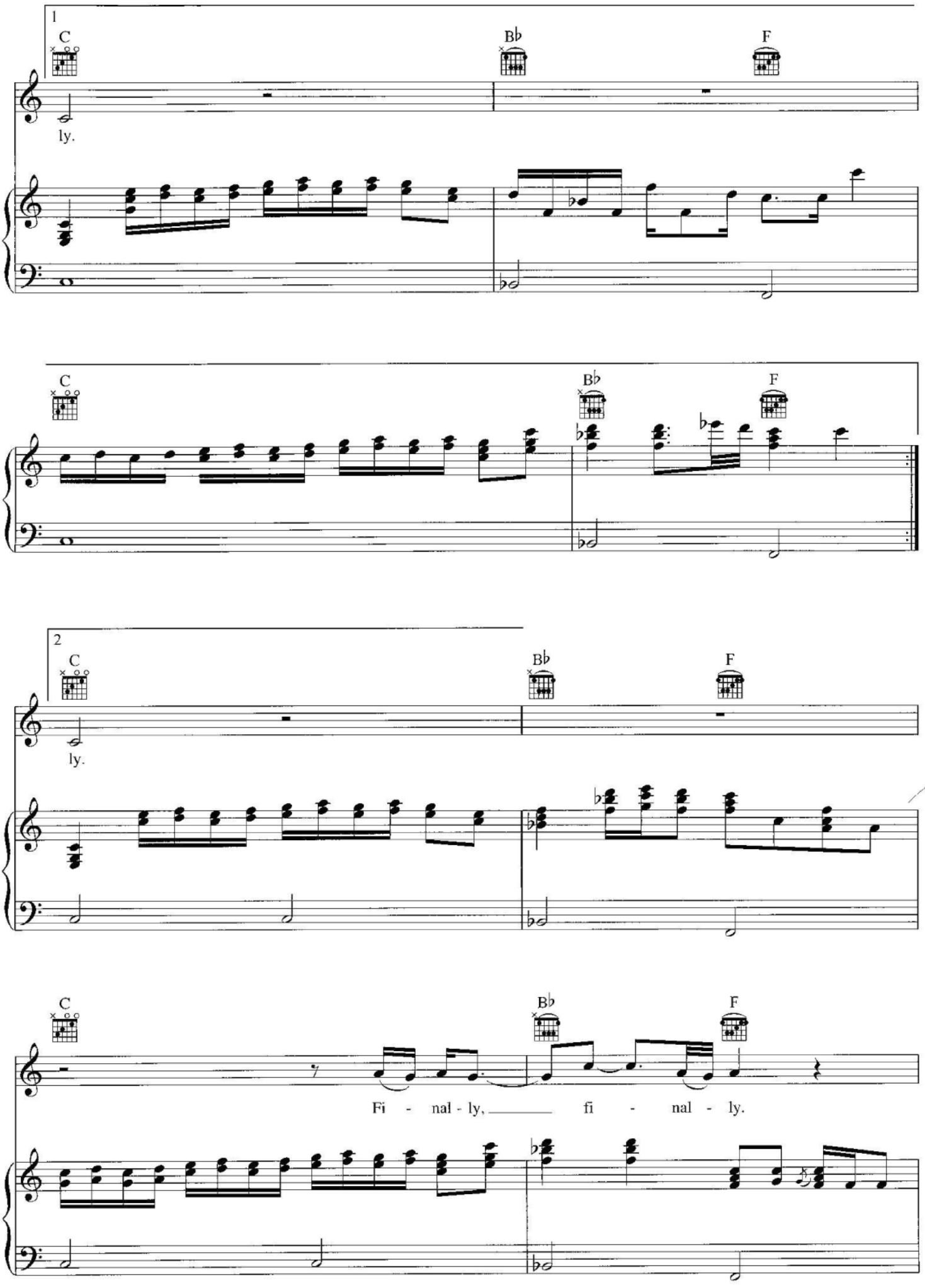
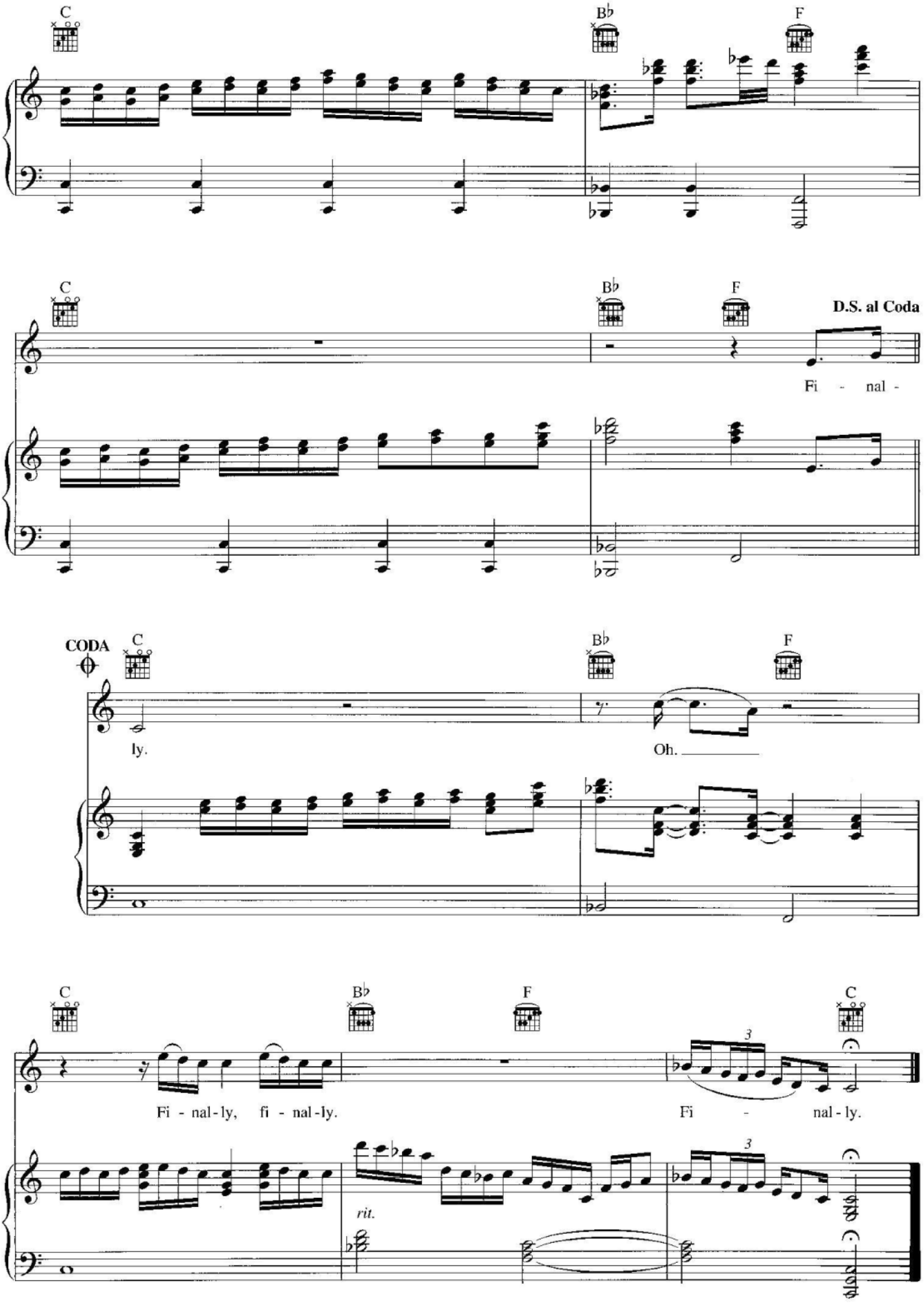

C
B♭
F
I could-n't com-pre-hend as I watched it un-fold, this clas-sic sto-ry told, I left it in the cold.
Found what it's like to hurt self-ish-ly, was scared to give up me, a-fraid to just be-lieve.
C
B♭
F
Walk-ing through un-o-pened doors that led me back to you, each one un-lock-ing more of the truth. I
I was in a jeal-ous, in-se-cure, pa-thet-ic place; stum-bled through the mess that I had made. I
Dm7
C/E
Dm7
C/E
fi-nal-ly stopped trip-ping on my youth, I fi-nal-ly got lost in-side of you. I
fi-nal-ly got out of my own way, I fi-n'ly start-ed liv-ing for to-day. I
Dm7
C/E
B♭9
fi-nal-ly know I need-ed to grow, and fi-nal-ly my mate has met my
fi-nal-ly know I need-ed to grow, and fi-nal-ly my mate has met my


Gsus
3fr
F
soul.
soul.
Fi - nal - ly, now my des - ti - ny can be -
C
C7/B♭
5fr
F6/A
Fm6/A♭
6fr
gin. Though we will have our dif - f'renc - es, some - thing strange and new is
C
C7
F
hap - pen - ing. Fi - nal - ly, now my life does - n't seem so
C
C7
F6/C
Fm6/C
To Coda
bad, it's the best that I've ev - er had, give my love to him fi - nal -


1
C
B♭
F
ly.
C
B♭
F
2
C
B♭
F
ly.
C
B♭
F
Fi - nal - ly, fi - nal - ly.


C
B♭
F
D.S. al Coda
Fi - nal -
CODA
ly.
Oh.
Fi - nal-ly, fi - nal-ly.
Fi - nal-ly.
rit.